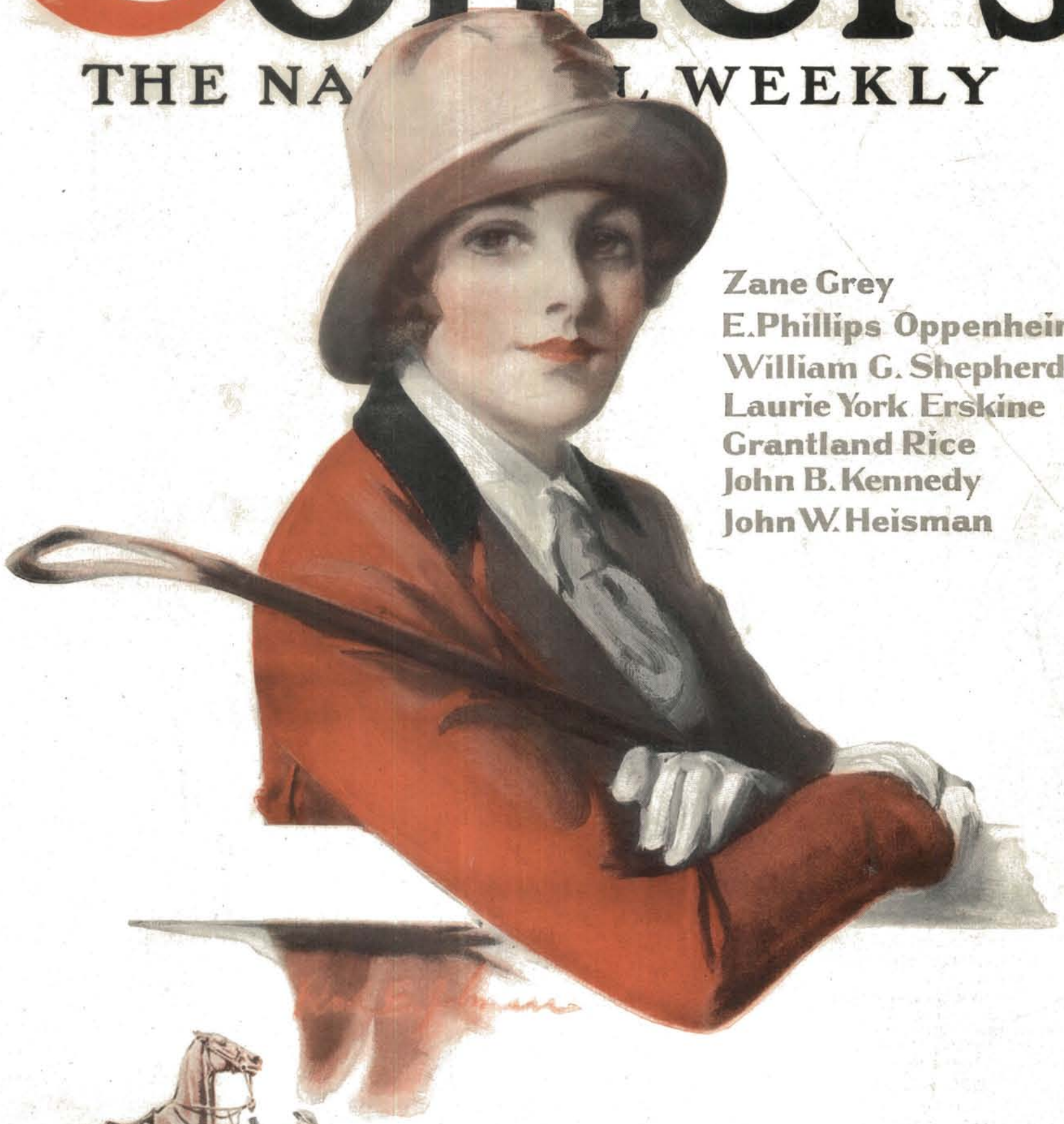
A FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY IOLA, KANSAS

5¢ a copy

November 17, 1928

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Zane Grey
E. Phillips Oppenheim
William G. Shepherd
Laurie York Erskine
Grantland Rice
John B. Kennedy
John W. Heisman

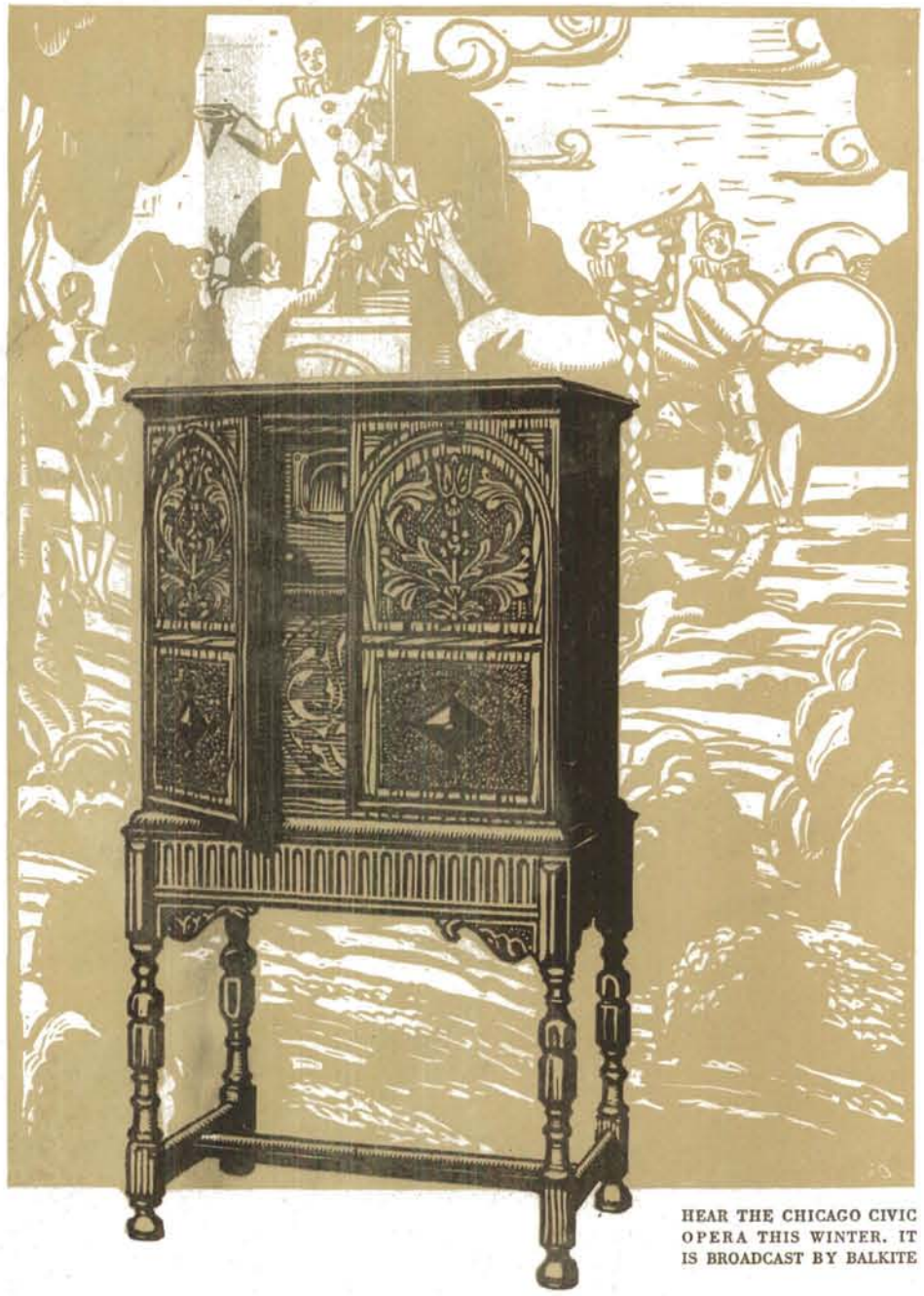
More than 1,700,000 Ci

JOHN DUNCAN
313 SOUTH ST
IOLA
KANS 6JY29
128 X
36147
C
12 17
2Y

Nov. 17, 1928

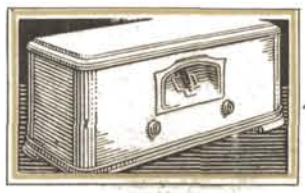
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CABINETS BY
Berkey & Gay



HEAR THE CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA THIS WINTER. IT IS BROADCAST BY BALKITE

Now you can buy radio "engineered" like a fine car



Balkite A-5—*The Table Model. Walnut cabinet, by Berkey & Gay.*

Balkite A-3—*The same, in a simple, but sightly, all-metal case.*

Balkite A-7—*Housed in a beautifully hand-carved walnut cabinet by Berkey & Gay. Completely equipped, including dynamic speaker.*

$175.00 *to* $450.00
Less tubes

Prices slightly higher
West of the Rockies

Balkite has solved the present-day problem of radio: to produce a simple, practical, dependable set offering the same faultless reception now available in special laboratory jobs—and only there.

Engineering refinement has accomplished this. The new Balkite AC is in fact "engineered" like a fine car, and gives the same quality of service.

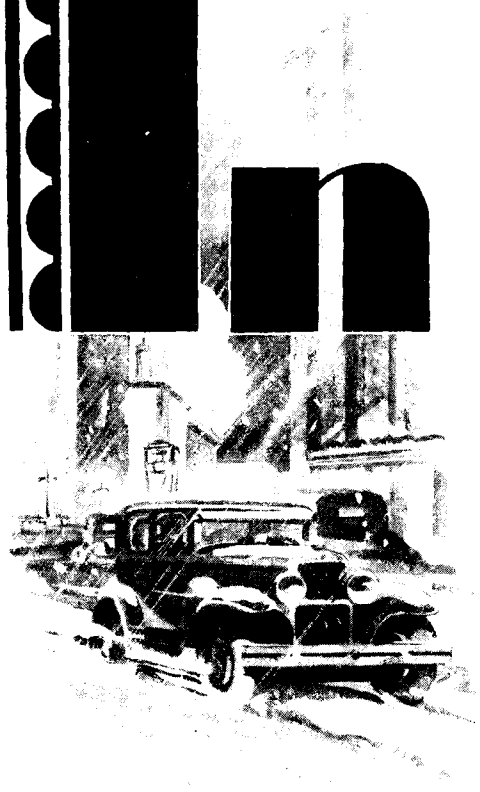
Look at the Balkite chassis. Utter simplicity! Here is finality; a set you will keep for many years, that you would no more think of exchanging for a new one than you would of exchanging your grand piano.

Here is AC in the full meaning of that loosely used term, a complete unit ready to operate from your light socket. It is AC without hum. It has push-pull audio, complete shielding, dynamic speaker power, a jack for reproducing records electrically. The circuit allows for a wide variation in voltage with safety to tubes.

Your dealer will gladly demonstrate. Fansteel Products Company, Inc., North Chicago, Ill.

FANSTEEL
Balkite Radio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In Winter

When starting is hardest

The new USL gives you 20 to 30% more starting power than ever before

AND LONG DEPENDABLE SERVICE TOO! Winter has always been dreaded by motorists. Engine cold as ice . . . oil congealed to a sticky mass . . . . gasoline hard to vaporize . . . . What a tremendous job for any battery to turn that cold, stiff engine over and at the same time supply the vital spark to ignite cold gasoline. No wonder that many times ordinary batteries have proved unequal to the task.

It is then that the new USL is needed most, for it now has 20 to 30% more cold weather starting power than ever before. You can count on the new USL for those *extra* turns of the starter that will set your motor humming.

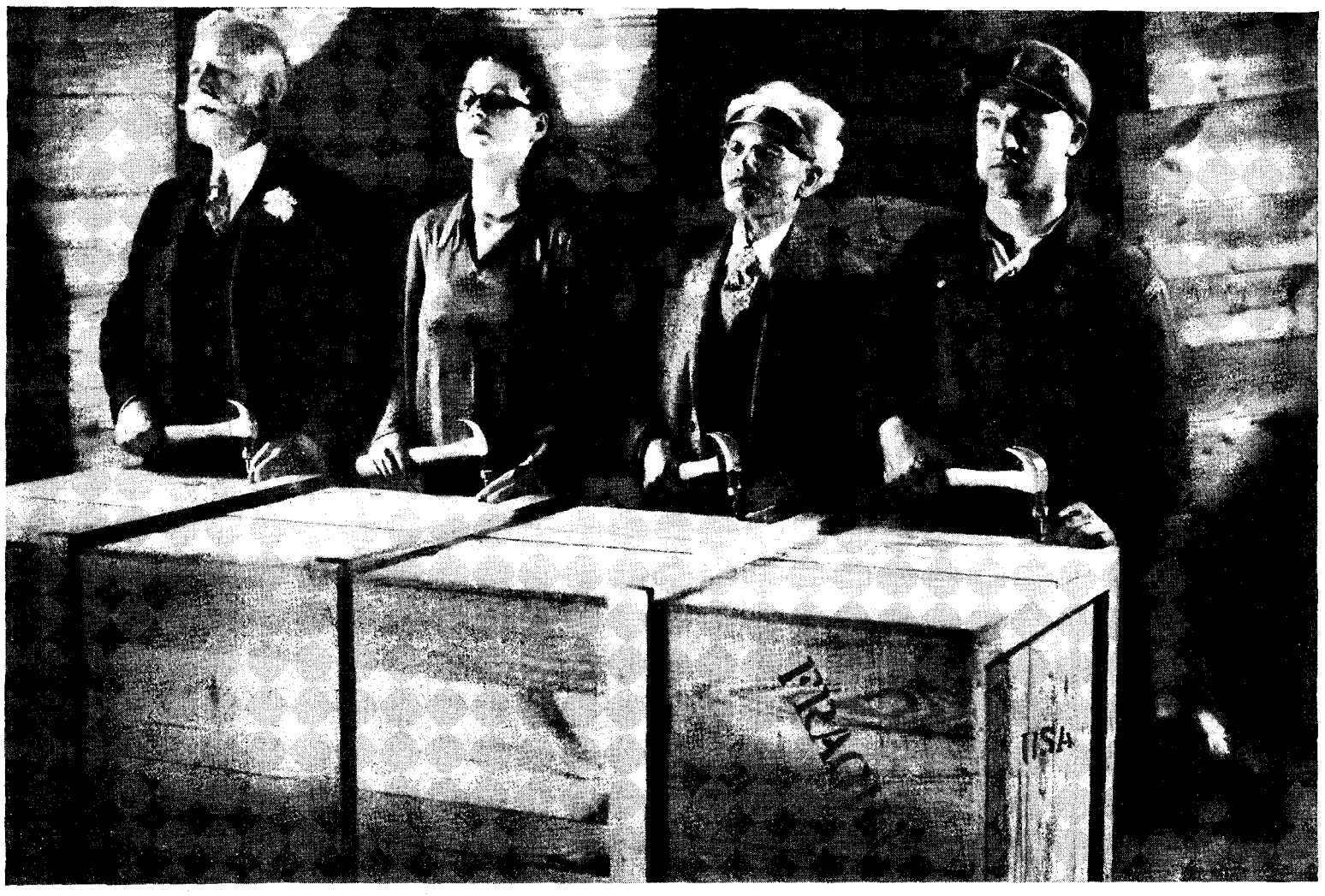
Long life, dependable service and more starting power than ever before make the new USL the battery for you this winter. Cold weather is here. Be prepared for it. One of the 18,000 USL service stations and dealers is near you. See him today.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
Other USL factories at Oakland, Cal., Toronto, Ont., and Sydney, Australia

USL BATTERIES

Power to Spare

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"THAT sale is closed!"

. . . perhaps it has just been opened

THE first impulse of the man who has successfully closed a hard-fought order is to grasp the buyer's hand, snap the order-book shut with the thought "*That* sale is closed," and get out.

He knows that his merchandise is worth the money; that it will be properly crated, properly delivered, properly billed. The salesman, the credit man, the order clerk, and the shipping clerk will each do a part—and all will say "*That* sale is closed."

But IS it?

The buyer knows only what he has bought. The sellers know their merchandise is right—but there is still a gap here. Does the buyer know as much about the thing he has bought as the sellers know?

It is after the merchandise has left your plant that the actual *sale* commences.

Goods that have been moved from your warehouse to the consumer's home have simply exchanged resting-places.

No manufacturer who expects a repeat sale can consider his product finally "sold" until the consumer has not only bought it, but has understood it, used it, and now wants to buy another just like it.

Do you know that there are manufacturers who include, with every acknowledgment of an order, a piece of printing that explains the merchandise? Other manufacturers offer to supply the retailer with printing that describes and explains the use of their goods for his customers. Some manufacturers prefer to mail this printing direct to the homes where the dealer has made a sale. Others see that every shipment leaving the factory contains well-printed folders or booklets as evidence that their interest in their wares is still alive and keen.

The custom varies, as it should. The tooth-paste manufacturer encloses explanatory printed pieces with each tube. The paint maker offers the colored booklet of suggestions. The automobile builder sends around the catalog of instructions.

There are different kinds of printing for different kinds of sales. You will find a good printer most understanding and helpful when it comes to creating for you the kind of printing that will make each of your sales a *closed* sale.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

If you would like to obtain books on the practical use of printed pieces issued free of charge by S. D. Warren Company, write to your printer, asking him to put you on the Warren Mailing List. Or write S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

When a printer suggests a Warren's Standard Printing Paper he suggests it because he knows it has all the qualities that insure good printing, folding and binding—that it is tested for these qualities before it leaves the mill. Many printers are using the Warren trademark (above) in connection with their own imprint to identify productions on Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper ~ better printing}

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Volume 82
Number 20

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

November 17, 1928

Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices at 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1928, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

$2 a year United States and Canada;
$4 a year foreign countries

An Errand for Ladybird

By Laurie York Erskine

Her face became instantly clouded with pain. She gazed at Second Lieutenant Larkin while he wondered what he could say to conceal his blunder

A story of war adventure by air and sea—and of heroes who didn't dress the part

SECOND LIEUTENANT SAMUEL LARKIN, pilot, United States Air Service, temporarily attached to Squadron Forty-nine, Royal Flying Corps, stood beside Major Llewellyn Lladyfogyrd, commanding that same squadron, and spun his goggles on a walking stick. They were watching an unknown flyer make a dubious landing.

"Never flatten out an S. E. 5 until you're well down to the ground," said the Major flatly. "This idiot is about to wash out his undercarriage."

The goggles of Second Lieutenant Larkin spun more furiously as his feeling for the criticized pilot became warmer.

"Hold 'er up!" he moaned helpfully. "Up, up! Hold 'er! H-O-O-O-L-D 'er!" Then, dropping goggles and stick to the tarmac, he assumed the crouch of a cheer leader.

"Now the gun!" he roared. "Give 'er that gun!"

But the flyer did not give her the gun. He permitted his plane to bounce. Brutally, ruthlessly, he let it bounce again and again, until it rested upon uneven wheels with one tire blown flat.

"Lucky devil!" sighed the Major.

Second Lieutenant Larkin gazed upon the Major with some interest as he followed him out upon the airdrome. Here had been the authentic thrill, the grip, the stirring spectacle; and the Major had been unmoved. Queer boys, these Englishmen.

Whereupon Major Lladyfogyrd, recognizing in the pilot who had just landed an old and valued friend, demonstrated that he could indeed be moved.

"What ho!" he cried. "What ho! What ho! What ho! Old Mandeville himself! Old Mandeville in the flesh! Well, well, well!"

"My hat!" responded the newcomer. "To think of it, eh?"

To which the Major, ever a man of few words, responded: "Here's a GO!"

"The priceless old Ladybird himself!" explained Mandeville, generously including Larkin in his remarks.

"Mandeville, you know," said the Major, becoming conscious of Larkin's presence. "Flight-Commander Mandeville. He's a sailor, you know. God knows how he got here! Well, well, well!"

"Leave," exclaimed the Flight Commander. "Got leave at Folkstone. Said, 'Drop in on old Lladyfogyrd.' You know, one of those what-y'-callems. Hopped into an S. E. and here I am."

The Major still beamed upon him.

"What luck, eh?" he asked lucidly. "By Jove, it's quite off the top. Good old Mandeville! Come and have a drink!" Then, ever the perfect host, "You too, Larkin, you know. This is one of those occasions, what?" And Second Lieutenant Larkin, somewhat dazed, followed them to the mess.

At the bar Larkin continued to feel at a loss. His introduction to a British squadron had been abrupt and unexpected. A man does not exchange the familiar ways of Elyria, Ohio, for the ways of Squadron Forty-nine in its airdrome outside Cassel without some feeling of surprise. At the little bar in the mess hut Second Lieutenant Larkin strove to comprehend congenialities exchanged in a new language. In common with his companions he held in one hand a glass of Scotch whisky diluted with charged water.

"WHAT'S the this and that from blighty?" inquired the Major. And before Larkin could translate it the question was answered.

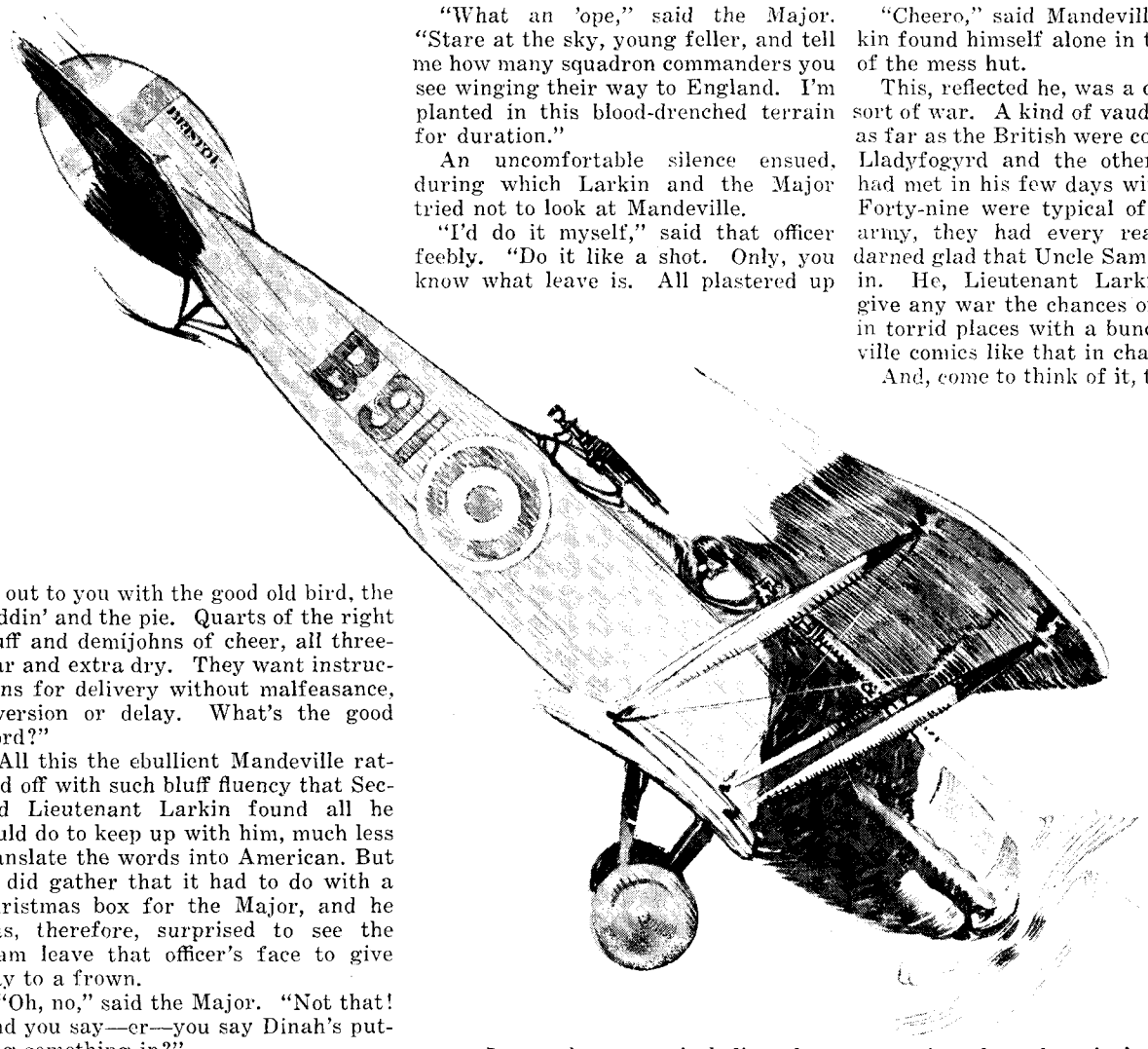
"My hat!" responded Mandeville. "The old bean's all to the windward. There's no end I ought to have told you before another word was said. I say, old egg, you're not choking?"

But Second Lieutenant Larkin undoubtedly was choking, so they pounded him on the back until he dropped his glass on the floor. A fresh one was filled and serenity restored.

"Now then," adjured the Major. "Out with the comic cuts."

"It's chiefly from your honored Ma," explained Mandeville. "Although I must tell you that my sister's all in the know with her, and the two families are thick as thieves on this Yuletide shindy. They're all keened up and at it hammer and tongs. There's a box to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In an almost vertical dive she was nearing the submarine's deck, her wires screaming in the wind of her downward sweep

go out to you with the good old bird, the puddin' and the pie. Quarts of the right stuff and demijohns of cheer, all three-star and extra dry. They want instructions for delivery without malfeasance, diversion or delay. What's the good word?"

All this the ebullient Mandeville rattled off with such bluff fluency that Second Lieutenant Larkin found all he could do to keep up with him, much less translate the words into American. But he did gather that it had to do with a Christmas box for the Major, and he was, therefore, surprised to see the beam leave that officer's face to give way to a frown.

"Oh, no," said the Major. "Not that! And you say—er—you say Dinah's putting something in?"

"Something in?" burbled Mandeville. "Something in? My dear old onion, I do assure you that Dinah's done nothing if not sew a stitch and bake a doorstep and what not for the last month."

The Major still frowned.

"Those priceless women," he moaned. "And d'you know what it'll look like when it gets here? If it does?"

A pause, while Mandeville tried to imagine what it would look like.

"Like a trench kitchen after a barrage," said the Major gloomily. "Three jam-smeared socks and a broken bottle; that's what I'll get. You said there's a pudding in it?"

"One of your mother's best. And Dinah's doing the pies—with brandy."

"Lord," moaned Lladyfogyrd. "What a bloody awful thing war is."

"I suppose you mean it'll get mashed up in the mail," Larkin offered weakly.

The Major nodded.

"Because if that's all that's worrying you," continued Larkin, "all you've got to do is to fly over and bring the stuff back by air."

Again they astonished him, greeting his suggestion with the silence due to genius. It was Mandeville who broke it.

"Who'd have thought it!" he murmured. "That's the stuff that's going to win the war. Run out your plane, Laddie, and off to the good old Homeland."

"What an 'ope," said the Major. "Stare at the sky, young feller, and tell me how many squadron commanders you see winging their way to England. I'm planted in this blood-drenched terrain for duration."

An uncomfortable silence ensued, during which Larkin and the Major tried not to look at Mandeville.

"I'd do it myself," said that officer feebly. "Do it like a shot. Only, you know what leave is. All plastered up with things to do—places to be, you know."

"Of course, of course, of course," murmured the Major, filled with embarrassment.

Larkin said nothing. He was considering the shallowness of the idiotic demonstration he had seen of friendship and devotion. These Britishers, he reflected, seemed to shave the obligations of comradeship rather close.

"I've got ten days coming to me in a fortnight," he blurted out suddenly. "If you're really in a hurry to have those ships ferried over, sir, I'll go and get one and bring the box back with me. You can take it off my leave."

AND while he stood consumed with regret for his quixotic offer the Major, in the same idiotic manner in which it seemed all such things must be considered, accepted it.

"Oh, no!" said the Major. "No, no, no. It won't do, you know. Really it won't. Still, you *CAN* ferry the damn thing over, and you may as well bring the box with it. But not out of your leave, you know. We'll wangle it without that. Wangle it somehow or other, eh?"

Mandeville echoed him.

"Wangle it?" he murmured. "Of course you can. Wangle it? Rather!"

Larkin stared at them with a smile of unbelief. Was it true that there was a war on? Did these two idiots really exist to mock at friendship and duty and death and destruction with their driveling prattle? Was he actually going to be sent away from the lines of battle for the purpose of bringing a Christmas box to the Major? Or were they merely playing a species of idiotic game?

"But you're not really flying back this afternoon?" the Major was asking.

"Rather. A man's leave is precious, you know. Tootle-oo!"

"Well, if you must," responded the Major. "Pip-pip."

"Cheero," said Mandeville. And Larkin found himself alone in the little bar of the mess hut.

This, reflected he, was a damn foolish sort of war. A kind of vaudeville sketch as far as the British were concerned. If Lladyfogyrd and the other officers he had met in his few days with Squadron Forty-nine were typical of the British army, they had every reason to feel darned glad that Uncle Sam had stepped in. He, Lieutenant Larkin, wouldn't give any war the chances of a snowball in torrid places with a bunch of vaudeville comics like that in charge.

And, come to think of it, the squadron hadn't done much flying, either. Of course there had been some bad weather, and Bristol Fighters had to have altitude to do their best, but there was a war on. Surely they didn't wait for the perfect day, as if they were flying at a country fair? Back in Texas they'd taken more chances in training than these birds did at the front.

Larkin strolled down to the village and forgathered with his compatriots of the squadron at a certain estaminet where American pilots were wont to meet and discuss British methods of losing the war as manifested by Squadron Forty-nine during bad flying weather. They greeted Larkin's recital of the Major's social graces with sympathetic laughter, and Mandeville, they agreed, was a hot sketch. But it wasn't winning the war.

"You're a fool for luck, Sam," was the verdict of Sears, who was ambitious. "While we sit here and rot, you'll be seeing the town. They say Matthews' crowd have bagged a dozen Huns since they got to the front. I wish we'd had the luck to get a French unit."

"Don't worry, boy, if Fritz knows his game, he'll certainly jump this gang when it gets into the air, and I don't mean maybe." This from Mandin, of Virginia. "I'll bet they jump on old Ladybug's ships every time he pokes his nose over the lines. We're goin' to fight when we go up, or we're goin' to lose our pants."

"Well, don't go up 'till I get back," begged Larkin. "If you do, try and keep Laddie Boy out of a scrap. I'd hate to see him get mussed up."

This caused laughter, and the voice of Sears rose above it:

"You won't see anything else but, if he takes these babies into the air. If he don't pass the lines he stays on this side of 'em all alone."

"Well," quoth Second Lieutenant Larkin. "Tootle-oo. I must be getting off for dear old blighty, you know."

He dodged missiles in departing.

Larkin made the trip across the channel reluctantly, with the feeling strong within him that he was somebody's fool.

Larkin couldn't swallow Mandeville. Selfish, Mandeville was, with a brain that rattled like a 1910 flivver. And Larkin's visit to Fenny Compton didn't increase his respect for the Flight Commander, either.

THE Reverend Lladyfogyrd was vicar at Fenny Compton, and the Mandevilles had a farm outside the village. The Major was engaged to Diana Mandeville, and the Flight Commander was engaged to a girl named Sylvia Laylock who, with all the women of all the families, was engaged all the hours of every day in preparing Christmas boxes for surviving absentees.

This business was centered in the great kitchen of the Mandeville farmhouse, and it was in brief furloughs from the activities of that great kitchen that Diana Mandeville informed Second Lieutenant Larkin of the facts above mentioned. He heard of the Mandeville-Laylock engagement, as a matter of fact, in a rather nasty way. Diana Mandeville had been questioning him about the Major's welfare, and Larkin had been enjoying once more the sense of bewilderment which he had experienced while Mrs. Lladyfogyrd put him through the same ordeal. They were so darned calm about it. They spoke of their men as if they were away on a camping expedition, a sort of National Guard encampment, say. The only concession these women seemed to make to the war was discernible in an uncanny tranquillity which pervaded everything they said and did. It affected Second Lieutenant Larkin immeasurably. It bewildered him.

Diana Mandeville was questioning in that serene but searching manner the probability that Major Lladyfogyrd was inadequately provided with woolen socks.

"I guess he's got all he needs," said Larkin.

"And my brother; did he mention any special thing he wanted?"

"No. But won't you be seeing him? He's on leave."

Then he wished that he hadn't spoken, for without losing the slight smile which had enlivened it her face became instantly clouded with pain. She gazed at Second Lieutenant Larkin while the pain gradually vanished from her face. He wondered what he could say.

"I wouldn't mention that to Mother, or to Sylvia," she said at last; and she spoke very evenly. "You see, Leslie hadn't been able to let us know yet about his leave."

After she had returned to the kitchen with a weariness which Larkin had not previously noticed in her tall, rather stately carriage Larkin strolled away through the park and boiled with the resentment which a man might feel who had seen an altar violated.

What a swine Mandeville was! Playing about in London, probably, while all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these dandy women thought he was in danger of his life. No time to bring over a Christmas box for a pal. No time for a visit home. . . . Gosh, what a skunk. And he was one of those birds who never would get killed—not if Flight Commander Mandeville could help it. . . .

Contemptuously Second Lieutenant Larkin ignored his commander's suggestion that he take sufficient time to see the town. He packed himself with the packages which the women of Fenny Compton entrusted to him into the train, and at London betook himself to a Y. M. C. A. hostel for the night.

In the morning he took a taxi to Croydon, and there himself and his packages were stowed away in the two cockpits of a Bristol Fighter.

In departing upon this last stage of his mission, Second Lieutenant Larkin became aware that his absence from the front was not as useless as he had thought. The hangars at this airdrome were packed tight with planes destined for active service, and in France the machines were being washed out faster than the ferry pilots could deliver the replacements. Larkin was greeted with unconcealed pleasure and reassuring words.

"YOUR C. O.'s got the right idea," he was informed. "If they'd send over for their busses more often we'd keep your squadrons busy. Can't send machines without pilots. Damn things won't fly by themselves."

Larkin grinned. It seemed that he was contributing something to the war, after all; and, moreover, if he didn't get a little action out of the trip before that Fighter was loaded at Forty-nine's airdrome it would be because Fritz wasn't flying that afternoon.

"You load up those guns," he directed the Flight Sergeant who prepared the big two-seater for its flight. "If I run into Heinie on the way I want to be all hipped for combat." And he stowed his packages away with the ballast in the rear cockpit while the sergeant did his work.

He took off a few minutes after noon.

The behavior of Second Lieutenant Larkin thereafter was mutinous and unusual. From Croydon he should have flown to Folkstone, where he should have filled his petrol tanks for the jump across the Channel, and followed in that jump the traffic lanes which do much to instill confidence in the heart of a flyer who sees water beneath him and knows how useless are the wheels of his undercarriage to bear him up upon it. Second Lieutenant Larkin, however, followed a route of his own.

From Croydon he roared, high above the white roads which ran in ribbons below him, to Dover, where he filled his tank to the brim. And from Dover he winged in climbing flight out over the North Sea with the nose of his plane set toward Dunkirk. This he did with a smile on his face and a queer elation in his heart which had its birth in the knowledge that he was free in the air, controlling the finest of fighting planes, and master of his time until the gas ran out.

He wondered what his first adventure would be. He gazed down upon the sparkling surface of water nine thousand feet below him and smiled grimly with a hope that it wouldn't be a forced landing. Then he grinned more broadly at the thought of what a "landing" upon that glass-gray surface would be. The adventure which he hoped for was far ahead—far beyond the roaring engine and the spinning propeller. Far beyond Dunkirk, for that matter; beyond Nieuport, Westende and Ostend.

The adventure which occupied the mind of Second Lieutenant Larkin to the extent of making a forced landing in the waters of the North Sea an inconceivable occurrence was awaiting him, he felt sure, in the mists which enfolded all that territory behind the German lines. He was going to hit the coast of Belgium west of Nieuport, fly eastward until he was well behind the lines, and then approach Cassel in a tour over German territory. It would be an epic flight. A flight which would go down into aerial history. A lone pilot in a lone Bristol Fighter, delivering it to France from Belgium! And if there weren't frills to the story concerning a battle or two and an enemy gone west, it would be because he, Second Lieutenant Larkin of Elyria, Ohio, was just out of luck.

For an almost imperceptible fraction of a second the deafening roar of his motor came to his ears with a barely discernible modulation of tone. Instantly his self-confidence fell from him. He became tense, alert, excessively conscious of the waste of water below him. He relaxed again. The slight hiss and rattle in his motor's song had passed immediately. . . . Only imagination, probably. . . . No use worrying, anyway.

BUT the sudden shock which had galvanized him did not depart so quickly. He was not, after all, completely indifferent to the menace of the open sea. He glanced behind him, and observed the English coastline, a dim mark against the water far away. And Europe was hardly visible to the naked eye. Suppose the engine did kick out? . . . There wasn't any use being foolish about it. . . . With a somewhat anxious eye, the blithe adventurer scanned the sea which lay two miles below him. . . . The thing to do was to have a vessel in mind; a boat within gliding distance. . . . But the North Sea, that afternoon, was singularly devoid of boats.

Wait a minute! There was one, making toward him from the north. Making for the Channel, as a matter of fact. . . . No, she's bound north. . . . Got her wrong way round. . . . Hello! Here's another! . . . No, she isn't, either. . . . Now that's damn funny. Could have sworn I saw—easy does it, there she is again. . . . Got my wing in the way. . . . She's making for the Channel, all right, and full speed, too!

He smiled with pleasure as he gazed upon the little steamer which belched so much smoke in her progress westward that she left a long, billowing cloud of it in her wake. From Larkin's high place the freighter appeared like a tiny smoke bomb which hardly seemed to move upon the vast expanse of glistening gray which held her.

"Well, I'll be darned! Where's she going now?" He had forgotten his cares and his mission in the fascination of watching the exquisite little model of a boat below him. "Trying to imitate a destroyer, I guess."

The freighter had turned very sharply at right angles to her course, and the smoke seemed to belch from her funnel more thickly than before.

"Now what?" Thoroughly mystified, Second Lieutenant Larkin throttled down his motor and glided downward, watching the vessel as he circled. His last exclamation had been called forth by a new maneuver of the boat. This time she turned sharply left to steam at all speed toward the coast of France. Then, while Larkin wondered, she turned right again.

"Zigzagging, by gosh!" exclaimed Larkin to the empty air; and then by due process of thought he set to scanning the waters surrounding the erratic boat for something he had not yet seen. At last he found it. A long, dark blotch upon the water; the shadow of a frown which moved beneath the surface.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Chased by a submarine!"

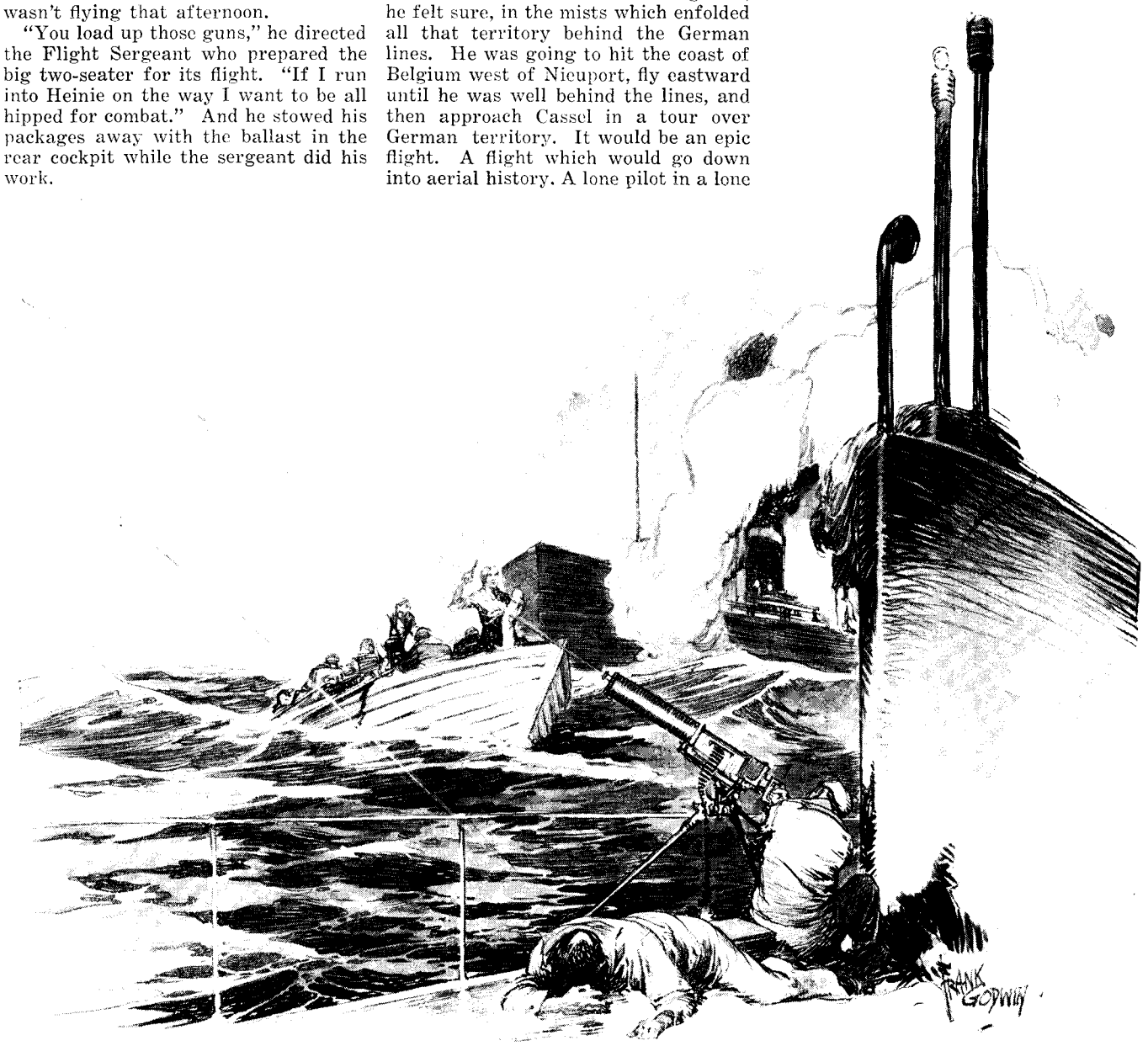
THIS was the cat's eyelash! This was the spectacle of the century! This was the sort of thing you read about in papers, but were seldom permitted to witness! And he had a grandstand seat!

Gleefully Second Lieutenant Larkin allowed the cloak of wartime care to slip from his shoulders. Descending in wide circles over the drama which developed beneath him, he forgot all else, and became as a boy again, crowding into the circus tent at Elyria, Ohio. He was only two thousand feet above the surface of the water when the submarine let go at the freighter with a torpedo. He saw the torpedo speeding toward the vessel before the sailors were aware of it; and back came the cares of war as he realized the horror of the thing he was about to witness.

"Turn out!" he shrieked at the whirring propeller in front of him. "Turn out! It'll hit yer! Sink yer! Turn out!"

The steamer at that moment turned out, her helm thrown hard to port; but the turn was too late. The torpedo hit her in the starboard quarter. Larkin saw the debris leap upward in a column of glistening water. Then the sound came to him in a dull cough which almost silenced the din of his engine.

He circled (*Continued on page 51*)



The bullets rattled across the deck. One man at the machine gun went down

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beating the Hurricane

By William G. Shepherd

Here's the story of the man who drew the teeth of the September hurricane. For 250 hours Charles L. Mitchell of the weather bureau plotted the course of its smashing charge. He cleared its path. For the first time in history man was able to outwit a twister. Mitchell's predictions saved innumerable lives and millions of dollars in shipping.

Charles L. Mitchell, forecaster at the weather bureau in Washington, D. C.

BY HIS long-distance forecasts of the September hurricane, Charles L. Mitchell astonished newspaper readers throughout the world. He gave warnings 48 and even 60 hours in advance; he cleared the storm lanes of all shipping so that not one ship was lost; he told the people of the Florida coast a dozen hours in advance when the storm would hit them. More than that, he indicated exactly what place on the Florida coast its center would strike.

Twenty-eight years ago six thousand people were drowned by the sea in the Galveston hurricane, when they might, with twentieth-century forecasting, have gotten out of the storm's way. This year in Florida, householders had one whole day in advance in which to do carpenter work, boarding up windows of the homes so that when the storm struck they could take their families to strong public buildings, or the steel and concrete hotels. They received plenty of warning and plenty of reason from Mitchell to mistrust the salty sea. The tragedy of the Florida storm, with the loss of 2,000 lives, was that no one foresaw in the face of Mitchell's storm warning that the walls of the fresh-water Lake Okeechobee would be broken down by the hurricane and the lake partially emptied over the countryside. Not more than ten persons were killed by the sea on the Florida coast itself.

The Eye of Twentieth-Century Science

The eye of the Creator of storms could not have followed this storm of 1928 more closely than did the eye of twentieth-century science. It has already become a historic storm because the weather bureau was able to watch it longer and more closely than any other hurricane ever known.

A weather forecaster reminds you somewhat remotely of a theatrical star as you see him at work in the weather bureau in Washington.

Every morning at 8 o'clock, Sunday, holiday or whatnot, and every evening at 8 o'clock six men seat themselves on high stools on opposite sides of a long, breast-high desk, with maps before them.

At the end of the desk stands a young man who from time to time reaches behind him into a tiny elevator, which comes up from the telegraph-room below, and draws therefrom a handful of messages typed on yellow tissue paper. You couldn't read them; they're in a strange code.

He decodes these messages, which come by wire and radio from about 300 weather observers throughout the land, from remote islands in the Atlantic and Pacific and from ships at sea. You must have a special pass to sit in this room during one of these periods. You hear the decoder read out what seems to be a hopeless muddle of facts about winds, barometric measurements, temperatures and so forth; snow here, rain there, all kinds of weather everywhere. The map men setting down these facts work quickly and silently. After about half an hour all the messages have been read.

Now the maps are ready! Into the great long room comes the forecaster. He stands at the breast-high desk, with a strong light flooding the markings which the map men have put down. Through the eye of the science of meteorology, after long training, he is able to read sense and meaning into the flood of facts which has just been received.

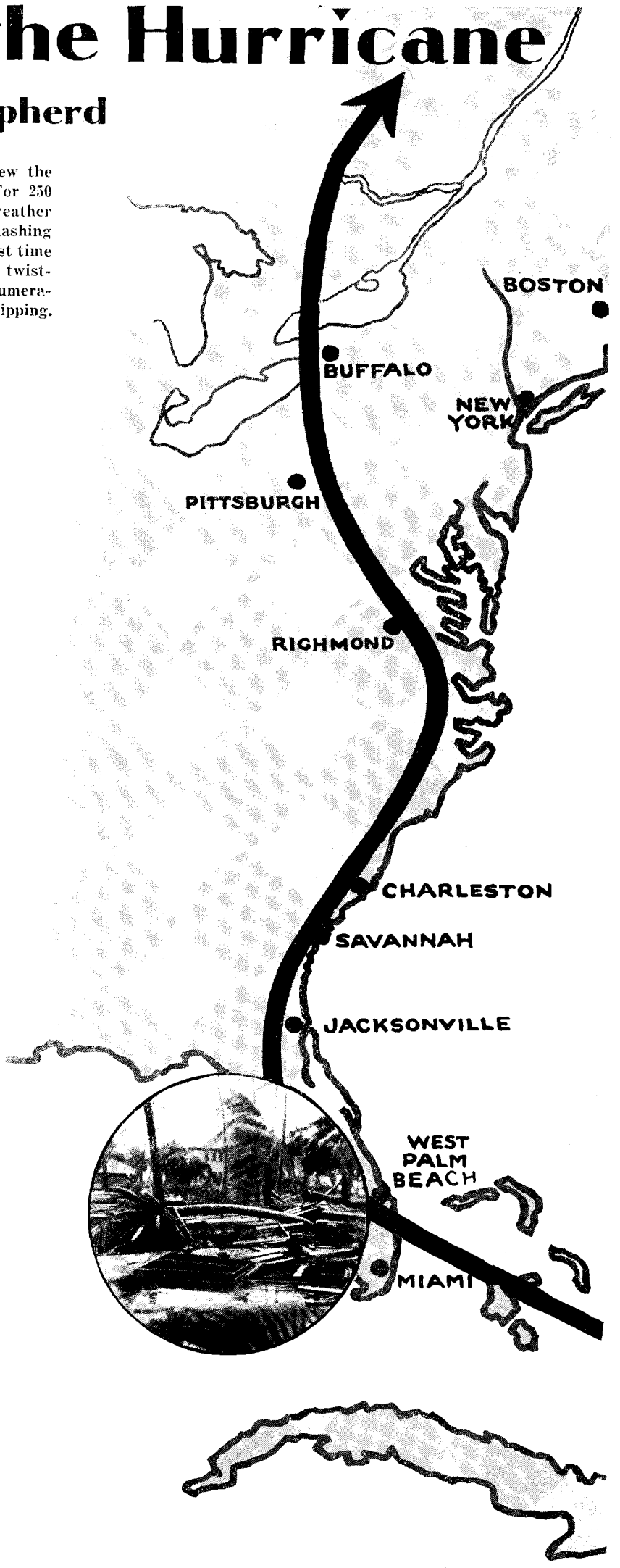
The Forecasters of the Future

In Roman days the augurs used to read prophecies in the entrails of chickens which had been opened for them by servants. This twentieth-century weather bureau prophet finds more sensible material for prophecy in the data that the map men have made ready for him.

He's a star in the map-room. Everyone waits silently for him to speak. No wonder every young man in the weather bureau office is struggling to be a forecaster some day. These youths practice daily at making forecasts and an inspector checks up on these forecasts for the purpose of selecting our forecasters for the future.

I saw the now-famous Mitchell read his forecasts one evening, during the tag end of the ten-day hurricane. He scanned the maps and then he began to talk slowly. A young man at a typewriter took down what he said. It was a short message. You probably read it in your morning newspaper the next morning. As soon as he had concluded this message a radio operator came in from a side room and took the copy from the typist. Within a moment we heard the deep roaring of the gigantic Arlington station which was sending out to France, England, Germany, Italy, Mexico, South America, Sweden, Russia and elsewhere the prophecy which Mitchell had just made. For 20 minutes Mitchell continued to read: tomorrow's weather for 19 different states; the next day's weather in 5 different flying zones across the continent, at altitudes of from 1,000 to 10,000 feet and a special Atlantic weather prophecy for Cesare Sabelli, aviator, who was planning to fly from Maine to Rome.

These forecasts were all wired from the telegraph-room downstairs to more than 1,100 points.

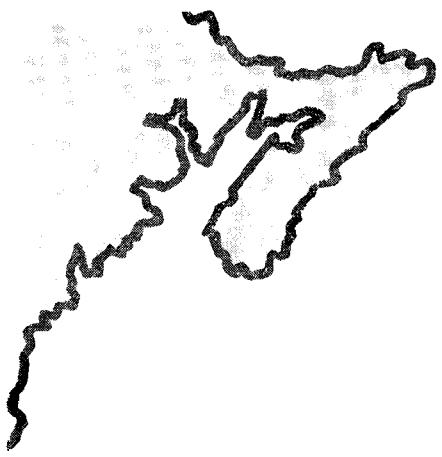


To top it all off a second radio operator went into another radio-room and there read out the various forecasts that not only the land-bound folks along the Atlantic coast but ships at sea might also hear the news. Rapid typesetters in a corner of the room were putting into type the words of the prophet, for the purpose of printing them on weather charts. There's plenty of romance in being a forecaster.

We've been in the forecasting-room; now let's get out on to the ocean where the storm started. There are two other heroes of this story beside Mitchell. They are two American ship captains.

This story indeed really begins with them and their two small American

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



freighters out in the middle of the Atlantic.

This fact makes just a little dash of geography necessary. We North Americans somehow think that about as much Atlantic Ocean lies between South America and Africa as lies between New York and England. Nothing like it. From Kansas City to Spokane is an easy tourist's ride of about 1,600 miles. Well, the shores of Africa and of South America at one point bulge out in the Atlantic toward each other until there is a gap between them only 1,600 miles wide.

A Tragic Week

Down in this part of the world, on the afternoon of Saturday, September 8th, while America was enjoying its autumn half holiday in motor cars, at ball games or otherwise, two American ships were approaching each other.

Each was a week out from port; each had more than a week to go on the lonely Atlantic.

One of these ships was the Commack. She had passed through the gap between South America and Africa and was heading toward Boston.

The other was the Clearwater. She was heading toward the gap on her way from New Orleans down toward Rio.

They were both freighters; they had been built during the war in those days of riveting races in our wartime shipyards.

These two ships were about 250 miles apart, out there, that Saturday afternoon. It was hot on their decks; 82 degrees. There is not much wind down there ordinarily; so the sea was calm and smooth.

"But I didn't like the looks of the sky that Saturday night at sunset," Capt. Leonard Watkins of the Commack told me after he had reached port. "Something about it looked strange. Things still seemed sort of queer Sunday morning and as Sunday wore on my barometer didn't seem right. So I began trying to talk with whatever ship might be around me. I picked up Capt. A. O. Oden of the Clearwater. That Sunday afternoon I was pretty sure a storm was brewing."

A storm brewing! Sunday afternoon! He was right. One entire week and still another tragic Sunday were to pass before that brewing storm would cease its wrecking and its slaughter. Three days after Capt. Watkins first sniffed it, it was to kill 600 people in the French islands; four days later it was to strike Porto Rico and kill 1,000 more. It was to live throughout the week and on the following Sunday afternoon it was to strike the coast of Florida and was to drown over 2,000 people in the overflowing waters of Lake Okeechobee. It was to range sea and land for ten days; drive ships into overcrowded harbors all along the Atlantic coast, clear into Maine, kill people with falling signs in the far-away city of New York, and, expiring, was to pass inland into Canada over Buffalo and ruffle the Great Lakes.

Capt. Oden talked to Capt. Watkins.

"My barometer is dropping at the rate of one fifth of an inch every two hours," he told Capt. Watkins.

"What is your barometer now?" asked Watkins.

"Thirty naught eight," replied Oden.

"Mine is twenty-nine ninety-four," announced Watkins.

The two captains figured out this puzzle on their respective ships. Their barometers were one seventh of an inch apart, a tremendous divergence near the equator; their ships were only 100 miles apart. The puzzle was all the greater because neither had any wind to speak of; one 34 miles an hour, the other 10.

But they both knew that the weather somewhere in their neighborhood was upside down.

Capt. Oden began trying to talk to other ships that might be in the vicinity; so did Capt. Watkins. They picked up a British ship, believed to have been the Erdine, 100 miles to the northwest. Out there in mid-Atlantic the three ships went into conference by radio. They made the astonishing discovery that the wind, though it was not heavy, was blowing in a different direction for each ship.

A Hurricane Expert

More figuring and calculating. Each captain decided that the facts could mean only one thing: a hurricane was raging in the area between them. They had been talking through it. Each ship was on the outside edge of the storm. The Clearwater was right in front of it and slanting into it. The Commack was on the northeast side of it, passing away from it and the British ship was on the northwest side of it, heading toward it.

Steamship captains these days, like weather bureau officials, know more about hurricanes than they did back in the Galveston storm period. Forecaster Mitchell himself described a typical hurricane for me:

"Out there, between these three ships, was a great whirling circle of wind, about 100 miles in diameter. The whole great circle was moving forward toward the west.

"A hurricane may revolve at a speed anywhere from 100 to 250 or even 500 miles an hour. But the whirl itself moves at varying degrees of speed.

"Most West Indian hurricanes, such as this last one, start in the doldrums near the Cape Verde Islands, off Africa, when two winds get to blowing parallel to each other, but in opposite directions. They seem to join together there and start a whirl, which grows in intensity as it moves across the Atlantic toward the Caribbean.

"Most of the hurricanes I have studied do not strike the coast of the United States. They may hit a small island or two, though the chances of that are slight. Most of them are born in the ocean, pass northward across the Atlantic without touching land and die out up in Iceland, Greenland, Sweden or Russia.

"And this was the kind of storm those ship captains discovered that day."

Ship Captains Aid Weather Bureau

Those two American captains did a most praiseworthy thing: they figured out and guessed the exact location of the center of the great storm that was being born in their midst. Capt. Oden turned his chart-room into a mid-ocean miniature weather bureau. He put together all the facts he had gleaned from near-by ships in the storm council of captains and on Monday morning sent a message to the weather bureau in Washington. It read, translating liberally for the benefit of us land-lubbers:

"Summary of ship reports which I have gathered in this area indicates that a storm area is centered between 48 and 51 west longitude and about 14 degrees thirty minutes north latitude."

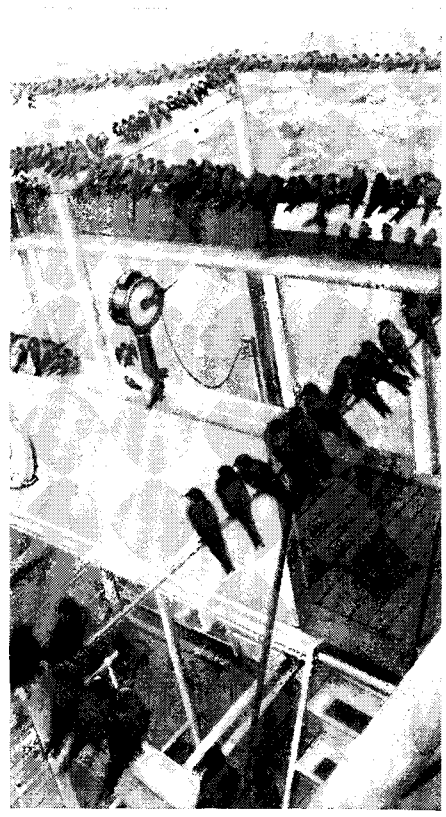
All three of these ships scampered out of the zone of the storm and never felt even an extra-hard puff of wind. But they had done their job well. They helped the weather bureau to keep, literally, scores of other ships out of the course of the storm.

Now, back from the sea, where the captains for two days have been puzzling about the weather, to the forecasting-room in the weather bureau in Washington.

As usual, on this eventful evening of Monday, September 10th, the map men sit on their stools, in the glare of the electric lights, while the decoder calls out the hundreds of weather reports. They make strange markings on their great squares of paper. The usual signal is sent in to the forecaster's room to tell him that the maps are ready for him to read.

It happens that the forecaster for this month of September is Charles L. Mitchell. It also happens that Mitchell is one of the world's experts on West Indian hurricanes. For years he has studied—almost at the risk of being called a "nut"—the history and the routes of over 300 great hurricanes. He has learned their habits and their courses. He has even made an imposing book of his findings. He's perhaps the one man in all America for this night's work.

Way off in one corner of his map, that evening, he saw marked the positions of the two small American freighters which that day had sent in their usual



Harbingers of the hurricane. Birds take shelter on passing vessels

8 A. M. reports, as every American ship captain is expected to do.

What's this? Here are two ships 100 miles apart, with a difference of almost one seventh of an inch in their barometers. And here's something more: the ship that is farther north has the lower barometer. It ought to be the other way about. This condition means that the weather balance is upset. Here's a storm!

The two telegrams which the ship had sent in were read again. Here's what they said in code:

"SS Commack, to Govt. Observer, Washington, via Tuckerton.

"Carbuncle bine gobelin tefsa dafer."

"SS Clearwater, to Govt. Observer, Washington, via Tuckerton.

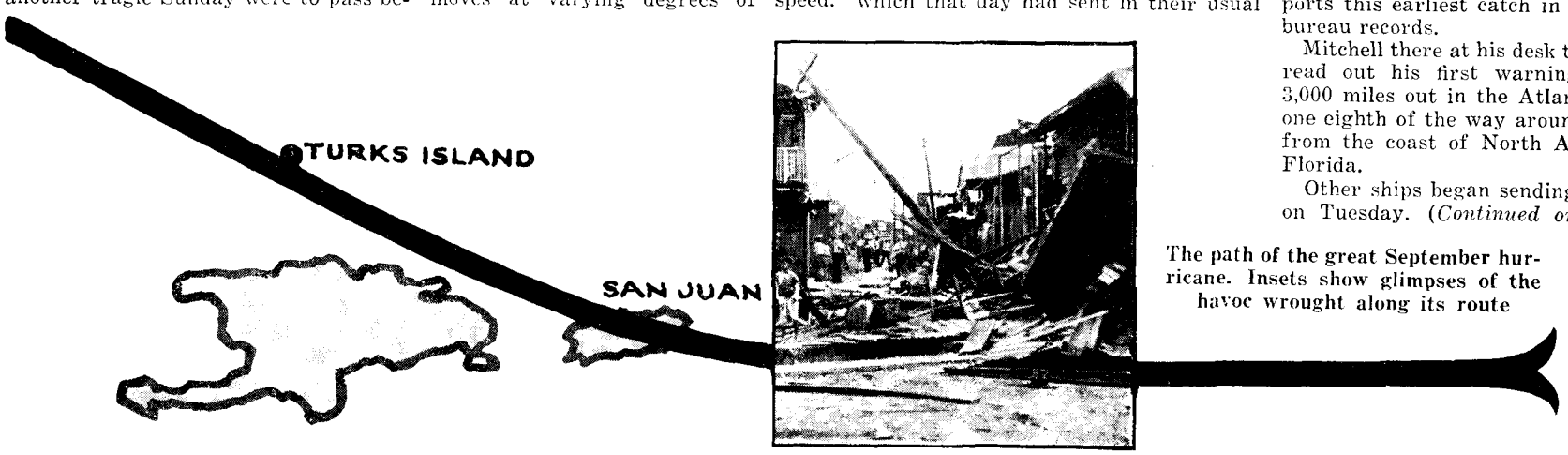
"Carbuncle benefit mudrug outsail debuke."

"Carbuncle" means "morning;" the other words mean other things concerning winds, temperature, barometer, the ship's position and so forth.

With the facts verified Mitchell drew isobars, those wavy lines you see on official weather maps, which mark the boundaries of various weather conditions. He was able there at his desk in Washington 3,000 miles away to decide as definitely as had the two ship captains, on the very edge of the storm, just exactly where the center of the storm was situated. And that's how the weather bureau caught the storm so early. It was certainly not many hours' old when it was first noticed. "Two vessels in the Atlantic, fully 600 miles east of the farthest outpost in the Lesser Antilles, sent in indications of the storm," is how the weather bureau officially reports this earliest catch in all weather bureau records.

Mitchell there at his desk that evening read out his first warning—a storm 3,000 miles out in the Atlantic; almost one eighth of the way around the earth from the coast of North America and Florida.

Other ships began sending in reports on Tuesday. (*Continued on page 40*)



The path of the great September hurricane. Insets show glimpses of the havoc wrought along its route

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Apron Strings

By Jay Gelzer

If Angela Drake hadn't gone to Hollywood, and if Captain Thorne hadn't disobeyed his mother's orders, it never could have happened

HOLLYWOOD drew Angela Drake clear across the continent as inevitably as a magnet attracts unattached fragments of steel.

As a matter of fact, in its smiling, inexorable way Hollywood does serve as a magnet for unattached bits of femininity, and that is precisely what Angela was: an unattached bit of femininity not knowing in the least what to do with an altogether undesired and disconcerting freedom.

Because Hollywood seemed to promise laughter and gayety and young companionship, all things she had much need of at the moment, it is not, perhaps, unnatural that Angela came to warm herself at the joyous fire popularly supposed to blaze in Hollywood, thereby making her first independent decision in some years.

George's mother, a fat old lady with decided views, was unalterably opposed to Hollywood from the first.

"It scarcely seems respectful to George's memory, my dear," she objected in her most decided manner. "And George has only been dead twelve months."

"But twelve months can be such a long time," protested Angela wistfully. "And George would *want* me to be happy, Mother. George *always* wanted me to be happy!"

Which was quite true, and Angela had spent her seven years with George entirely in the altogether congenial pursuit of happiness.

The twelve months after George had so strangely and bewilderingly left her alone had not been happy. At twenty-seven the undiluted society of George's mother and her fat asthmatic pug was scarcely enough, or else it was too much. Angela's decision to go to Hollywood may have been in some degree influenced by the fact that Hollywood *was* clear across the continent and the senior Mrs. Drake unalterably opposed to overnight railroad journeys. She may even have been nerved by something approaching desperation.

Angela went to Hollywood.

She was so little, so rounded, so ingénuish in both manner and appearance that the sophisticated loungers in the depot, watching her step down from the train along with countless others also little, also rounded, also ingénuish in appearance, decided immediately that she had come to try her luck in the movies, and were moved to something resembling pity because Angela, at twenty-seven, was already too old to be starting a career in a field where eighteen is turning the corner of youth and fourteen is an admirable age for beginners.

But in this way they were wrong.

Angela desired only to be an onlooker, but an onlooker who would be a welcome part of the background.

She established herself in a famous old hotel of Spanish design which had palm trees in its front yard and a rather straggly garden out in back, and for a few days she was content to sit upon the wide stone porch out front, watching the endless stream of picturesque arrivals and departures until, simply from watching, she acquired something dangerously close to an inferiority complex.

In a town so overcrowded with beauty, with magnificence, with insolence, with superlatively clever people, she sank to ridiculous insignificance in her own estimation.

Humbly watching handsome film stars arrive in imported cars splashed with monograms or strolling about the lobby in sportswear of incredible immaculacy, it was borne in upon her that she was not, and would never be, a celebrity, and there was a loneliness almost frightening about merely watching these clever, charming people and realizing the gulf between. They seemed so remote that she was more lonely in her first days in Hollywood than she had ever been in the East with George's mother and the pug.

WHAT had *she* to offer these gay confident people who all seemed to know each other? brooded Angela unhappily, wishing she were at least seven years younger and twenty times prettier, and doing what she could in the latter direction by having her hair curled all over her small head in a profusion of tight brown ringlets so that she did not look much beyond the desired twenty, after all, when she had finished.

She did have, as it happened, two things to make a place for herself in Hollywood, although she did not understand about that at first.

She had novelty and she had an independent income, and in Hollywood novelty has the high value of all swiftly perishable commodities, and an income has the more solid value of an imperishable security, because beneath the gayety and the glitter which undoubtedly abound in Hollywood is very little real security.

The beautifully dressed female film star of drawlingly assured manner is very apt to be eating regularly at the moment through the paternal but somewhat commercial charity of a hotel well versed in the ups and downs of its patrons. The soles of the English shoes of a male star known in two continents are apt to be worn thin. Heads fall at the whim of a director stirred to prejudice. Fame fades overnight through a chance combination of unforeseen circumstances.

In such a state of feverish insecurity bordering upon secret panic, the security of an undoubted income is an achievement to be envied, and any unattached woman not trying to attain eminence upon the screen but content to live as a mere spectator must inevitably possess an income. It was as easy to figure as that.

"Jim Cullen's a rotter. If you must step into this you aren't going

To add to this, Angela was not old, according to outer world standards. She was not unbeautiful, according to the more elastic outer world standards. She was gilded by the luster of her undoubted income, and she had a trusting naive credulity immensely soothing to those who live by exaggerated repute.

Angela's speedy popularity was to herself a source of gentle amazement.

Upon her fourth day in Hollywood an assistant director also staying at the hotel called her upon the telephone, inviting her to his rooms for a preliminary cocktail before dinner.

ANGELA refused upon the naive score that she had not as yet met the assistant director, but upon his assurance that Hollywood was just one big family where nobody bothered with formalities, but that if she insisted upon such tiresome procedure the hotel manager would present them, she accepted his invitation to attend a preview at the Scribblers' Club later in the evening.

She chose her dress for dinner with unusual care, lingered over her hair, touched her mouth with the soft bloom of a new lipstick, and regarded herself wistfully in the mirror.

Of course she couldn't compete with the professional beauties of the screen, but she *did* look nice.

Granting herself that much, she went downstairs in a happy excitement she had not known since the last time George had brought home a mysterious and altogether alluring pile of unopened Christmas bundles.

As she came down the wide shallow steps in her white satin embroidered in silver the assistant director joined her, as she had half known he would, and the manager leaned smilingly across his desk to present him.

"This is Jim Cullen, Mrs. Drake, one of our shining lights out here. Jim, see that the little lady has a good time in Hollywood."

Mr. Cullen promised that he would do his best.

Angela dimpled up at him shyly.

Mr. Cullen was tall, dark, handsome. He wore sideburns and presented an exotic picturesqueness of appearance with which Angela had been unfamiliar before her advent in Hollywood except, of course, in the films.

She was slightly flustered by the manner in which he drew back her chair at the obscure corner table she had chosen upon arrival, seeking a retirement impossible to accomplish in Hollywood.

George could never have drawn back her chair and seated her in such an impressive manner. George would simply have given the chair a yank and allowed her to slide into it as best she could.

Immediately Angela was stricken with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to do it without your eyes open. After that, it's your own affair"

self-reproach at this implied criticism of dear, kind George.

Mr. Cullen sat down and leaned across the table to her.

"Do you know that you are like a flower?" he demanded. "Precisely like a quaint, prim little flower from a New England garden!"

Angela flushed with delight. She forgot George. She was aware only that it was pleasant to have Mr. Cullen in his black and white, which was so different from ordinary black and white, sitting opposite, sharing the pitiless light of publicity and speculation which had beat upon her since her arrival.

THERE was, she had found out immediately, no such thing as being retiring and unassuming in Hollywood. Even corners didn't insure seclusion, rather the contrary, in that apparently it was so remarkable for anyone to seek seclusion in Hollywood that the motive was at once open to a suspicion defeating the desired object. Only the great and the secure could afford to avoid publicity, and this very fact served to concentrate interest.

Tonight, however, shared by another, the fierce light of curiosity was not unendurable, and compliments paid her in Jim Cullen's deep, pleasant voice lent her courage.

She was going to like it in Hollywood. Oh, *yes*, she was going to like it, and she wasn't going to be lonesome! Intuitively with Mr. Cullen's appearance upon the scene Angela knew she was not going to be lonesome any longer.

Near by a tall, imposing-looking woman with white hair beautifully arranged à la Marquise, wearing shiny black and carrying a gorgeous cerise fan, smiled at her.

Last night Angela would not have dared smile back, being sure the smile could not possibly be for her. Would, in fact, have scarcely dared lift her shy eyelids to look at these magnificent people she had come so far to see. But tonight she smiled back.

Jim Cullen was not pleased.

Following the direction of her smile with his eyes, he moved his shoulders slightly, blocking the white-haired lady out of her range of vision.

At another table, not far away, a slender dark-haired man whose temples were touched with gray also smiled. Presently he got up and came over to speak to Jim Cullen, who presented him reluctantly and with ill grace.

Angela beamed. She knew the name so unwillingly mentioned, and said so.

"Now you are being very polite, and you needn't be," assured the slender dark-haired man. "The woods are full of writers in Hollywood. For that matter, the whole Pacific Coast is black and blue with celebrities of all descriptions."

He left then, and Jim Cullen complained of the intrusion.

"These people out here have no manners at all!" he said resentfully. "They rush right in on anybody, without waiting for a welcome."

Angela did not share his bitterness.

Lawrence Breck, the slender, dark-haired man, was a writer. He had invited her to lunch at a beach club the next day. She did not know exactly what a beach club was but it sounded delightful.

Various other people stopped at their table during the progress of dinner and were presented by Jim Cullen with rising discontent. Angela met so many people that she was almost giddy with the attempt to couple the right names with the right faces in her memory.

"A MAN just can't keep anything for himself out here," declared Jim Cullen moodily. "Why, if anybody takes a cork out of a bottle in Beverly Hills, all Hollywood is sitting on the doorstep before he puts the cork down."

His remark was slightly ambiguous, but Angela guessed that a compliment was intended, and dimpled and blushed in a spontaneous way remarkable to Hollywood, where the ability to blush and dimple has so exact a value that spontaneity is soon lost.

Dinner finished, the Spanish headwaiter bowed them from the dining-room and they walked through a lobby covered with Oriental rugs to the wide porch beyond which palm trees cut sharp silhouettes against a night sky sparkling with stars.

Here they paced up and down until Jim Cullen, seeing her shiver, went to get the silken wrap she had left upon a chair outside the dining-room door.

"You'll be here when I get back?" he demanded.

But of course she would be there, said Angela in a surprise so perceptible that he went for the shawl without further hesitation.

As she stood leaning upon the stone balustrade gazing down toward the hustle and clamor of Hollywood Boulevard, feeling very happy and as though she were really beginning to belong to this life, Lawrence Breck detached himself from a near-by group.

"Your first visit out here?" he inquired incisively.

At her nod, he went on rapidly.

"Just met Cullen? He's far too tough an egg for anybody brand new to Hollywood to be playing about with."

He smiled sardonically at the startled eyes she turned up to him.

"Don't look so like a baby whose pet dog has snapped," he advised. "Of course you have a date with Cullen for this evening?"

They were going to the Scribblers' Club, informed Angela in a voice which was decidedly uncomfortable.

Lawrence Breck nodded wry approval.

"Cullen knows his stuff better than I thought he did. He isn't beginning in the third reel as he usually does. Slow and careful tactics this time!"

Jim Cullen appeared in the distance, quickening his pace as he perceived the two standing together.

"Don't know why I bother to do this," drawled Lawrence Breck in amused exasperation. "Especially since I long ago outgrew my Good Samaritan tendencies and am rather of the opinion that gay little widows who come to Hollywood hunting amusement deserve exactly what they get."

Tears stung in Angela's eyes.

"But I'm not a gay little widow," she said, and Lawrence Breck looked vaguely uncomfortable.

"After the preview at the club you come straight back to the hotel. *Get that?* Straight back!"

With easy grace he turned to meet Cullen at his elbow.

"Looking after your fair lady for you, Cullen, during your perhaps indiscreet absence," he said in mocking farewell.

"WHAT'D he say about me?" demanded Cullen immediately.

"Why . . . why, he didn't . . ." stammered Angela guiltily, and was silent.

Tough egg, that was what Lawrence Breck had said. So much, and yet so little. And that she must come straight back from the preview. He had meant that, because there had been a queer urgency about his emphasis.

"There's such a lot of jealousy among this lot," declared Jim Cullen sourly. "Why, one man would queer another man with a girl just to keep him from being happy!"

He paused, handsome profile turned to Angela, hands thrust into his pockets.

"But let's not talk about *him*. Let's talk of *us*," he said impressively, and began, not unnaturally, to talk of himself.

He had been out here five years. He was assistant director to Mitchell. He knew he was capable of great things. He had talent. He had ability. He only needed a chance to show what he could do.

Angela was thrilled by his earnestness.

Sweetly she assured him that she was confident of his (*Continued on page 46*)

Illustrated by Nancy Fay

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Third Slip

By John B. Kennedy

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

Mallon started forward. The gun arm stiffened and the stranger backed to the door

The gunman overlooked the fact that it takes a quick thinker to be a good referee —and Mallon was good

CHARLEY MALLON was one of five referees summoned to headquarters by the boxing commission. To anyone who had never seen a prizefighter these five looked so much like the real thing that they might as well have been pugilists. At some time or other, in fact, all had been boxers, amateur or professional.

Mallon had been a bantam back in the twenty-five-round days when fighters had more stamina than business instinct. He looked fit enough at forty-five to step between the ropes. Charley took his job as referee seriously. He trained hard to keep his stomach in—swimming, golf, sparring—to be as nimble on his feet as the big and little fellows he had to manage when the gong sent them into the fray. He was pointing for something else besides fitness. He wanted to get one of the big shots—a championship or near-championship assignment that would put him in the front rank where he deserved to be.

Other referees mixed in sporting circles, their natural element. Charley didn't. He had the simple belief that the "Honest Dans" and "Fearless Mikes" who mixed with the sports might sometimes be more sternly honest and conscientiously fearless arbiters if they remained aloof, shunning frequent contact with the high-flying crowd that followed fights—and gambled on them. Charley didn't worry because these popular fellows—known almost as well as popular fighters—got the big shots. That was all in the game. He followed his personal system of fitness and aloofness because it suited him and gave him one up on whatever opportunity might arise.

He sat in an anteroom with the other four officials, waiting for the august commission to call them one by one. In the corridors outside a rag-tag mob of pugs, managers and seconds muttered and laughed—a press of moving faces, some punch-worn, some sinister, some merely sly, all touched in their pettiness by the reflected glory of nearness to a great event. That afternoon the commission was to select the man who would referee the big fight on the following day. Not, technically, a championship fight; but something better: a battle that had pitted the emotions of one section of the country against another.

Mannie Stern, flashing lightweight hope of the New York slums, was to meet Red-Headed Andy Roche, pride of the Pacific Slope. The winner would unquestionably succeed to the championship, for the veteran who held the title apparently held it in his wife's name. They called him the fightless marvel of the age. He had fought in no-decision states for three years and refused even a speaking acquaintance with either Stern or Roche.

THOSE two were the "natural" match of the lightweight division. The champion would be compelled to meet the winner, and he admitted by his evasive tactics that he could never hope to put up the sort of battle against either Stern or Roche that those lads would make against each other. Which was why New York rooted for Stern and the West roared for Roche, and gambling syndicates everywhere rode into deep money as sport pages fanned interest to fever heat.

A handful of veteran fight reporters lounged in the anteroom where the referees waited. They chatted with everybody but Charley Mallon, simply because they knew the others. Charley was no hanger-on. There was nothing but routine news for them to gather. It would be sensational to filch bigger news. For instance, the name of the referee for the Stern-Roche fight. There was, however, no chance of that. One of those five commission officials would be named that afternoon. One of them would walk into the commission room not knowing and go out by another door knowing. But if he dared to divulge his appointment he would be dropped instantly and be suspect forever.

Mallon sat with silent lips, watching smoke wreathe from other lips. One man went in. A minute passed and the blue-jowled doorkeeper summoned another. Then a third. Next he called Mallon's name.

Charley sprang to the door. It closed softly and solidly behind him. He faced the three gray-haired commissioners who appeared sagely ominous. He walked from the room, pulse racing. Ten words from the chairman had told him that he had the job.

Not having had more than a ten-to-one hope that he'd be named Mallon had refrained from planning what to do between the nomination and the time of the fight, more than twenty-four hours later. He was superstitious enough to believe that anticipation in any positive degree would act as a hoodoo.

On his way down in the elevator, in which two of his brother referees, their gaze guardedly vacant, were riding, Charlie decided quickly that security in his hotel-room, reading and resting, would be best. He bought an armful of magazines, picked up a detective novel he had heard about and went to his hotel in one of the few side streets where sidewalks weren't being uprooted or skyscrapers riveted aloft. Presently he went to bed.

He awoke to a warm morning; he ached for a cool dive in a pool or a round on some breezy links. But he buried his snub nose between printed pages and forced time away until mid-afternoon. An extra that came up with his lunch carried the news that Stern and Roche had weighed in, both making the lightweight limit of 135. Pictures of the boxers showed the slum boy dark and glowering and razor-keen, while the redhead showed a grin over sloping shoulders of elastic muscle.

Charley Mallon tried to take a nap. It was stuffy. A fan he had installed didn't afford much relief. As he was contemplating a quiet, hurried walk there was a rap at his door. Mallon slipped the lock and was staggered by the sudden force with which the door was pushed. A lithe, well-dressed chap of the new school of gunmen slammed the door and covered Mallon with an automatic all in one motion. Mallon's impulse was to fight, gun or no gun, but the intruder spoke in a quick, rough, thoroughly businesslike voice.

"You're refereeing the fight tonight, Mr. Mallon," he said. "I don't want to kill you." He observed Charley Mallon's tenseness drop a degree. His gun-hand also relaxed—a degree. "I want to talk turkey. Squeal and you'll never live to get into that ring tonight."

"WHAT the hell do you want?" *barked Mallon.*

"Not so loud," his visitor commanded. "There's more money at stake than you know about tonight. You can get your cut of it."

Mallon started forward. The gun-arm stiffened and the stranger backed against the door. Mallon's brain cooled under the spell of a sudden idea. He even sat down as if prepared to talk turkey.

"Go on," he invited, tone contemptuous but pointed.

"Get me," said the stranger, his ice-hard gray eyes boring through Mallon. "You'll get yours one way or the other. If Stern wins it's money. If Stern loses—this!" The automatic was dipped as if making a bow.

"Supposing Stern's knocked out?" Mallon shot back.

"He won't be, and you know it. Give him the breaks on the count. It's been done before. But, any other way, Stern can't lose. Get me? I'm not the only one in this. You'll be watched all the way. Go through and it's ten thousand. Squeal and you're finished. We'll reach you after the fight, one way or the other."

More was said, but not much. The intruder seemed more eager to depart than Mallon (*Continued on page 37*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Practically Painless

By Hugh Leamy

There's one doctor who is never called from bed at four in the morning. But that's no sign of unpopularity. In fact, Dr. Rockwell is well liked by his patients, whose numbers run into the hundred thousands. He uses a stage for consulting-room and his spare time for inventions

ONE sultry evening, some years ago, there pranced out onto the weather-beaten stage of an open-air theater in a Pennsylvania amusement park a singing and dancing pair who were billed uninformatively as Rockwell and Wood.

Maybe the audience was too busy slapping mosquitoes and pumping palm-leaf fans to appreciate art; maybe the act was just plain rotten. Anyway when the lads slunk off after running through their routine they didn't dare even steal a bow, let alone claim one. Before the curtain fell the audience had already settled back to console itself with the hope that the next act would be better, and the slightly inebriated gentleman in the fifth row who started to applaud loudly was awed into quiet by the baleful glances of those around him.

This was in the days when no act was considered safely booked in any theater until it had played the first performance satisfactorily. They used to have signs in the dressing-rooms: "Don't send out your laundry until after the first show."

Rockwell and Wood didn't bother going back to their dressing-room that night even to remove their make-up. Instead they hurried down to their obscure side-street hotel and locked themselves in their room

A Scheme That Failed

"You see," Rockwell explained to his partner, "if we can sneak into the theater just before curtain-time tomorrow night and get on before they stop us, we'll have played two performances. Then they can't cancel."

"When we woke next morning," says Rockwell—you know him now, for no good reason, as Dr. Rockwell, "we were congratulating ourselves on having put it over. We looked safe for a week. But just as I started to shave I heard the rustle of paper and saw an envelope slide under the door. We both grabbed for it, read it, and started packing up.

"They'd traced us to our hotel and canceled us by messenger."

The team eventually broke up, and I don't know what became of Wood, but Rockwell no longer looks apprehensively toward the door-sill when he awakes each morning. Were any envelope to be slipped under it, it would more than likely contain nothing more terrifying than a note from a theatrical producer trying to coax Rockwell away from his present $2,000-a-week contract with the Shuberts.

You will not find the name of Dr. George Lovejoy Rockwell on the sober rolls of the American Medical Association. It might have been there, for at one time he began the study of medicine, but he abandoned it hastily when he found that he was much more skillful as a monologist—if not as a magician—than he gave promise of being as a medico. And perhaps it is just as well. No single profession, especially one so jealous of its dignity and prerogatives as the medical, is large enough to encompass the bounding energetic activities of this young man.

Even the stage—and Rockwell is a star now—together with side excursions and stop-over privileges into radio broadcasting, making phonographic records, and appearing in what Hollywood calls the talkies can't claim him entirely.

His surplus energy finds outlet in various ventures which to date have included store-keeping, a project for canning blueberries, inventing a device for keeping tobacco moist, the establishment of a cooperative colony in Maine, the launching of a monthly magazine, and countless others.

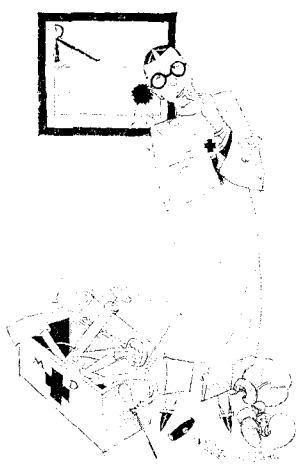
His dressing-room looks more like an office than an actor's quarters. He makes few changes of costume. Indeed, most of the time, "on and off" he resembles a grave young physician with an unusually vigorous bedside manner.

A Laugh with Your Bath

In his room there is ample space for a large flat-topped desk, steel letter files, French-style telephone (which never stops ringing), stationery and a man secretary. The latter, by the way, appropriately wears a white jacket with a red cross and the words "Painless Rockwell" embroidered on it.

Even the giggles and chatter of ladies of the ensemble pattering up and down the halls outside might be only that of exuberant stenographers and typists returning from luncheon. The make-up is much the same.

George Rockwell is 100 per cent showman—you may have gathered that already. The files house a mailing list made up of the names and addresses of hundreds of persons who have written Rockwell fan letters or with whom he has come in contact from time to time and to whom he has taken a fancy. He's a great believer in personal direct-mail publicity and he keeps his memory fresh in the minds of these people by sending them little notes, tricky cards and knickknacks occasionally. His latest invention is Laughing Soap. If you're on his list you may get a cake.



This is a trim little cake which comes snugly packed in a gay wrapper. As Rockwell slowly unwraps it he explains that its principal purpose is to start one off for the day in high humor.

"You get in your tub," he explains gravely, "and start to rub yourself with this little cake which I hold in my hand. No lather comes—you rub harder. Still no lather. Then when it dawns on you that what you're holding is only a square of polished wood, the futility of the thing overcomes you and you burst into hysterical laughter, thus starting the day with a smile.

"Furthermore," the doctor rattles on, "this soap will be found useful in killing mosquitoes or keeping the window open."

Rockwell was born in Providence, R. I. He was well into high school when he got interested in magic. He wasn't particularly deft at sleight-of-hand but he was ever a smooth, fast talker and what times he was invited to do his stuff at amateur entertainments he was invariably able to cover up the premature escape of a rabbit from a hat or a card from a sleeve by earnest patter.

He was quite young when he felt himself sufficiently competent a conversationalist if not magician to seek a week's booking in the Keith Theater in his home town.

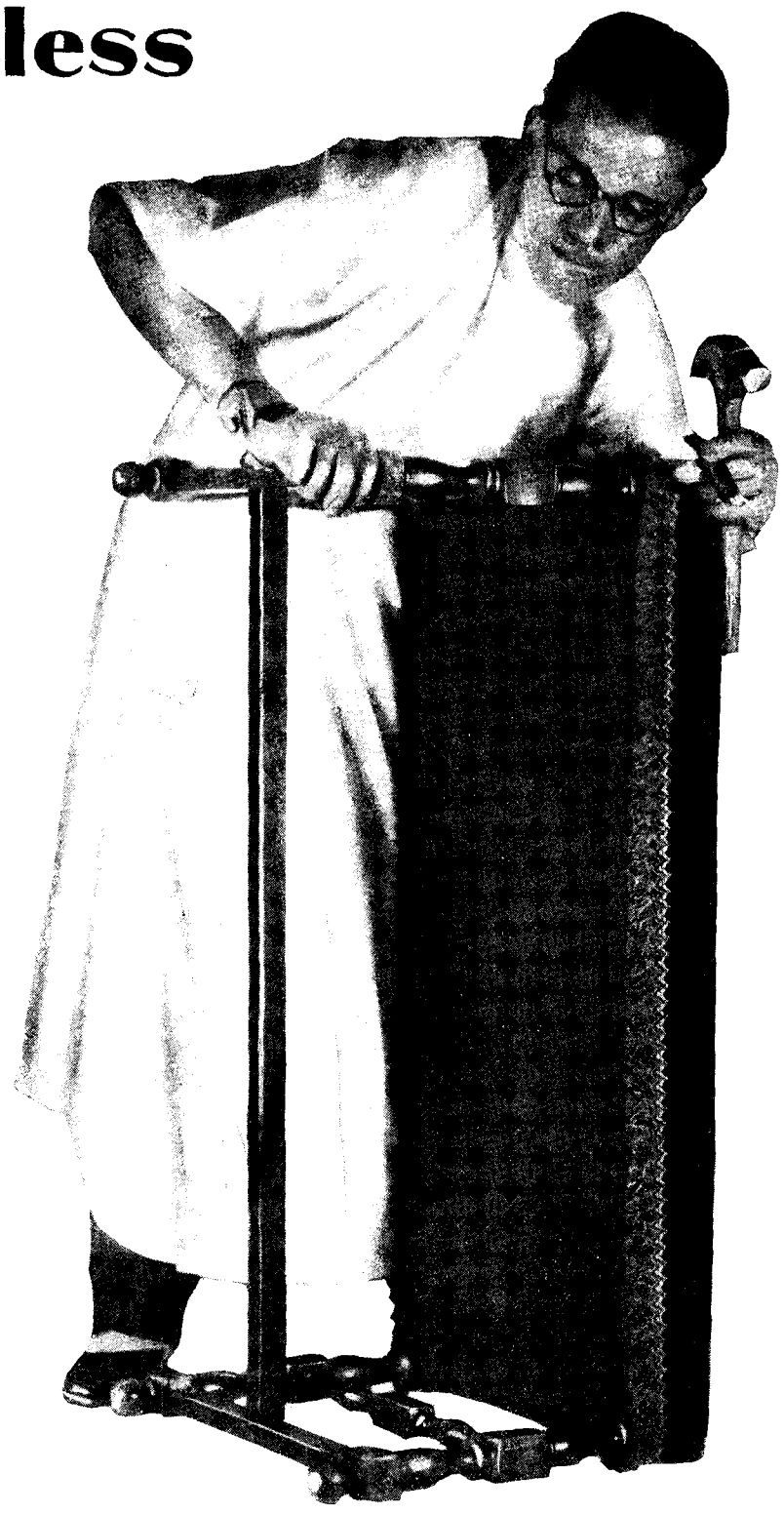
The critical half-dozen who sat in the darkened auditorium of the theater and watched young Rockwell run through his bag o' tricks at his tryout must have made due allowance for his youth and nervousness. Also they must have been impressed by his chatter. He tripped awkwardly over lighting cables, his homemade magician's table collapsed as he worked, many a feat of legerdemain went awry—but the patter didn't. Anyway he was signed up for a week and paid $75 for it.

"When I came home with the money," he told me, "my father wouldn't believe I had earned it. He had to call up the manager of the theater before he'd let me keep it.

"From that week on, I hadn't any more use for studies. I got a few more vaudeville dates in small-time houses around Providence and then I met a girl who was doing a singing and dancing act. She always carried her mother with her. The mother was the type that liked her daughter to be on the stage because it gave her an excuse for not staying home and washing the dishes.

"But the old lady did me a good turn. 'There's no money in magic,' she told me. 'What you want to do is singing and dancing stuff.' So I teamed up with the daughter—as Rockwell and Rich.

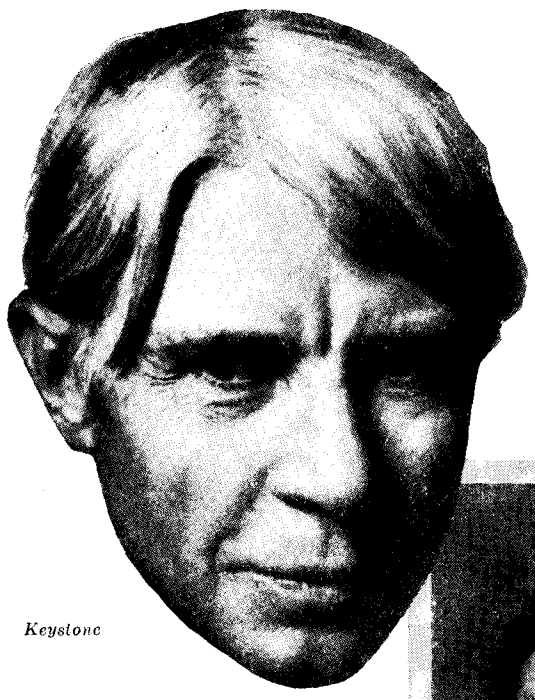
"We played Providence and New London, and then we took our first big jump—to Pittsburgh. Imagine, we were getting $35 a (*Continued on page 42*)



No single profession is large enough to encompass the bounding activities of George Lovejoy Rockwell

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As the Poet Said



Keystone

1 (LEFT)

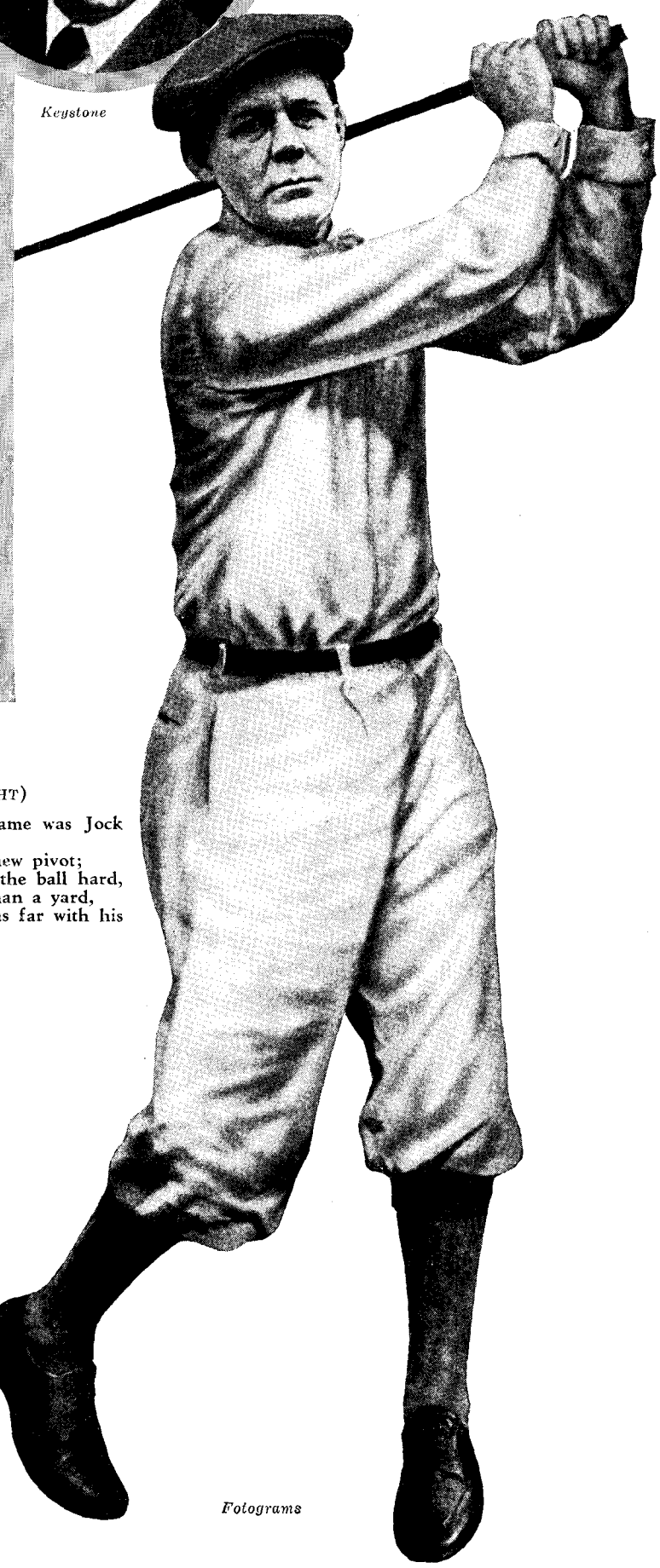
I speak of new cities and a new people.
I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes.

Keystone

2 (LEFT)

Deed I not joost explain to you
I weell no care w'at else you do
So long you don'ta send to me
No peecture-card from Napoli?

Keystone



Fotograms

3 (RIGHT)

Romance once rode in a coat of mail
As a cavalier blithe and bold,
Who fought for a maid with lance and blade
On the field of the Cloth of Gold.

Today Romance wears a coat and pants
And carries no flashing sword,
But uses his skill with a lathe or drill
Or works at a drafting-board.

4 (RIGHT)

Out where the long cool winds blow free
I fling myself on the sod;
And there in the tranquil solitude
I find my soul—and God.

Wide World

5 (RIGHT)

A duffer whose name was Jock Wivvot
Decided to try a new pivot;
Though he hit the ball hard,
He drove less than a yard,
But he got twice as far with his divot.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here are some popular poets whom you ought to recognize. If their pictures mean nothing perhaps the quotations will. And if both fail you, turn to page 48

6 (BELOW)

Give me your mirth. It bores me when you weep,
My loves you cannot touch. They're buried deep.

Keystone

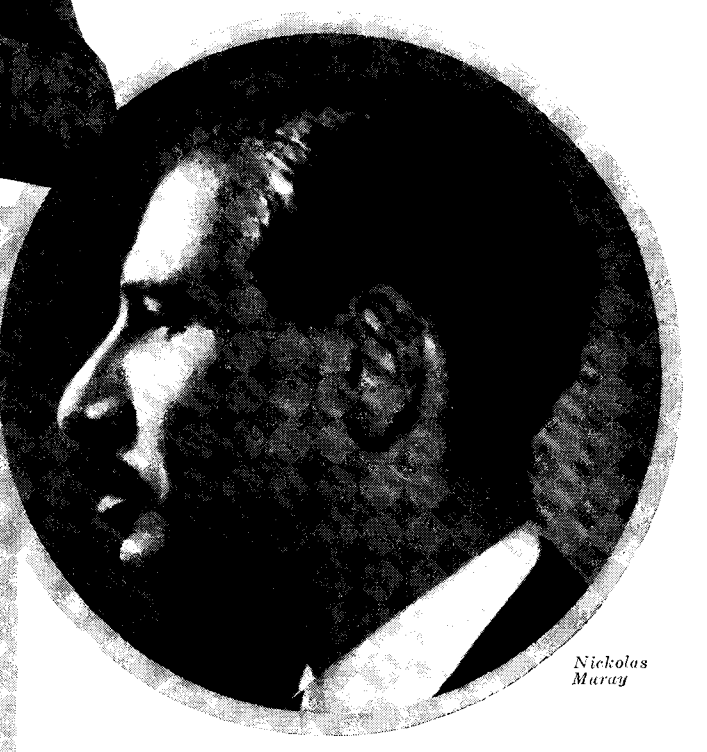
10 (LEFT)

Baron of Brooksby, and of the North Sea—
That is the kind of a baron to be!

8 (BELOW)

And some may long for the song of a child and
the lullaby's fairy charm,
And others yearn for the crack of the bat and the
wind of the pitcher's arm.
Oh, some have longed for this and that, and
others have craved and yearned;
And they all may sing of whatever they like, as
far as I'm concerned.

Keystone



Nickolas Muray

9 (LEFT)

Helen of Troy had a wandering glance;
Sappho's restriction was only the sky;
Ninon was ever the chatter of France;
But oh, what a good girl am I.

7 (LEFT)

Ye've got t' love each brick
an' stone, from cellar up
t' dome:
It takes a heap o' livin' in a
house t' make it home.

Fotograms

11

Just beyond the rainbow's
rim a river ripples down
Beneath a bridge, around a
bend and flows through
Sleepytown—
Through Sleepytown, where
goblins toil to fashion
wondrous toys
And make up fascinating
games for little girls and
boys.
And automobiles just the
size for little hands to
drive
Await to whirl you all about
as soon as you arrive.
But no one ever is allowed
in Sleepytown, unless
He goes to bed in time to
take the Sleepytown Ex-
press!

C. P. Cushing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

THE Forrests and Lundeens have always been enemies. The Lundeens, formerly very poor, are now very rich, Mr. Lundeen having, by various crooked methods, succeeded in getting Mr. Forrest's wealth and home, Cottonwoods, away from him.

Young Clifton Forrest, back very ill from the war, and Virginia Lundeen, not at all in sympathy with her father, are fast falling in love with each other though Cliff will not admit it.

Clifton has been told by his doctors that he has only a month to live and he is now fighting for life against the odds of poverty and his parents' broken hearts. He is doing his best to manage a supply store for the natives around their little home in New Mexico.

Virginia's father is determined to have her marry Malpass, a half-breed, who seems to have control over Mr. Lundeen's property.

Mrs. Forrest is very fond of Virginia and willing to admit it. Mr. Forrest is bitter against her and her family. She is very kind to Cliff and tries to make the Forrests accept her income in partial payment of the money won unfairly from the Forrests by her father. Mr. Forrest refuses haughtily.

Virginia tells Cliff of her father's plans and he suggests that marrying someone else immediately would be a way out. She tells him that he is the only man she would be willing to marry. He is horrified at the idea of her throwing herself away on a shell of a man like him.

IV

BY JUNE the hideous ordeals Clifton had to invite and endure daily began appreciably to change. He discovered that by imperceptible degrees he had passed the climax of his trial for life.

June brought summer to Cottonwood Valley, and that meant it was hot in the sun, cool in the shade. He was alone one Sunday in the corner by the wall where Virginia had found him that unforgettable day, when he reached the definite conclusion that he would recover. He slipped away from the open, into a shady nook, where vines and brush grew thick under a giant cottonwood, and here he lay down hidden even from the eyes of birds.

The sunny, drowsy hours of that golden summer day passed by unnoticed. Like an Indian he communed with the visible things about him. There were intervals when the stream of his consciousness seemed suspended, and he had no thought at all. He felt, he heard, he saw, he smelled the physical objects of nature about him. The warm brown earth throbbed against his palms, the wind sang softly in the cottonwoods, the white clouds sailed across the azure sky, tipping the gray peaks, the sweet breath of sage filled the air.

That was the spell of enchantment which had transfixed him when intelligence, and not spirit, told him that he had not to bid farewell to the earth. The ghastly cold, mocking thing that had haunted him sleeping and waking folded its gray mantle and stole away. He was not to give up the sweetness of life, the beauty of nature, the strife with obstacles. The joy of nesting birds, the return of the swallows, the swoop of the eagle, the looming, calling mountains, the wind-swept range were still to be part of his experience.

But that night, in the dark little room, when the ecstasy of his soul became subdued by thought and reason, he confessed that he had thrown off his burden only to take on another. Virginia Lundeen had won him to hate hate and to love love. It had not been joy nor hope, but an unabatable fuel that had kept burning the fire of his wasted spirit.

One by one returned the Indians and Mexicans who had visited Clifton's store during the past weeks to get the fair sale for some commodity and the small gift he never failed to hand out. There was no profit in the low price, to say nothing of an additional gift, but Clifton was gaining the confidence of the natives. He would never make a success as a trader, from the point of view of business. They had been cheated long enough. His generosity was not unmixed with the desire to prove the difference between a Forrest and a Lundeen. Every native on the range hated Lundeen for the tight rein he had held on them. Malpass, though he was employing many, was earning a harder repute. Little by little Clifton won his way into the hearts of these simple people.

It was from a vaquero who rode for Malpass that Clifton learned of the arrival of Virginia Lundeen's guests from the East. A fiesta was held to welcome them, the lights burned at Cottonwoods half the night, and strains of music floated down the valley on the soft night wind.

Clifton, thereafter going to and from his work, now happily without resting every few rods, did not want to see yet could not help seeing the visitors who regaled themselves upon Virginia's bounty.

The huge cars hummed by across the valley, down the road to Las Vegas, or back again, swiftly running from the dust they raised. Horseback riding appeared to be the chief delight, which was no wonder, considering the magnificent mounts of the Lundeen stables and the beautiful beckoning range with endless levels and vistas.

SEVERAL times each day a party of riders, never less than three couples, passed by Clifton's store, to peer curiously from their saddles. He always contrived to be inside and busy when they rode by. Once he saw Ethel, who waved a gay hand at him; and again he caught a glimpse of Virginia, superb on her shining black. And she looked straight ahead, with clear-cut, cold profile, as if the trading post of San Luis had ceased to exist.

Clifton knew intuitively that these merry visitors, keen to absorb all the West possible, would call at his store some day.

But he was wholly unprepared one morning to hear the blowing of bugles and to look out to see a tallyho rolling down the road. It appeared to be loaded with a crowd sportive in both dress and spirit.

"I'm in for it," muttered Clifton soberly. "But if they want to buy I'll slap the old prices on the goods. I'm no good Samaritan for that outfit."

He hoped the coach would pass by, but it halted opposite the store, and a gay company of young people poured out.

The first to enter was Ethel Wayne, very pleasing to the eye in her gay and colorful costume. She tripped in hurriedly, with anxious look, which changed to a bright smile of glad recognition.

"Clifton, I'm just delighted," she said. "You look, oh, so much better."

"Howdy, Ethel?" drawled Clifton, as he took her proffered hand. "I'd sure been glad to see you—if you'd come alone."

She giggled and squeezed his hand, whispering: "Don't mind. Virginia and I framed this on our Eastern friends. So stick them good. They've got money to burn."

Then the little store became flooded with pretty girls in the latest of sport clothes and clean-faced young men in golf suits or white flannels. One of the latter said to Clifton, "We want a lot of souvenirs and a wagonload of truck to take on a camping trip."

"Help yourselves," replied Clifton, spreading his hands.

It was pleasant to watch them. Gayly they quarreled over Indian baskets, blankets, beadwork and silver ornaments. There were eight young women, not including Ethel and Virginia, who, if she had come with them, was still outside. Ethel was the only girl to notice Clifton, much to his relief; and every little while she would give him a bright look and a wink. It became manifest to Clifton that these Easterners had not been informed about him. The young men, except one, paid no attention to him; and presently this one, a rather pale, blond fellow of twenty-five, approached Clifton to offer a hand.

"How are you, Clifton Forrest?" he said. "Miss Lundeen told me to introduce myself. My name is Andrews."

CLIFTON did not need to be told that this man had been in the service, to his great detriment. Clifton greeted him. With a look and a handclasp they understood each other.

"I'm here on a visit for a few weeks," continued Andrews. "Then I'm going to Tucson. I'm not so well. The doctors want me to try a dry, warm climate."

"Gassed?" queried Clifton.

"Influenza. Then I had blood poisoning from shrapnel."

"You'll come around all right out here," said Clifton reassuringly. "The climate is wonderful."

"Do you know Arizona?"

"I used to. Same as here, only more so. . . . Suppose you ride down alone some day and we'll have a chat."

"Thanks. I'd like to."

"Is Miss Lundeen with you?"

"Yes. She drove us down. Maybe she can't handle the reins! Say, Forrest, do you know this man Malpass? He was on the seat with her."

"Sure, I know Malpass. He used to be a vaquero here in San Luis."

"Vaquero. What's that?"

"He was a Mexican cowboy."

"Is he part Mexican?" asked Andrews, quite surprised.

"It has always been rumored."

"Well! And now he's Mr. Lundeen's partner and a very evident choice for Virginia's hand. . . . I'll tell you, Forrest, that's a funny situation up there. But I don't want to gossip about my hostess. I don't know her, except as a charming, beautiful girl who went to school with my sister. By the way, I must introduce you to Helen. She's the tall blonde there, squabbling over that junk."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A fiesta was held to welcome them and all night long strains of music floated down the air

"She's sure stunning," returned Forrest admiringly.

"Virginia didn't say so, but I gathered somehow she and you were good friends."

"That was nice of her."

"But evidently Malpass does not share her friendship for you. I heard him objecting to our tallyho trip down here, and Mr. Lundeen sided with him. They had quite a little argument, aside, and to be frank, Virginia just about told them to go where it was hot."

Clifton laughed. "I wouldn't put it beyond her."

ANDREWS, evidently having caught his sister's eye, beckoned to her, and as she detached herself from the crowd and came forward expectantly, he said to Clifton in lower tone, "Don't spoil this now."

"Helen," he said, as she reached them, a warm-faced, blue-eyed young goddess, "I want you to meet a buddy of mine in France. Clifton Forrest! Forrest, allow me to present my sister. You will observe she is one of the reasons why we went 'over there.'"

"Oh, Jack—how perfectly lovely! You didn't tell me. Virginia didn't either. . . . Mr. Forrest, I am most happy to meet you."

No doubt of the open sesame to her regard! Clifton could not restrain embarrassment, but it was certain he thrilled under the clasp of her hand. And just then Virginia entered to approach them and slip a gloved hand inside Miss Andrews' arm.

"Howdy, Cliff?" she drawled at Clifton, with the self-possession of intimacy.

"Howdy, Virginia?" returned Clifton, forced to play up to this subterfuge, or whatever was her bent. She seemed unfamiliar, though not in person. It was not the Virginia who had found him exhausted and helpless inside the wall that day. Bright color milled in her cheeks, and her eyes burned, which indications of anger were at strange variance with her cool manner and speech.

"Cliff, I thought I'd come in and give you a hunch," she said. "I might have known Helen would try to annex you. Beware of this blond creature, Cliff. She is sure death to convalescent soldiers."

"Virginia, what a thing to say!" expostulated Helen, blushing and reproachful. "Mr. Forrest, pray don't believe her. The truth is that soldiers, especially those who returned ill or injured, have been sure death to me."

Clifton laughed and said, "You look like beautiful life itself."

"Virginia, I've a notion that at the bottom of your wise crack there's a desire to annex Mr. Forrest yourself," returned Helen, with loving, shrewd satire, arch eyes keen on Virginia.

"Sure. I'm brazen about it."

"Well, you've got in ahead of me, but I'll give you a race, anyway," challenged Miss Andrews, with a sweet, speculative glance at Clifton. "You see, he was my brother's buddy in France."

"Helen! You don't say!" exclaimed Virginia, suddenly her sincere self again. "Clifton, is it true? You were friends over there? . . . Why, how splendid to meet out here!"

"Virginia, I—I don't quite remember Jack," replied Clifton, trying to lie to save Andrews. "But he says so. You know I lost my memory for nine months. And I guess it's not all come back yet."

"You didn't remember *me* on the ship. Or on the train," said Virginia, in a tone that might have meant anything.

"Then perhaps Jack is right. I had a lot of buddies—and some never came back," returned Clifton, dropping his head.

"Girls, you're getting in bad with me too," interposed Andrews.

"Jack, it might be idle chatter, and then again it mightn't," replied Virginia, enigmatically. "But, to be serious, I'd like you to see something of Clifton while you're visiting me. Will you?"

"Delighted. We've already spoken of it."

"And you too, Helen. But it's only square to warn you. In spite of college and France, Clifton is Western. You remember what you said when you saw my mountains and desert—my cottonwoods?"

"Assuredly I remember. I said, 'I love them.'"

"Very well. That is some evidence that you still possess a heart."

"And you don't want me to lose it?" queried Helen.

"On the contrary, I wish you would—to me, to my horses and cottonwoods: to everything Western, especially Clifton. . . . He and I too some day may need your friendship."

"Virginia, your devout wish is almost consummated," replied Helen, with a bewildering smile that included Clifton.

THEY were interrupted by a small whirlwind in the shape of Ethel Wayne.

"Help! Help! These Monday bargain shoppers are robbing me," she cried. "I had a lot of stuff laid out. And they're swiping it. Clifton, have you got a big Indian policeman round here?"

"No, but if you can't get your stuff back I've got some more under the counter," rejoined Clifton.

"I had some laid out too," added Helen. "Come, Jack, help me rescue it. I wouldn't be surprised if Calamity Jane and Deadwood Dick here would like to be alone a little."

The laughing trio moved away toward the mêlée.

"Clifton, is this offensive to you?" asked Virginia, almost timidly resting a gauntleted hand on his knee as he sat upon the counter looking down at her.

"Hardly, Virginia, I'm not exactly a —a boob," protested Clifton.

"But it's so easy to hurt you. Ethel and I put up this job. We're going to clean out your old store. But I didn't intend to come in. Not until I saw Helen Andrews beaming upon you. *That* wasn't in my program."

"I guess I'm far from being hurt. You're very kind. And they—"

"Clifton, isn't she just lovely?" interrupted Virginia. "Pure blond. You don't see one often that is natural. Men fall for her like—like a lot of tenpins."

"Small wonder."

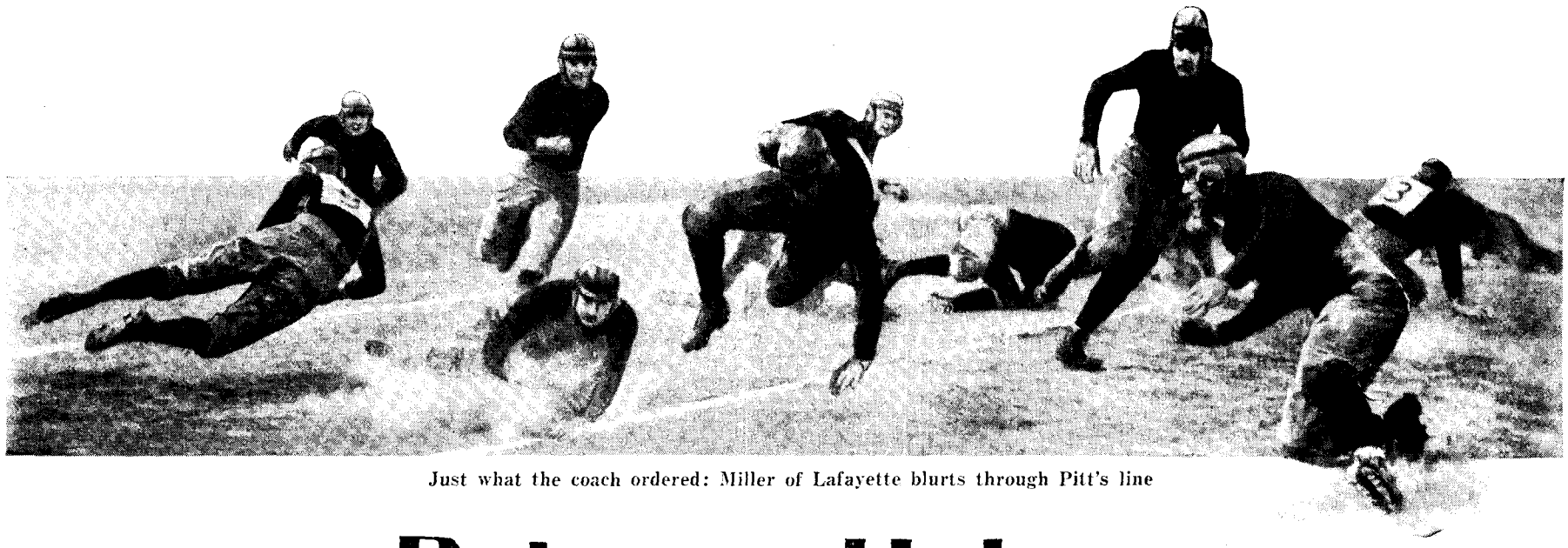
"Would you?" she flashed jealously.

"Gee, I did, pronto."

"Don't talk nonsense," rejoined Virginia sharply. "Suppose *she* fell in love with you. . . . Cliff, she's modern, but clean, fine, unspoiled. I'm crazy about her. And rich! Why, her father could buy mine out and call it street-car fare. Besides, some relative left her millions. . . . Suppose *she* were to fall in love with you?"

(*Continued on page 60*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Just what the coach ordered: Miller of Lafayette blurts through Pitt's line

Between Halves

By John W. Heisman

Of course football games are played and won on the field. But, before the game, during the intermission, the coach's talks with his team may have a lot to do with it—win or lose. In his forty-two years of football Mr. Heisman has had to do a lot of talking between halves. Well-chosen words, you may be sure—and probably vivid—even if he is, in ordinary conversation, the most conservative and restrained of gentlemen

THE first half is over. We've *seen* something. The favored team, having ruined all previous opposition, making fat scores and keeping its own goal uncrossed, has been played off its feet.

The team to which we never gave a chance against these champions has scored twice. Their forwards have made that championship backfield look like high school freshmen.

We're all pretty gleeful about it too. The public loves to see a champion made but is just as eager to see him unmade. And here we're seeing a champion team getting the season's beating.

They've trotted off the field and into the clubhouse, those highly advertised bosses of football. They look a bit foolish—a bit dazed. Patently, something's gone wrong. This other bunch, having lost two games this season and having been tied in two more, hasn't any right to beat eleven Galloping Ghosts.

Look there. There goes McLuke, their coach. Do you see the set of the McLuke jaw? By gosh, that looks like smoke curling from his ears and nostrils. Say, how would you like to be there to hear what he tells those champions of his? Man, man, can't you hear him?

Now what McLuke says to his men, if anything, depends on many things. Although being beaten they may be doing well. Injuries of which the public knows nothing may have buttered the fingers of that famous backfield. It is not at all impossible that McLuke's men have been playing precisely the game he told them to play and that he, the great McLuke, has been outguessed by his adversary coach.

If he talks at all to the men, his words will be tempered or fired by his own personality, by the quality of the men themselves, by a thousand and one things that may prevail. And, as I say, he may say nothing.

I know of at least one game that was won by such reticence. An all-Southern team was taking a frilly beating from a rank outsider during the first half. The big team's coach let his boys get into the dressing-rooms, where they awaited him with awe.

But he let them stew alone for five minutes—half the rest period—before appearing. When he did enter the room, his lips were tight. He merely stood there for a few seconds looking at them. Then he shook his head slowly, uncomprehendingly, and walked out, wiping his eyes.

Utter silence. And the silence remained a minute after he had departed. "My God, men," groaned the captain, "were we that bad?"

And there was nothing else said during the rest period. But that team went out and scored four touchdowns in the second half—and won.

A great deal that coaches say to their men before the game and between halves will be set down as sentimental slush. There has been considerable kidding about the football exhortations of the "for God, for country and for Yale" brand. But you must remember that the coach is dealing with youth. He is talking to and handling boys whose ideals are very real and frequently very high. They haven't lived long enough nor hard enough to be honestly cynical. Their college is very dear to many of them and personally I wouldn't give last year's straw hat for a dozen of them who weren't sentimental.

What a coach says to his men can break them as quickly as it can make them. He has to be something of an orator. He must know his men individually as well as collectively. He can't be soft. He daren't be bitterly sarcastic. He must be a leader in football thought as well as football tactics.

"Do Your Stuff"

One of the best coaches in the country would send his men out upon the field in single file, his center coming last. Now this center, twice an all-America man, was a hard-boiled product of South Boston to whom life would always be a slugging match. Soft words, deft blandishments, sentimental appeals meant nothing whatever to him.

This coach would stand at the door of the dressing-room and as each man passed him on the way to battle he would slap him gently on the back and say something like: "It's up to you, old boy." But when, finally, the all-America center came fetching up the rear, the coach would give him a terrific wallop on the shoulder and, stopping him for a moment, say:

"Listen, you. Get out there and do your stuff, you big red-headed ———"

"Who? Me, coach?" the center would reply as if astonished.

"Yes, you—you—"

But by this time the big center was always on the field where he never failed to perform wonders. That coach and that center were the closest kind of pals. They still are. And that coach is still turning out winning teams with only average material. He knows his football stuff.

Such verbal tactics are dangerous, of course. You have to know your men. I know a former Yale star who went south to coach. He got in wrong with his team almost instantly. His team (a good one) had gone bad on Saturday and, as the penalty for all sorts of football misdeeds, had lost. Among their sins had been sloth.

On the following Monday he addressed them. He told them that it was impossible that they could be the sons of men who had fought like men under Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, Early and Beauregard. Their fathers, he said, would have hidden their faces at the lack of fighting spirit of their sons. If, he went on, they were true sons of the Confederacy they'd show it on the following Saturday.

No, that coach wasn't an ass nor a fool. He was a great football player. He had brains. He has made a great success in life handling large bodies of hard men. But he had stepped out with the wrong foot that time. For that speech his team hated him. They refused to work for him. He was never able to repair that damage and presently he resigned and walked to the train alone.

I think we older coaches were wont to be a bit flowery in our early days. At least a little naive. Take my own address to my first squad at Oberlin:

"Fellows, the day of days is here. In a few minutes we'll find out how well you remember the humiliating licking Case gave you last year. Yes, you had sick and injured men that awful day and you lacked practice because of exams. But it's different today, fellows. You're trained, you're fast and you're strong and you're good enough to win if you and you and you and you and every man Jack of you remember that 'In any fight for glory it's the heart that tells the story.'" . . .

And so on for quite a while. The satisfying point is that, thus blathered, the lads went forth and scored three touchdowns on Case with smashing promptitude. And then I proceeded to pull my first coaching bone.

Between halves I took it upon myself to tell my young men how good they were—how pleased and proud I was. And as if that were not enough I said that I would not ask them to do better. I, too, was young.

"Play as you have been playing," I said fat-headedly, "and everything will be beautiful."

A Hard-Earned Lesson

Alas. Those words went to my players' heads. They played that second half as though nothing of any importance depended upon what happened. Case scored one touchdown and very nearly another. I was never gladder in my life to hear the timekeeper's whistle ending the game.

I never forgot that lesson. In three hundred games thereafter I never took it upon myself to tell my teams, between halves, how good they were. There were times when their playing dazzled me by its speed and general brilliance, but, believe me, I never told them so. All they got from me was criticism for their technical blunders, however trifling. I could and did find fault with near-perfection. But I was always sure that I was picking at flaws which my men recognized as flaws. I was always haunted by the fear that I'd lay it on too thick and injure the spirit of the more sensitive. You have to know what you're talking about and, even more important, your men must know too. And you have to know to whom you're talking.

"Harry," the father of one of my men asked one night, "does Coach Heisman ever swear at the team—cuss you out?"

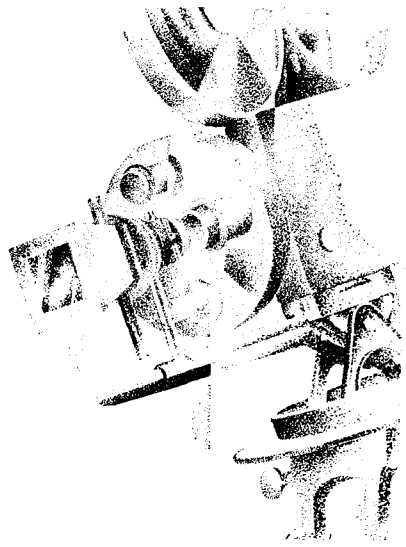
"No, Dad," said the boy, "but he can give you hell without mentioning the word once."

"Well," said the gratified father, "at least that's better than swearing."

"Like hell it is," replied the lad. "It hurts a damned sight worse."

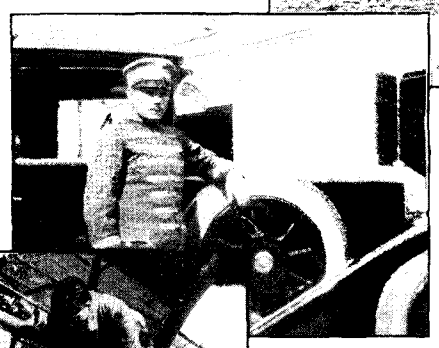
Probably (*Continued on page 53*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IT'S FUR coat weather in Alaska much of the year so Alaskan motorists ward off dilution troubles with Mobiloil Arctic.
—*Keystone View Co.*

THE PRESIDENT of Finland can't be kept waiting on an icy Finland morning so his chauffeurs always depend on Mobiloil for quick starting.



ALASKA, Iceland and Greenland were crossed by the U. S. Army fliers who circled the globe with Mobiloil.

NO DILUTION troubles for the motorists in Greenland.

MOBILOIL is a favorite in Denmark: The King visits a Mobiloil exhibit at Copenhagen.

Do winter oils increase wear?

Yes—in the case of many too-light oils which are made primarily to give easy starting.

No—if your winter oil is the free-flowing but rich-bodied Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. (See special chart on this page.)

Of course you want to start your engine in cold weather without prolonged use of the choke. But not at the risk of losing the lubricating protection which is vitally needed in winter.

Too-thin an oil fails to seal your pistons. Unburned gasoline may wash these watery oils off the cylinder walls. Down goes the gasoline into the crankcase. Sometimes you may have a quart of gasoline mixed with your oil supply after only 500 miles of driving.

Then moving surfaces may suffer direct metal-to-metal friction and wear.

Winter risks are minimized when you use Mobiloil Arctic. Mobiloil Arctic gives easy starting *and* thorough lubricating protection. It retains its richness. It resists the washing-away effect of the raw gasoline.

When you use Mobiloil Arctic you rely on a specialized *winter* oil with the greatest record of cold-weather lubricating success—not only in the United States, but in Norway, Sweden, Finland, Poland and other cold-winter countries the world over.

For easy starting and real protection against serious gasoline dilution in winter, you can always count on

SPECIAL WINTER CHART

Mobiloil Arctic

should be used in winter (below 32° F.) in all cars marked *

PASSENGER CARS	1928	1927	1926	1925
Auburn *all except Models 4-44 & 6-66*	*	*	*	*
Buick	*	*	*	*
Cadillac	*	*	*	*
Chandler *Special Six*	*			
" *All Other Models*	*	*	*	*
Chevrolet	*	*	*	*
Chrysler *Models 62, 72, Imperial 80*	*			
" *4 Cyl.*	*	*	*	*
Dodge Brothers	*	*	*	*
Durant	*		*	*
Essex	*	*	*	*
Flint		*	*	*
Ford *Model A*	*			
Franklin	*			
Gardner *8 Cyl.*	*	*	*	*
Hudson	*	*	*	*
Hupmobile	*	*	*	*
Lincoln	*			
Marmon *8 Cyl.*	*			
Moon	*	*	*	*
Nash	*	*	*	*
Oakland	*	*	*	*
Oldsmobile	*	*	*	*
Overland		*	*	*
Packard	*	*	*	*
Paige		*	*	*
Peerless *all except Models 70, 72*	*	*	*	*
Pontiac	*	*	*	
Reo	*	*	*	*
Star	*	*	*	*
Studebaker	*	*	*	*
Velie	*	*	*	*
Willys-Knight	*	*	*	*

On all other makes and models of passenger cars (except Ford Model T) Mobiloil Arctic should be used in winter below 0° F.

If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at Mobiloil dealers' for your winter grade of Mobiloil.

The World's Quality Oil

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Fair retail price—30¢ a quart
from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil Arctic

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not Good Enough

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By Elsa Barker

He heard John say, "No, he won't do. My mother says he isn't a thoroughbred"

"THAT changed my whole life." You have all said it—about something. And often as not when you said it have been met by the vague look which means, "How do you figure *that* out?"

But you know very well.

Bill says that his whole life was changed by something which happened when he was twelve.

Bill grew up and became a big surgeon. Nearly every day in the year those thin nervous fingers of his become suddenly cool and steady, as he cuts Death away from the vitals of someone or other—*rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.* Those who can pay a big fee have to pay a very big one. For those who have nothing to pay with—well, that's all right.

Kind, Bill is. . . .

"Don't let 'em put anything over on you," his father advised.

Bill's upper lips stiffened. "No, I won't."

"Remember, you're just as good as they are."

At twelve Bill could not understand why, but he always felt cheapened whenever his father said that.

They were not really poor any longer. His father's little shoe store on Sixth Avenue was prospering; but his mother had not been very well, so they had taken this cottage in the country. A fortnight they had been out here.

But it seemed to him now that life in crowded New York was much simpler than life in the open spaces of this Long Island world of big estates. Simpler, and kindlier.

He was lonely. He needed other boys.

He had been sitting alone on a bench by the pond one afternoon when the two came sauntering by, bareheaded, with their bulldogs—superior dogs, with silver collars around their necks. A tall black-haired boy and a sturdy chestnut-haired boy. Clarence and John, as he was to learn, cousins, and about a year older than himself. They lived in two splendid great houses not far away.

One of the bulldogs ran over and sniffed at Bill's leg.

HE PUT down a shy hand and patted its head. The dog snorted, or was it a growl?—and Bill drew back his hand.

"Hi, there! To heel!" it was the tall black-haired one who spoke, and his dog waddled off obediently.

The two handsome boys stood still on the path, regarding the stranger.

"Hello!" said Bill shyly, and invited them to share the bench, not knowing that he was on the private estate of the black-haired boy's father.

And they sat down.

They talked. Boys' talk. Dogs, rabbits, games.

The two thirteen-year-olds were a little puzzled by Bill, couldn't quite size him up. Did he ride? No. Shoot? No. Play tennis? No. But he'd like to learn how to do all those things.

"That's easy enough," said Chestnut-hair.

Bill was excitedly happy, and he snuggled his foot against the warm side of one of the bulldogs that lay on the ground beside him.

"I've always lived in the city before," he confided, "but it's—it's dandy out here."

Before the two boys sauntered on with their dogs, they asked him to meet them the next morning for a walk through the woods.

It was when he told his father about the pleasant encounter down by the pond that he received the disturbing suggestion, "Remember, you're just as good as they are."

Then his father added, "You don't know much about people yet. There's more cruelty in 'em than kindness."

Constraint. Suspicion. Bill felt suddenly cold at the pit of his stomach.

But in the woods next morning with his new friends he forgot all that.

It was days before anything unpleasant happened. John and Clarence did sometimes ignore their appointments with him—but not often. Even the bulldogs now took him for granted.

He was having the happiest time of his life. A city boy given the key of the woods and streams. Stars. Winds. And he was becoming so fond of those other boys that it made him afraid. Did they really like him? They were so casual. And he had discovered an impish streak in them—both of them, but especially in the sturdy chestnut-haired John. The black-haired one was quieter.

They had not asked him to visit their homes, but one morning on the road he came face to face with John and his mother—a lovely lady. Lovely! She spoke so nicely to Bill that his heart fluttered for hours afterward.

It was in the woods the next day that he overheard something not meant for his ears. He was sitting with his back against a tree, beside the path, when he was startled by voices behind him.

"He isn't good enough," Clarence was saying.

"No, he won't do," John replied. "My mother says he isn't a thoroughbred."

"But—how are we going to get rid of him?"

"Oh, that's all right. Just leave it to me."

BILL tried to move noiselessly round to the other side of the tree, but the underbrush crackled, betraying him.

"Oh! . . . hello, Bill! . . ."

Bill got to his feet, stood facing them.

They were actually blushing, embarrassed.

Then they began talking, very fast and self-consciously, about something or other—Bill had no idea what they were saying.

"I must g-get back to the house," he said, turning away from them and walking fast. But he did not go home for two hours. He had walked miles and miles. At dinner his father asked why he wasn't eating. He said his head ached. A few moments later he crept off to bed.

That night was Bill's dark night of the soul.

He would never speak to them again. But how was he going to live it through—out here—how avoid seeing them? "Father was right. People are cruel." And he tried to harden his sore heart.

All the next day he stayed round the house.

About five o'clock he was lying on the couch in the dining-room when his mother came to the door. She said that someone wanted him on the telephone.

He dragged his leaden feet to the front hall, where the telephone was.

"Hello, Bill, this is Clarence. Come down to the bench by the pond. . . . Nonsense, of course you can come."

He went. That was one way of seeing it through. Better have it over and done with.

Both boys were there on the bench. John was sitting hunched forward. He had something under his coat that bulged against his side.

Some trick they were going to put over on him?

As Bill sat down on the edge of the bench suspiciously John moved nearer him, opened his coat . . . plump!

He had put something in Bill's lap, something that wriggled.

Both boys were laughing nervously, excitedly.

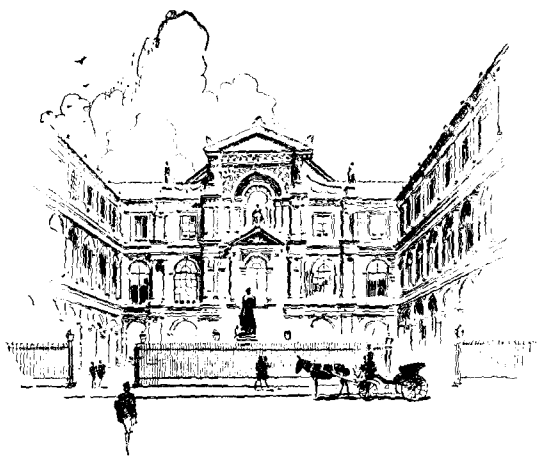
Bill looked down . . . the thing in his lap was a bull pup.

"It's yours!" Clarence cried, jumping up and running around to his end of the bench. "You know we like you, old chap—like you awfully, and—and a fellow ought to have a dog—a dog of his own. . . ."

Bill's heart had almost stopped beating.

"You'd have had it yesterday," John was saying, "only the other dog man sent out a mean pup. My mother said he wasn't a thoroughbred, that he wasn't good enough for you, so she went into town with us this morning and picked out this one herself, from another dog place. See! He's trying to climb up your chest, Bill! He knows he belongs to you."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



University of Brussels
where Dr. Mayer is professor

DR. LEOPOLD MAYER

Knight of the Order of Leopold and of the Legion of Honor; Officer, Order of the Crown of Italy; Professor, University of Brussels; Secretary-General, International Society of Surgery; Editor-in-chief, Brussels Medical Journal; Corresponding Member, Belgium Royal Academy of Medicine; Correspondent, National Society of Surgery, Paris and Rome.

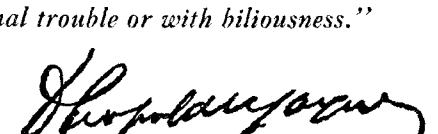
Why I have prescribed yeast for 25 years

by

DR. LEOPOLD MAYER

Belgium's Great Surgeon

"The most recent researches concerning the pernicious influence of intestinal fermentations have established the importance in the diet of products rich in vitamins. From this point of view and by reason of its absolute harmlessness, yeast is a remedy of first rank and its wealth of Vitamin B makes it a food of great value. For more than 25 years I have found yeast advantageous in my practice to regulate the digestion of my patients, especially of those affected with chronic intestinal trouble or with biliousness."



MANY among the exclusive aristocracy of Belgium are patients of Dr. Leopold Mayer of Brussels. Doctors and surgeons throughout the world know him for his scientific writings. He is one of the truly great ones in the never-ending war on disease.

Like thousands of physicians in America, Dr. Mayer finds constipation one of the great handicaps to health. For 25 years, Dr. Mayer states, he has given his patients yeast. And in a recent survey in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed yeast for constipation and its attendant ills.

This is the welcome answer to all those who still suffer from clogged intestines; who have not yet found relief from the headaches, dizziness, colds, sore throats, indigestion, bad breath and bad skin due to constipation.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a plant, fresh as any garden vegetable. It helps the colon perform its function almost miraculously.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a cake before each meal or between meals. To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Start now. At all grocers, and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. E-61, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

DO YOU KNOW that from throat to colon is one continuous tube? That is why poisons from clogged intestines can spread through the system. 90% of our ailments start here, and here is where yeast works. For a happy, wholesome body, keep your entire intestinal tract clean, active and healthy, with Fleischmann's Yeast.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Famous legs: Strupper, Harlan, Guyon and Hill of Georgia Tech, one of the greatest backfields in football history

The Legs of Yore

By Grantland Rice

Why does Finland win the distance races? Why are armies of substitutes now used in football? It's the price we pay for riding, says Mr. Rice. Legs aren't what they used to be—that's what it amounts to

AN OLD Yale football captain was discussing the physical make-up of the old-timer and the modern player. "You can figure that one of two things is true," he said. "Either modern football is a lot rougher than the old game, or the modern football player, like the modern baseball player, is much more brittle than the old-timer was. As they changed the old game to eliminate roughness and serious injuries, it seems to me that the luxury of the present age has somewhat softened up the modern youth. He is just as game as the old-timer was and he has just as much skill and spirit. But he hasn't got the legs that used to take most of us through an entire season without calling on a substitute.

"I believe most of the trouble is in the legs," he continued. "At least that is where most of the injuries seem to be. In my day we usually got to where we were going by walking. Today everybody rides. Walking is a lost art and this means rust in the way of leg power. In my last year I think we used two substitutes through a hard schedule. A little later another Yale team plowed its way through a full season with 11 men—and the 11 that started the season also finished it.

"Legs could stand a lot in those days. If you don't believe it ask some of those who played against Frank Hinkey or Pudge Heffelfinger, who had two of the greatest pairs of legs ever seen on any field."

The puzzled complaint of the old Yale captain recalled a recent talk by Shep Homans, an old-time Princeton fullback.

"I was Snake Ames' substitute at Princeton in 1889," remarked Homans, "and Snake was busy every minute of every game hitting a line, running an end, slipping through a broken field or doing all the kicking. They worked him like two horses, but I never got in a game. He wasn't a big fellow but no one could hurt him. His legs carried him through. In 1890 and 1891 I moved in at fullback and as far as I can remember my substitute never got in a game either season. I had to carry on the full-time job where Snake left off. I think the old game was rougher than the present one but I think we could stand more, especially in leg power and leg durability."

Greater Speed and Harder Knocks

Almost before the present season was two weeks old the list of minor injuries was extremely long. In the old days of a rougher game about 14 men could carry any schedule through.

Most modern youngsters learn to walk and then start riding through the remainder of their careers. The automobile has not helped to improve leg power or leg durability.

The fact that 10 or 20 substitutes today are used in a game means little. But the fact that many of these are needed, with four or more regulars out of action on the side lines, means a lot.

"I think there is something in this decrease of leg stamina," a modern coach said recently, "but I think the main trouble is the big increase in speed that the modern game demands. In the old days it was largely mass play, or at least formations moving together. Now we have collisions in the open where players collide or crash at far greater speed, or where they are off balance in handling a pass. The injuries are not as serious as they used to be, but they are far more frequent. We are also living in a softer age and a softer age to a certain extent means a softer race. Bob Zuppke of Illinois says that football is the last masculine note left in college life and football only lasts two months in the year."

This brittle business doesn't apply to *football alone. Pittsburgh, winning the* 1927 National League baseball pennant, was picked by many of the soothsayers to repeat. But within a few weeks after the season opened Pittsburgh was limping along with six or eight cripples, too far back to make up lost ground. Then the New York Yankees came tearing along with a lead of 13½ games. Just as they seemed to be wrecking the race, their stars began to detonate like young balloons pushed against a pin point. They staggered over the finish line with three unwounded survivors.

How did old-time teams manage to drive through a pennant race with 11 or 12 men, including pitchers? It has been a long time since any modern pitcher has worked often enough to win 30 games. Only one or two each year win as many as 25.

Yet Ed Walsh one season worked in 66 games. He won 40 and saved 10 or 12 more. And he followed this up by working practically every day for a week through the Chicago city series. Twenty-five years ago Jack Chesbro worked in over 60 games. He won over 40 and he saved several others by dashing into the breach with his speed and his "spitter."

There have been a number of modern exceptions. In the way of football there were Brown's "Iron Men" of 1926, who reported with a lot of rust for 1927. But they stuck to the guns through one of Brown's greatest years. Michigan had two durable stars in Benny Friedman and Benny Oosterbaan, two Saturday targets who kept going under heavy punishment.

Then there are Deacon Scott and Joe Sewell. Scott played in well over a thousand consecutive ball games and Sewell hasn't missed a battle for several years.

I asked a well-known track coach about this modern decline in leg stamina.

"There must be something to it," he said. "We've seemed to have fine track material for the last two Olympic games and yet in eight years we have only won two races from the 100 meters to the marathon and we haven't won any races beyond the 400-meter span. The speed is there but it doesn't survive the preliminary trials and the Olympic qualification tests.

"The Finns win most of the longer races because they travel practically altogether on their legs. They have been winning most of the distance races for a dozen years on this account. We have had no long-distance stars to approach Kohlemainen, Nurmi and Rittola. And yet Finland has only one thirtieth of our population. As a nation we are riding nearly everywhere we go. This means much greater traveling speed and more comfort and possibly much more pleasure. But it doesn't mean better legs.

"I have had a lot to do with conditioning football teams. It seems to me I have never seen as many bad ankles and bad knees. The injuries are not serious but they are numerous and many of them seem to come from only slight pressure or from a light tackle. It would be practically impossible today for a coach to go through a season with the few reserves the old-time football teams used to carry."

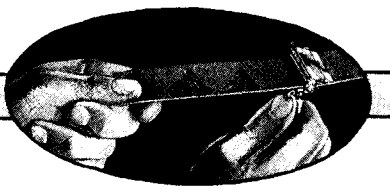
Going Strong After 30 Years

The old Yale captain was talking again: "I know what they say about the old-timers raving, but no one could make me believe you could pick any 12 or 14 men today from any college or university and send them through the eight- and ten-game schedules we used to play where the legs had to carry on the brunt of the war. And those were days of two 35-minute halves. Yet most of us played through every game on the schedule, year after year. We were no gamer than the players are now. Not a bit. But we had better legs and I think tougher bodies to work with, as an average lot.

"How many modern players could do what Heffelfinger did—come back nearly 30 years later around the age of 50 and wreck a big, young line in two afternoons? And finish without a kink or a sore spot in either leg?"

Willie Kohlemainen's superb legs are the result of years of foot-travel

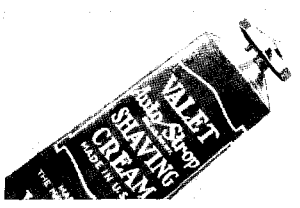
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE  PERFECT SHAVE

why Shave with NEEDLES?

You must unless you strop!

Only the Valet AutoStrop Razor *sharpens itself*



Also a New and Finer Shaving Cream

Produced by the Makers of The Valet AutoStrop Razor

35c—TRY A TUBE

AFTER one shave even the finest razor edge has countless needle-like prongs until it has been stropped.

So delicate is this cutting edge that even paper wrappings tend to turn and dull it. Nothing but stropping can align and smooth out these tooth-like points.

That is why barbers always strop before each shave. And that is why the new Valet AutoStrop Razor assures you a perfect shaving edge.

The new Valet AutoStrop Razor is not "just another razor." It embodies a radically different principle . . . the result of 21 years of research and the expenditure of a million dollars.

Self-adjusting, it instantly conforms to the face and cuts smoothly and easily through the stiffest stubble. With the new and keener Valetite-processed blade, it is truly a wonder razor.

Press a button to insert or remove the blade instantly. When the holder is locked the blade is held in a firm, non-flexing grip that prevents all vibration and pull. New type guard gives you the advantage of the full cutting edge.

Countless men have told us that the new Valet AutoStrop Razor is even better than the original.

Try this Million Dollar Razor. Give it a fair test. You will quickly learn to like it. Be fair to yourself—kind to your face.

Beautifully finished models complete with blades and an improved strop in handsome cases at $1.00 to $25.00.

New million dollar VALET AutoStrop RAZOR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, Inc., 656 First Ave., New York City — In Canada: AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 83 Duke St., Toronto

LONDON · · · PARIS · · · RIO DE JANEIRO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paid in Error

By Charles Rideaux

A down-and-outer takes a reluctant flyer in honesty

Lowe Biedenmeister

The bank clerk jumped up. "I'm going out to get the police." "All right," Matt answered. "I'll call your bluff, my son"

AT ELEVEN o'clock on a shining June morning Matt Harvey walked into the Paris branch of the Southern Bank of America and presented a check for 290 francs. He was an American citizen, forty-eight years old, hard-up and dissolute. His hat was greasy, his blue suit had not been brushed for weeks, his shoes were run over at the heels, and his linen was dirty. But the brisk young clerk who whisked his check underneath the grille did not pause to look at him twice. In Paris you can't judge people by their clothes. There is often no money in the pockets of an Avenue de l'Opéra suit, and the girl who looks as if she had just finished spending 100,000 francs in the Rue de la Paix may be a typist earning 800 a month.

The clerk glanced at the front of the check and turned it over to see the indorsement.

"Have you got your passport with you?" he asked.

"Behold it!" said Matt facetiously, pulling it out of his pocket. "And you can take it from me, my son, that that check's all right. You can see where it came from—the American Tourist Company. I expect they could draw checks for a million and still be solvent. If you want to know what I'm going to do with the money, I'm going to put it on Rose Girl for the 3:30 at Longchamps."

He rested his arms on the counter and smiled blearily through the grille.

"It will be unfortunate if Rose Girl loses," the brisk young man said dryly.

He handed the check to one of a row of clerks who were seated at a tall desk behind the counter.

"Don't you worry about Rose Girl," said Matt, pushing his hat over his eyes and scratching the back of his head. "She's going to walk away with that race. It's hers on form, weight and distance, and I've had a sure hunch. When I came out this morning the first thing I saw was a girl selling roses. If that wasn't a sign from heaven I don't know one when I see it."

The young man smiled in a superior manner, and remarked that he didn't know anything about horse racing. Matt went on talking garrulously. In a few moments the check, verified and initialed, was handed back from the desk behind the counter, and the brisk young man opened his money drawer. He brought out a packet of new 1,000-franc notes and began flicking them over. Matt suddenly stopped talking and looked on in tense silence. The rapid fingers flicked twenty-nine times, then drew out a thin sheaf of notes and pushed the rest of the packet underneath the grille.

"Twenty-nine thousand," said the brisk young man. "They're new notes packed in series, so there's no necessity to count them, but do so if you wish."

Matt stared at them stupidly, then looked up and gulped.

"Are you sure this is all right?"

The young man gave him a cold glance.

"Quite sure, sir. We never make mistakes at this bank. But please count them. Perhaps you wouldn't mind moving a little farther along the counter. There are other people waiting."

"All right, all right," Matt said thickly. "I won't bother to count 'em."

He stuffed the notes into his pocket, and left the bank.

"Ten pounds in francs?" said the brisk young man to an English tourist in plus fours and spectacles. "Please write down your name, address and nationality."

Matt went blindly along the boulevard in the sunlight, turned down the narrow Rue des Capucines, and entered Mike's Bar. He went through to the room at the back and sat down heavily in his usual corner.

MIKE'S BAR is the meeting place of hard-up Americans in Paris, but at that time of the day the only people there were a Frenchman and his gigolette—his dancing girl. The rows of marble-topped tables shone nakedly under the big windows. Julien, the garçon, lounged in the doorway, pulling his napkin through his hands.

Matt ordered a double cognac and drank it at a gulp. He sat staring at the empty glass. A mistake had been made—the mistake of a lifetime. How, he did not inquire. It was a thousand to one against the bank's knowing anything about it before the evening. He put a shaky hand in his pocket and brought out a dirty envelope and a stub of pencil. His usually red face was pale and blotched. He made a calculation. Twenty-nine thousand francs was about $1,140 at that time.

Leaning his head against the wall, he shut his eyes. It was the bank's error; he had not stolen the money; he was almost sure the bank could do nothing. Probably it would rather lose the 29,000 francs than admit its error in a court of law.

Eleven hundred and forty dollars was the difference between hope and despair, happiness and misery, the stars and the gutter. He could buy clothes, go home, land with a thousand dollars in his pocket. Only a week or two ago old Dave Potter had written to say: "If you can raise eight hundred or a thousand dollars, I'll let you in with me, and we'll make a fortune together."

He sat up and squared his shoulders, a sparkle came into his eyes. He raised his hands and pulled his worn tie straight. He would start going home tonight! The Aquitania sailed tomorrow, and he could be in Cherbourg in the morning.

He did not feel excited, but calmly blissful. Good fortune had stunned him into a delicious lethargic state. He felt that he could sit here for hours, dreaming.

Mike's Bar began filling up. Three Americans came in, nodded to Matt, and sat at a distant table. They sat over there because they were afraid they would have to pay for his drink if they joined him. He looked at them without anger. He would never cadge a drink again.

The clock on the wall struck twelve, and he made up his mind to go in fifteen minutes. He had a lot to do—get a meal, buy clothes, reserve a passage on the Aquitania, pack up.

It was strange to think he would never see Mike's Bar again. He looked round slowly, observing all the old familiar things—the Dubonnet advertisements on the wall, the volumes of the Bottin piled on the window sill, the table with the cracked corner, Julien lounging in the doorway. He sighed and felt that touch of melancholy which makes happiness complete. To leave a place, however miserable you have been in it, is always saddening, he thought. One of these Frenchmen had said something like that: "Partir est toujours mourir un peu."

Henderson, an English clerk employed by one of the tourist companies, lounged over.

"Hullo, Matt," he said. "Still set on Rose Girl?"

He looked up with a start. "Sure," he said. "She'll win all right."

"What are you going to do about it?" Henderson asked. "Do you really mean to risk all that money on her?"

Matt started laughing, and kept on till there were tears in his eyes. "Perhaps I do," he said.

HENDERSON looked at him queerly, then joined the Americans at the other table.

"Matt's canned already," he confided in a whisper. "He's started morning drinking, and that's the beginning of the end. He got an extra 290 francs yesterday—bonus from the American Tourist Company—and I'll be hanged if he isn't going to put it all on Rose Girl! The poor old devil's drunk his brains away."

At ten minutes past twelve somebody slipped into the chair next to Matt, and a hand gripped his arm. He turned slowly and saw the brisk young man of the bank. The young man's face was pale and damp, there was a feverish light in his eyes, and his lips were trembling.

"They told me I might find you here," he said in a quick, hoarse whisper. "Now, are you going to give it back or shall I call the police?"

Matt regarded him tranquilly.

"Go and chase yourself," he answered.

The bank clerk looked as if he was going to faint. His lips turned white, and he caught hold of the edge of the table. Matt felt sorry for him.

"It's hard (*Continued on page 44*)

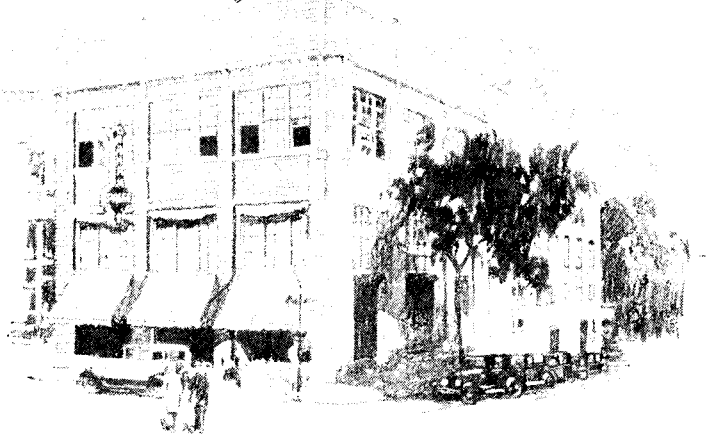
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four Speed Advantages

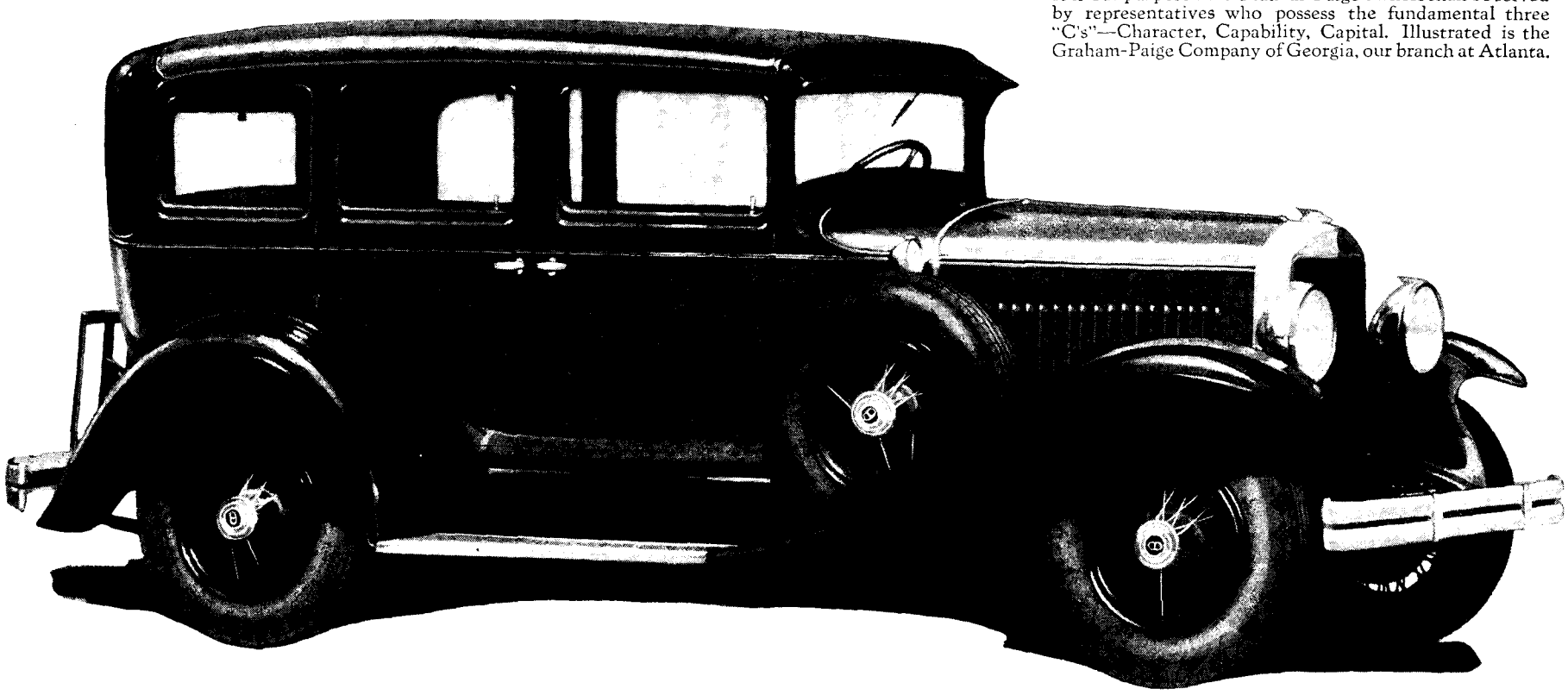
Quiet and quickly responsive—"third" in the Graham-Paige four-speed transmission (standard gear shift) rapidly accelerates in traffic, and up steep hills. Fourth speed reveals a new smoothness and swiftness. We invite *you* to enjoy the advantages of driving with four speeds forward.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $860 to $2485. Car illustrated is Model 614, five-passenger Sedan, with 4-speed transmission (standard gear shift), $1295. (Wire wheels extra.) All prices f. o. b. Detroit.



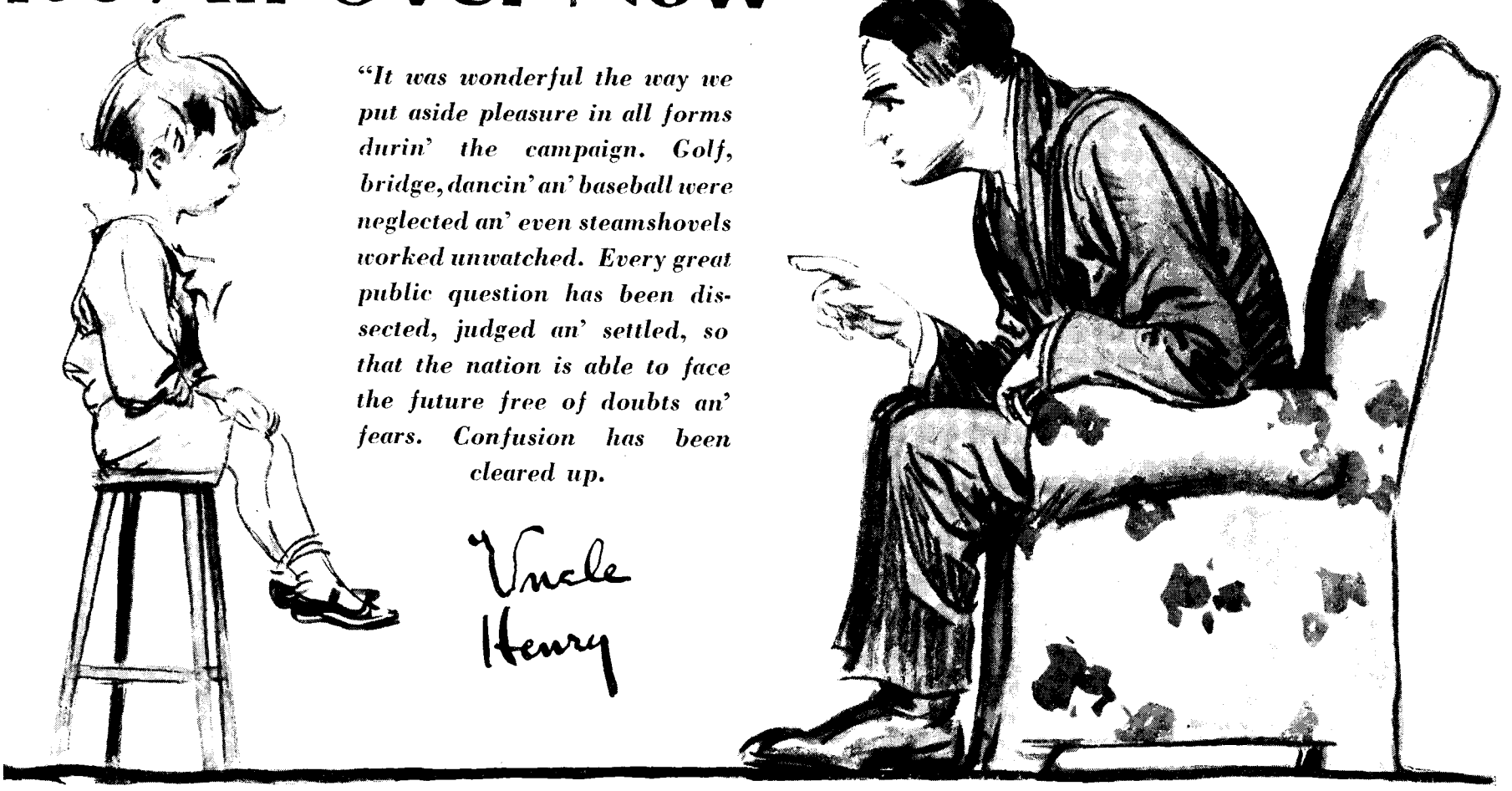
It is our purpose that Graham-Paige owners shall be served by representatives who possess the fundamental three "C's"—Character, Capability, Capital. Illustrated is the Graham-Paige Company of Georgia, our branch at Atlanta.



GRAHAM-PAIGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's All Over Now



"It was wonderful the way we put aside pleasure in all forms durin' the campaign. Golf, bridge, dancin' an' baseball were neglected an' even steamshovels worked unwatched. Every great public question has been dissected, judged an' settled, so that the nation is able to face the future free of doubts an' fears. Confusion has been cleared up.

Uncle Henry

Little children were made to listen while parents explained the immigration question an' foreign debt settlements

"WELL, the election's over an' done with," sighed Mr. Stubbs, relaxing comfortably. "Nothin' to bother us for another four years."

"The finish didn't come a minute too soon either," said Uncle Henry. "People couldn't have stood the strain much longer. All that terrible mental effort was slowly killin' us, what with men an' women sittin' up all night to study the issues of the campaign, wet towels tied around their heads, an' drinkin' cup after cup of strong coffee to keep every faculty on a keen edge. Foreheads bulged out until they threatened the walls of every home.

"From coast to coast there was the same solemn appreciation of the fact that our forefathers bought the ballot with blood an' sufferin'. In doubtful states like Maine an' Arkansas it was a common sight to see voters on their knees, prayin' for light on what to do at the polls. The spirit of Valley Forge lay heavy on the land, sanctifyin' an' inspirin', an' all through the quiet nights it was as though people heard the warnin' cry of Paul Revere.

"It was wonderful to see the way the citizenship of the United States put away pleasure in all forms an' disguises. Golf, bridge, dancin' an' baseball were neglected, an' even steam shovels were permitted to go unwatched. Little children were called in from their tops an' marbles, an' made to sit quiet while parents explained the tariff, the League of Nations, the Kellogg treaty, the immigration question an' foreign debt settlements.

"But the result is well worth all the sweat an' brain fag. Every great public question has been dissected, judged an' settled, so that the nation is able to face the future free of all doubts an' fears. Confusion has been cleared up, an' once again America is in tune with the infinite. Yes, indeed, 'Lonzo. There's nothin' like a vigorous political campaign to lay bare the truth an' put an end to lies an' slanderous misconceptions.

"We know now, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, that the country has been saved from impendin' disaster, an' is safely on the road to ruin. Every foreign question has been settled. The League of Nations is a trap set for us by hate-filled foreign powers, an' unless we enter the League another war may be expected by next Tuesday at the latest. Secretary Kellogg's treaties mark the greatest advance in two thousand years, an' are not worth the paper they're written on. The presence of our marines in Nicaragua has saved the flag from shame, an' has dragged Old Glory in the dust an' mire of greed an' imperialism.

Marvelous Clarity Ensues

"It has been accurately established that the farmer was never in better shape, an' that it's only a question of time when agriculture will be ruined. Ninety-nine per cent of the farmers are now independent, an' the steady growth of pauperism in the agricultural population is eatin' at the heart of the Republic like some malignant cancer.

"It's wonderful to have the prohibition issue cleared up so that we can turn to other things. The Hoover an' Smith debates clarified the air as nothin' else couldn't have done. The Eighteenth Amendment is goin' to be strictly enforced, an' enforcement is goin' to be marked by the same old hypocrisy. The homes of America have been freed from the menace of the saloon, an' bootleggin' will now pass motion pictures as the greatest of all American industries.

"The tariff, as the result of thorough discussion, is revealed at last as a great measure that protects America from the pauper labor of Europe, an' crushes the consumer by its extortions.

"Even more satisfactory was the fine, clean way in which both parties conducted their campaigns. None of the old mud slingin', 'Lonzo, but everything dispassionate an' dignified. The Republicans refused to countenance attacks upon Smith's habits an' circulated affidavits that there was a bar in his parlor. Not one word was said about the governor's religion, an' Mrs. Willebrandt spent all her time provin' that his election meant papal rule.

"The Democrats, for once, put principles above personalities, forbiddin' any attack on Hoover an' floodin' the country with reports that he drank everything from vodka to vanilla extract. Democratic headquarters warned their speakers against sayin' a single word about Herb's past life, an' spared no expense circulatin' the report that he was not an American citizen, only comin' back to the country for collars an' chewin' gum.

"Everybody now knows the truth about Al Smith. Never at any time did this great moral leader take a drink of anything stronger than pop, an' was often seen under the influence of liquor.

"The campaign showed him to be beyond an' above any an' all taint of Tammany an' the servile an' conscienceless tool of that sinister organization. Instead of the rude, uncouth, ill-mannered creature that he was pictured, we now know Alfred E. Smith as one of nature's noblemen, an epitome of charm an' culture, an' a vulgar person who has never risen above the Hully Gee standard of New York's East Side.

A Great Light on Mr. Hoover

"In much the same fashion Herbert Hoover's character has been cleansed of stain an' misapprehension. In the clear light of the facts developed by the campaign, America now knows him as an unflinchin' advocate of the Eighteenth Amendment an' believes that he serves wine at his table; appreciates him as a great outstandin', independent personality who wears no man's collar, an' thrills to the realization that he is owned body an' soul by the tariff barons of New England.

"Once an' for all the lie has been nailed that he never voted in the United States, an' at last there is perfect appreciation of the truth that never at any time did he have an American residence. He is for the League of Nations an' against all entanglin' alliances; is as clean as a hound's tooth, an' a close friend an' confederate of Harry Daugherty's.

"It's wonderful how we have advanced in our workin' out of the great democratic experiment, 'Lonzo. Back in the early days of the Republic people were so swayed by passion an' prejudice that they didn't give any thought to votin'.

"Jefferson, for instance, was put in the White House because he said Washington wanted to make himself a king, an' further endeared himself to the electorate by goin' around with dirty stockin's an' no collar.

"William Henry Harrison was elected for no other reason than because he lived in a log cabin an' drank hard cider. An' look at the campaign of 1848! The Whigs made their whole fight against the war with Mexico, an' to show their detestation of that shameful assault on a poor, weak neighbor, the people elected Zachary Taylor, the general that started the war, an' who never quit insistin' that the United States ought to have kept the whole of Mexico.

"Of course, modern Americans have all the best of it. Our forefathers had to rely entirely on hit-or-miss methods, but we've got a thought-savin' device that's automatic an' infallible. Look how the Civil War gives us a guide that makes it impossible for even the weak-minded to go wrong. If your grandfather fought on the Northern side, you vote the Republican ticket, an' if he was a soldier of the Lost Cause, you vote Democratic. You can't beat it."

"As far as I can see," muttered Mr. Stubbs, "nothin's goin' to be done to give the farmer relief."

"The campaign's over, isn't it?" retorted Uncle Henry. "What greater relief could anybody want?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

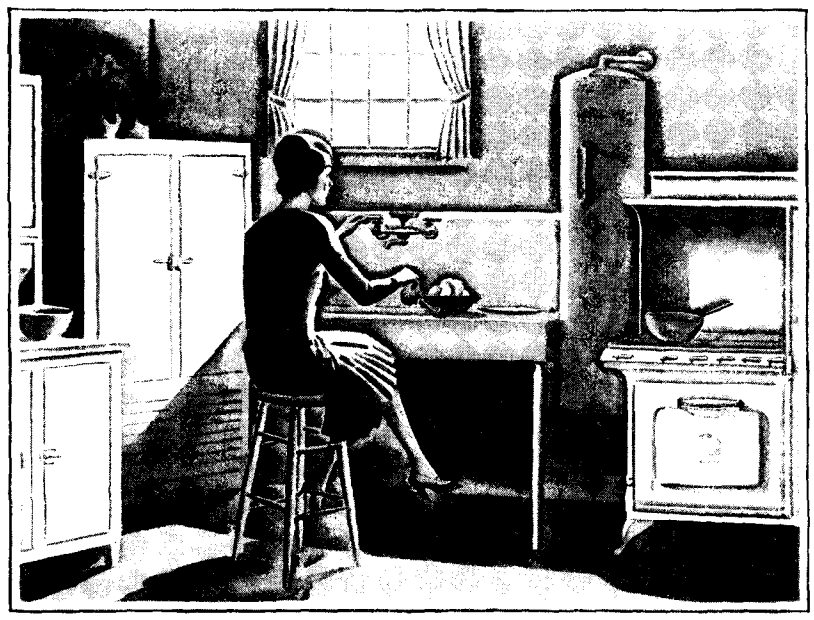
WHEELING COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

THE COPPER ALLOYED SHEET STEEL

Gives to all metal products a new standard of efficiency

THE use of sheet steel products in millions of American homes is a tribute to the metal that has meant so much to the progress of this country. No longer does steel take form in the public mind only as huge industrial structures but as hundreds of articles and products for home and office that are indispensable to better work and better living.



In your home today you cannot ignore the presence of your modern range, your furnace, your plumbing system, your refrigerator or perhaps your modern electric system of refrigeration, to say nothing of the sheet metal work on your home or in your automobile at the curb . . . all rendering you the rewards of living in the Age of Steel.

It was with a view of increasing the services of an already efficient metal that the Wheeling Steel Corporation undertook, twenty years ago, the development and perfection of a new alloy steel, now known as COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel. Its successful performance in more ways and in more products than can be enumerated here stamps it as a material of possibilities which have never been so fully combined in a sheet metal until today.

The name COP-R-LOY is now public safeguard in purchasing conveniences for every phase of daily need. In many articles for the home such as metalware, kitchen cabinets, tables, chairs, furnaces and ranges, and for necessary material for the construction of the home itself, such as roofing, gutter and spouting, cornices, lath, window and door casements, COP-R-LOY is a guarantee of longer and more satisfactory service at low cost.

Manufacturers and distributors of metal obtain COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, in the form of Blue Annealed Sheets, Long Terne Sheets, Black and Galvanized Sheets, Tin and Terne Plate, and in Sheets of special finishes. The field of activity covered by this range of material places the greater economy of COP-R-LOY at the command of all.

COP-R-LOY, *the Copper Alloyed Steel, touches the interests of everyone. Its importance to your convenience and economy cannot be fully told here. You are invited to send for the non-technical story of* COP-R-LOY, *which will be mailed postpaid.*

MADE OF COP-R-LOY

The makers of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, express their faith in this new but time tested alloy steel by forming it into Pipe for plumbing, heating, gas, steam and refrigerator lines —Plates for the construction of railroad cars and gondolas— Railroad Tie Plates and Spikes —Rods—Wire—Agricultural Fence and Barbed Wire. This confidence is born of experience with COP-R-LOY under varying conditions of service covering a period of twenty years in which time there has not come to light a single instance of its failure to fulfill every claim. By commanding the extra features embodied in COP-R-LOY for the manufacture of finished products, the Wheeling Steel Corporation declares to manufacturers of metal products that COP-R-LOY is steel developed to its maximum efficiency and an agency for increased public favor.

WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION
WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

Subsidiary Companies:

Wheeling Corrugating Company
Wheeling Can Company
Pitt Iron Mining Company
The Consolidated Expanded Metal Companies
Consumers Mining Company
Ackermann Manufacturing Company
LaBelle Transportation Company
LaBelle Coke Company

"FROM MINE TO MARKET"

WHEELING STEEL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In One Ear

DOUBTLESS thousands of you are wondering why Gene Tunney did not attend the annual banquet of the National Association of Leather Gloves and Mitten Manufacturers, so we feel it our duty to tell all.

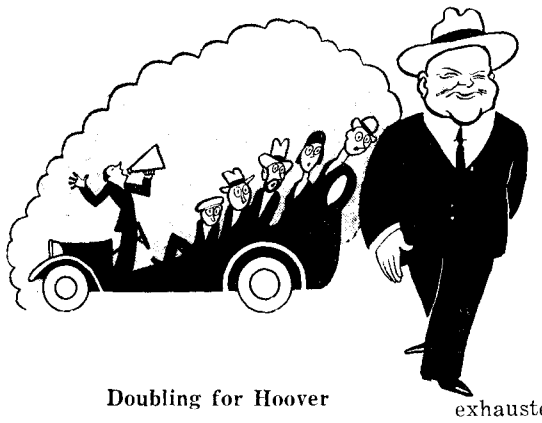
It suddenly occurred to one of the numerous alert gentlemen attending the N. A. of L. G. and M. M. rally at Speculator, N. Y., that Mr. Tunney, too, was in that normally placid village. The hotly inspired delegate (he's in mittens) rushed to the chairman of the entertainment committee.

"A couple of miles away," gasped he, "Gene Tunney is training for his sensational battle with Honest Tom Heeney of New Zealand, otherwise known as the Hard Rock from Down Under, which of course has nothing to do with my idea, which is that we should invite Mr. Tunney to the banquet."

Out of the ensuing furor marched a dignified committee to the Tunney camp, where they not only bid him to the feast but held forth a box of gloves which, they said, they would be honored to have him accept.

"Gentlemen," said he, "be assured that I am quite aware of the honor which you extend, but I must decline. My training regimen forbids my attending your banquet. Furthermore, gentlemen, to accept your offering would be inconsistent as I never wear gloves."

"Gentlemen, I am quite aware of the honor but I never wear gloves"



Doubling for Hoover

WASHINGTON "rubberneck" busses include as a part of their tour of the Capital a section of S Street, northwest, where in the same block are the residences of the late President Wilson and Herbert Hoover. After Mr. Hoover's nomination this block was more of a drawing card than ever, for the visitors to Washington liked to see what his home looked like, even if they did get but a fleeting glance.

As a bus full of tourists passed through S Street the other day the guide sang out:

"On the right is the residence of Herbert Hoover. And there—say, you are lucky—there is Mr. Hoover himself on the steps."

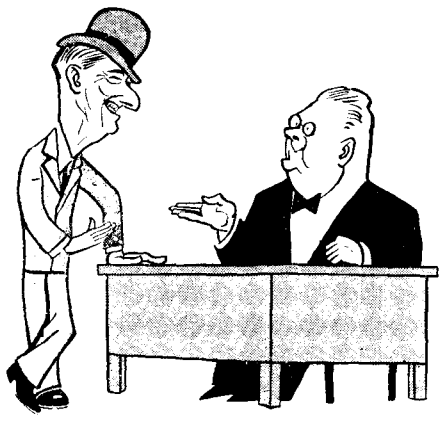
It was not Mr. Hoover but his secretary, George Akerson. Mr. Akerson looks so much like his chief that many a visitor to Washington these past few years has mistaken him for the Secretary of Commerce.

Getting That Way

AL SMITH'S rise from a crude young Tammany assemblyman to the governorship of New York and a nomination for the Presidency is one of the romances of American life. This is his own story of how it happened: One evening after it became evident that he was likely to be made his party's candidate for President he was talking to an old political friend who had known him from the day when he first arrived in Albany to represent a district on the lower East Side.

"How did it all happen, Governor? How did you get your start up?" asked his friend. "Was it Elihu Root's praise of you that gave you the lift?"

"That helped," replied the governor, "very much. But that alone would not have done it. You know I was poor, very poor. All the years I was in the assembly I could not live and support my family on an assemblyman's salary. I had been using up Mrs. Smith's patrimony. That was about exhausted and I saw that I must get some money. I cast my eyes on the



sheriff's office in New York County. That was a fee office then and paid a good deal. If I could have that I could get enough money to go on in politics. So I went to Murphy and said, 'Commissioner, I want to be sheriff.' We all called the boss of Tammany Hall Commissioner. Murphy replied, 'Al, you'll have to wait. We got another man picked for sheriff.' 'Well, suppose I go out and beat you, Commissioner?' I asked. 'All right, if you can beat me you can have it.' It was a rule of the old boss that any organization man could beat him without coming into disfavor.

"So," continued the governor, "I went out and got the nomination for sheriff. But as soon as I was elected there was a bill put in at Albany to change the sheriff's office from a fee to a salary job. I had a lot of friends among the Republicans at Albany. I went to them and said, 'For Heavens' sake let me make a little money out of this job.' The bill was sidetracked until my term was over.

"I quit the sheriff's office with some money saved up. With that I could go on in politics in a bigger way than before. That was my real start."

Again That Fatal "If"

IT IS not generally known that a railroad strike was indirectly the cause of the great Caruso's death.

After months of suffering he sailed for his home in Sorrento near Naples. The sudden change of climate and environment, from New York to Italy, benefited him—a little too much. He ignored the deep wound in his side, left there after an operation for septic poisoning, and after eating heavy meals of rich food, washed down with copious drafts of Neapolitan nectar, he even went bathing.

This was too much. He had a relapse. The greatest surgeon in Italy was then in Rome, and Caruso's family wanted to telegraph for him at once. But the tenor, fearful that news of his illness would leak out through the medium of some telegraph operator and be spread all over Italy, forbade it.

A letter was sent; a railroad strike held up the mails for five days and when the surgeon finally reached his side the great singer's condition was very serious. The doctor ordered that he be removed at once, by water, to Naples. The sea was rough; Caruso became very seasick; the old wound reopened and—that was the end.

Old Man Comfort

A. ROYAL HENDERSON, Director of the Boys in the City Prison Committee of the Public Education Association, produced from a closet in his office in New York an overcoat which once a President might have worn on an outing with kings.

But now its gray checks have gone wan and its once trig belt is stretched and bedraggled. And many roughnecks and rough days have worn the nap from the velvet of the collar. Maybe a tailor might restore it; but he'd have to love his art.

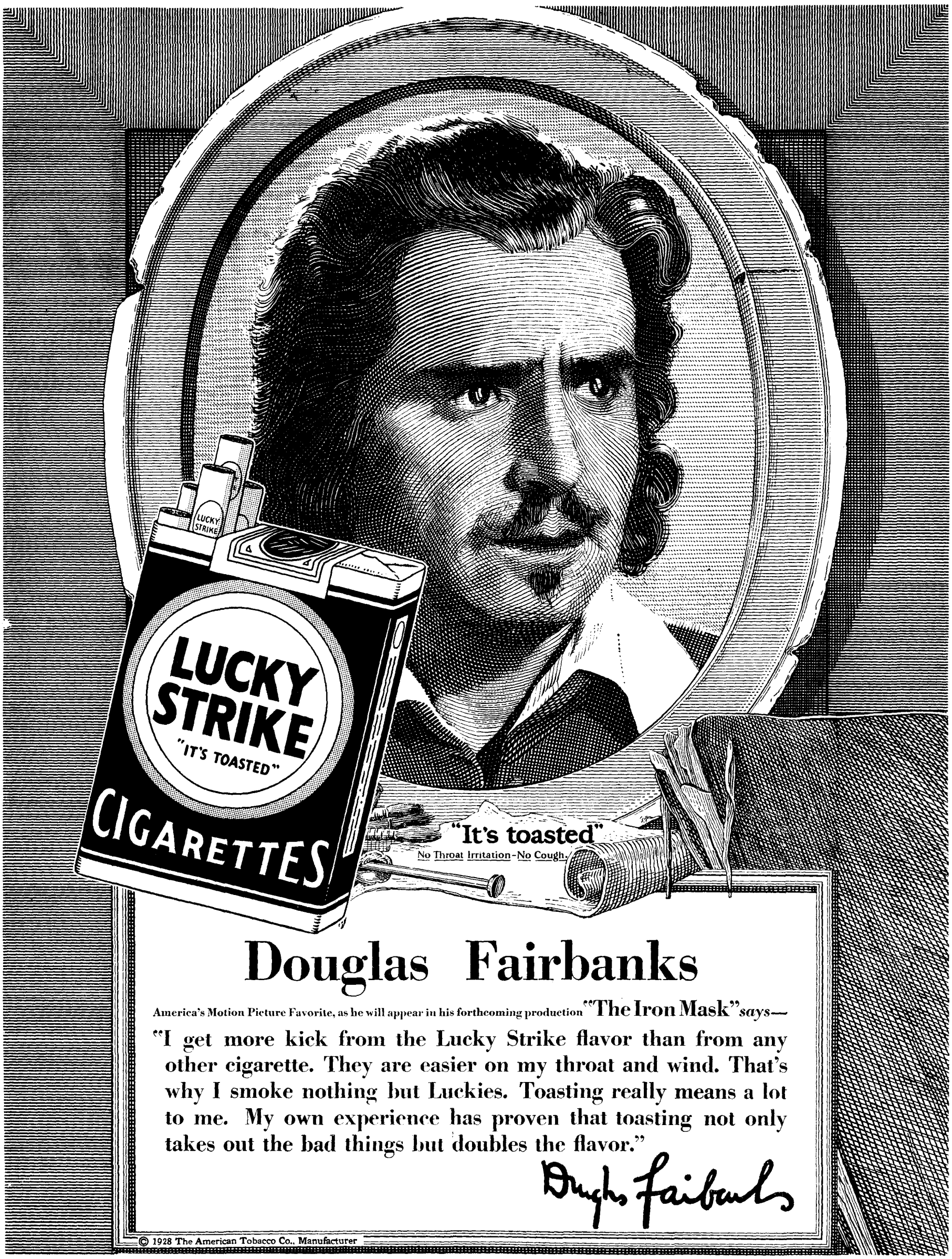
"Well," said Mr. Henderson, "the old boy can retire with an easy conscience. He's lived a good life and still has a few trips left in him. Forty-eight boys we have taken from first-offenders' cells in the Tombs here in New York have worn that overcoat back to their homes.

"Old Man Comfort, we call him. He's taken repentant boys back to their homes in 40 states. He's covered them, protected them, bolstered their faltering morale. He has traveled to Aberdeen, Wash., San Francisco, Dallas, Grand Forks, Fargo, Chicago, Denver. The old boy's got dignity—the dignity which comes of long and honorable service to mankind.

"And he has always come back. Somehow they just keep straight when the old boy's with them. Yes, sir, he always shows up looking for another job—another kid to comfort.

"We've had other overcoats to lend. Most of them fail to survive more than a couple of trips. But Old Man Comfort here—well, he sort of awakens something in the boys. Great old blanket."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Douglas Fairbanks

America's Motion Picture Favorite, as he will appear in his forthcoming production **"The Iron Mask"** *says*—

"I get more kick from the Lucky Strike flavor than from any other cigarette. They are easier on my throat and wind. That's why I smoke nothing but Luckies. Toasting really means a lot to me. My own experience has proven that toasting not only takes out the bad things but doubles the flavor."

Douglas Fairbanks

© 1928 The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Master of Sinister House

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far: MARTIN HEWS, a cripple born without legs, is an unscrupulous collector of art treasures. He lives in a mansion at Breezeley with his niece, Beatrice Essiter.

Jim Donkin, a London gangster, who wars against Hews' greatest enemy, Joseph, another gangster, steals Joseph's girl, Rachel. He flees to Breezeley. Hews promises to keep Rachel.

Major Owston, hired by Hews, undertakes to hunt Joseph. He and Beatrice Essiter attend Lady Bonofar's reception. Afterward they go, with Mr. Leopold, Lady Bonofar's brother, to the Blue Skies night club.

On their arrival Owston enters the office to sign the register. Everything turns black, and he awakes in a police cell accused of drunkenness. In court Leopold testifies that Owston was drunk.

As soon as possible Owston hurries to Claridge's, finds Beatrice has not returned, and seeing Leopold in the lobby tells him of this. Leopold seems surprised but not in the least worried.

Later Owston goes down to Breezeley with two letters: a cipher stolen from Leopold, and one from Joseph, stating that *he* has taken Beatrice and finds her far superior to Rachel.

Martin Hews, with cruel cunning, shows the letter to Rachel and releases her, for Donkin has died.

Owston returns to London with Rachel and sees her enter a taxicab. He then pays a short and seemingly casual visit to Leopold.

Returning to his flat he sits down with a Bible when a welcome visitor, Inspector Bloor of Scotland Yard, is announced.

A queer little whistle broke from Bloor's lips. My own exclamation was profane but exultant

IX

FORTUNATELY my evening meal was equal to the demands made upon it by an unexpected though diffident guest. I followed the latter's lead, and refrained from embarking upon serious topics until we were alone with our coffee and liqueurs.

"I got your note, Major," he said. "Couldn't come before. Things have been a bit parky with us today. So you found a spot of trouble last night?"

I nodded gloomily.

"They were too clever for me," I admitted.

"Let's have the whole story, please."

I told him everything. He listened with his eyes fixed upon his coffee cup.

"Damned clever," he conceded. "And suggestive too. All goes to prove your theory that Joseph's turned West Ender. They don't want you poking about in these parts evidently, and they took the cleverest means of stopping it. You're banned from the Blue Skies now as an ordinary visitor, and all the affiliated night clubs where we fancy that Joseph sometimes meets his friends. I suppose the cards of invitation will stop too. I see the point. What I don't quite get is why he's taken this big risk for Miss Essiter. Had he ever seen her?"

"Not to my knowledge," I answered. "I rather imagine it's a counterstroke to Martin Hews. You see, Donkin and Joseph were all the time fighting for little Rachel, the Jewess. Donkin was Martin Hews' man, and when he got into trouble Martin Hews helped him to escape, and shut up the girl at Breezeley."

Bloor was looking a little grave.

"I don't like the sound of that," he admitted. "Tell me about the young lady, Major. You knew her fairly well, I suppose?"

"I have only known her since I have known Martin Hews," I reminded him. "I should say that she's had a very unhappy life lately, and that she is a little embittered. She's inclined to be supercilious; she is undoubtedly fastidious; she is not in the least nervous, has plenty of courage, and I should think she'd make a brave fight anywhere, anyhow."

Bloor looked at me for a moment kindly.

"Rotten sort of show for you last night, Major."

"I would sooner have lost my right arm," I told him, "than have had it happen. As it is, there isn't a single thing in the world I can think of except getting her back. I don't care a damn about the rest of the business. If I want to get at Joseph still, it is simply to tear the life out of him if he's hurt her, and, by God, I'll do that!" I declared, letting myself go for the first time.

"We'll get her back," Bloor promised cheerfully. "Sometimes, I fancy, Major, that there's a sort of rude chivalry about Joseph. I don't think he'd dare to do anything brutal, even though she is Martin Hews' niece. I don't suppose you've had any news of her during the day?"

"Nothing except this," I replied, handing him Joseph's latest communication.

He read it carefully.

"Gosh, what a nerve!" he muttered. "You showed this to her uncle? What was his reply?"

"He passed it on to Rachel, the little Jewish girl, and let her loose."

BLOOR was a big man and a man with a big nerve. Nevertheless I saw him shiver, and I knew that he was experiencing that same cold wave of horror which had swept over me when Martin Hews, with his cynical leer, had first expounded his scheme.

"It's damnable!" he muttered. "The girl knows where to go to, all right, but—"

There was a pause. Neither of us cared to utter our thoughts.

"Did he have her followed?" Bloor inquired.

"I don't think so. He was too clever for that. The girl would have been up to every trick of that sort."

My visitor pulled out his pipe, and filled it with savage fingers.

"If one could only know where she went," he muttered—"east or west. If one knew where to pull down the curtain—"

I had never seen Bloor so depressed. I made some remark about it as I refilled his cup with coffee. He nodded.

"You're in trouble all right, Major," he acknowledged, "but so are we. There's hell to pay at the Yard. We had the Home Secretary down this afternoon. I suppose you don't bother much about the papers these days?"

"Not much," I admitted.

"Golder's in Cheapside was burgled early this morning, the watchman shot, and fifteen thousand pounds' worth of jewels taken clean away. I'm confident the men came out of a bolt hole in Joseph's section. One of my men saw them go, but we're trying to keep things quiet down there, so he didn't interfere. He only obeyed orders. The idea was that they'd come back again if they were out on a job. Well, they didn't come back, and I should think they're not likely to now. It was a marvelously planned coup. All that we know is that the men went off in a closed motor car traveling westward."

"A bad business," I observed, with as much sympathy as I could muster for anyone else's trouble.

"It's a very bad business, indeed, for us," Bloor agreed, "because it's the seventh affair of this sort within the last few weeks. There are three men dead and two in the hospital, and sixty thousand pounds' worth of jewels gone. The chief and I and the rest of us are just as certain as anyone could be that it is Joseph's gang at work, but we can't lay a finger upon them. The only important capture we've made at all was, thanks to you, Major, down at Breezeley, and of course, quite properly, the Essex police got the credit for that. I tell you we're getting hell down at the Yard. We'll have to do something or there'll be half a dozen resignations asked for."

SMART made a brief reappearance with the whisky and soda. I filled our glasses and produced my own pipe. Then Bloor asked me a question concerning the matter which I knew had been puzzling him.

"Supposing you tell me now what you were doing with the family Bible when I came in?"

"I will with pleasure," I assented, "but, first of all, do you know anything about Mr. Leopold, a brother of Lady Bonofar?"

"The man who took you to the Blue Skies?"

I nodded. "He took us there, and I am convinced that he knew what was going to happen to me when he made an ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flying Brands *will not* Ignite a J-M Built-up Asbestos Roof

The unburnable nature of asbestos makes Johns-Manville Felt particularly valuable for roofing industrial plants, office buildings, or any large structures.

Roofing felt is the term applied to the water-proof web which forms the basis of all built-up roofs.

Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs are built up with layer upon layer of ASBESTOS Felt. Over this is laid a covering of smooth roofing asphalt.

"Roofing Sandwich" Fire Test proves difference

To show graphically the difference between Johns-Manville Asbestos Felt and rag felt we have prepared the "Roofing Sandwich." A piece of Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing Felt and one of rag felt are clipped between a card and a sheet of celluloid. A flame is applied. The celluloid flares up in blazing heat. The rag felt is reduced to ash. But the Johns-Manville Asbestos Felt is strong and substantial after the terrific heat of the burning celluloid. Asbestos will not burn.

Let us send you the "Roofing Sandwich." Make this test for yourself. Or ask one of our salesmen to show you the merits of Asbestos Felt.

Will not flow on Slopes

Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs are equally effective on sloping or flat roofs. This material will not flow when heated by sunlight. The surface is clean, smooth and free from gravel or slag. There is nothing to slide into drains or clog downspouts. Many of America's most famous industrial plants have roofed every building constructed for years with Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs.

Let the "Roofing Sandwich" Fire Test Show You the Facts

We shall be glad to tell you in person or by letter more about our roofs—who uses them and why. Address: Built-up Roofing Department, Johns-Manville Corporation, New York, Chicago, Cleveland, or San Francisco.

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco
Branches in all large cities
Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto

Please send me free of cost the "Roofing Sandwich."

Name.....

Company.....

Address.....

BU-16-11

.....

MASTER *of* ASBESTOS

Johns-Manville

BUILT-UP ASBESTOS ROOFING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

There was nothing more to be said. Bloor commenced his task, blandly deaf to Leopold's protestations

cuse for getting me into the secretary's office. It was he too, according to his own story, who put Miss Essiter into a taxicab to go home. I have come to the conclusion, Inspector, that Leopold is one of Joseph's West End associates."

Bloor was listening intently. He made no observation.

"For that reason," I went on, "when I saw him yesterday morning I resisted my first impulse to take him by the throat and choke the life out of him. I decided that to give him the hiding he deserved wouldn't do any good. I pretended instead to accept his story. I had a cocktail with him at Claridge's and I stole a letter out of his overcoat pocket."

"Good for you!" my companion murmured. "What was in the letter?"

I PASSED it across to him. He glanced through it with declining interest, and finally shook his head.

"I'm afraid it is scarcely worth while taking it to our code department," he pronounced.

"Why not?"

"Because it is obviously one of those codes," he pointed out, "which are made up by arrangement between two people, and probably changed with every communication. It could be based upon a copy of the daily newspaper, a magazine, anything, but unless you knew what it was, you might try in vain for the rest of your lifetime to decipher the thing."

"What about a book?" I suggested.

"A book certainly, but, then, what book? You see, that would probably be decided upon *viva voce*."

"What about the Bible?"

"Quite a possibility. Where did you get the idea from, though?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I went to Leopold's room tonight, as I have told you, to have a cocktail and give him the opportunity of persuading me once more not to move hastily in the matter of Miss Essiter but to leave it in his hands. He had a magnificent collection of books in the room, but the only one which looked as though it had been disturbed for weeks was the Bible, and that was half out of the shelf."

Mr. Bloor rose almost hastily to his feet. He came over and patted me on the back.

"Well, I'll be blowed, Major!" he exclaimed. "Whether this works out or not, it shows you've got more of our instinct in you than I gave you credit for. Come along. Let's get at it!"

We pondered over the code for some minutes, and then made our first essay. Number 2 we took as being the Second Book of the Old Testament; 39 we accepted as the chapter; 21 as the verse. We counted the words until we arrived at 20. A queer little whistle broke from Bloor's lips. My own exclamation was profane but exultant, for the verse was this:

"And they did bind the breastplate by his rings unto the rings of the ephod with a lace of blue, that it might be above the curious girdle of the ephod, and that the breastplate might not be loosed from the ephod; as the Lord commanded Moses."

And the twentieth word was blue.

After that we went at it breathlessly. 18 was the Book of Job, and the eighteenth verse of the thirty-seventh chapter was:

"Hast thou with him spread out the sky, which is strong, and as a molten looking glass?"

And the eighth word was SKY.

The First Book was Genesis, and the nineteenth verse of the first chapter ran as follows:

"And the evening and the morning were the fourth day."

"Blue Sky Wednesday!" Bloor exclaimed. "Major, I hope you haven't any engagement?"

I laughed at him, and we made our plans.

An hour or so later we left our taxicab at the corner of the narrow street in which the Blue Skies Club was situated, and walked down as far as the entrance. Bloor drew me back into the shadows and looked around. Across the street from us there was a man selling matches, another standing on the curbstone, with a bundle of evening papers under his arm. A taxicab driver was seated upon the front seat of his vehicle, smoking, and reading the latest sporting edition. A chauffeur, in a small two-seated car, was facing him on the other side of the entrance. There was plenty of space between them for anyone to take up or set down a passenger at the club, but their places were so arranged that anyone passing in or out would be within their reach. Bloor beckoned to the newspaper man, who touched his hat and hurried across. We both of us selected newspapers, we both of us needed change, and all the time Bloor talked.

"You understand, Richards," he said, "it isn't the people who are coming into the club you need be interested in; it is the people who come out."

NO REPLY, only a little nod. The young man was laboriously counting out change.

"Anyone who looks to be a messenger from the club, whoever he is, is to be detained," Bloor went on. "You have plenty of men to fall back on. There are six policemen at the next corner and six at the Oxford Street end. 'Apple' is the word. You understand? We want a man who is expected here tonight, and we want to stop any message being sent out to warn him against coming. We will see to the telephone ourselves."

The young man, pocketing his change, touched his cap and ambled off. I watched him in some admiration. He stopped to beg a fag end from the taxi driver and a light from the chauffeur, and during those few moments he passed on to both the message he had received. According to our arrangement, I presented myself alone at the swinging doors of the club, and what we had expected promptly happened. A commissionaire, holding out his hand, blocked my further progress.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said gruffly, "but are you a member of the club?"

"I am not," I acknowledged, "but I wish to have a word with the secretary."

His hand fell heavily upon my shoulder. He was a Goliath of a fellow, but I affected to hesitate.

"I have a friend outside," I confided.

"Well, out you go to him," was the brusque reply. "You're not wanted in here. Manager's orders."

The swinging doors revolved once more, and Bloor stood by my side.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired.

"This fellow won't let me in."

"Not you nor your friend neither," the man declared truculently. "Out you go, both of you. I don't want your card," he went on, as Bloor produced one. "If you're not out of here in ten seconds—"

Bloor slipped back his coat. The man gazed at his badge, transfixed.

"If you don't wish for my card," the former said, "let me tell you who I am. I am Detective Inspector Bloor of Scotland Yard. This gentleman is with me. Go and tell your secretary that we wish to see him, and don't stop anywhere on the way."

THE man still hesitated, his eyes fixed upon me. Evidently his orders, so far as I was concerned, had been decisive.

"You know that this gentleman was turned out of here for drunkenness last night?" he asked the inspector.

"I know all about it," was the terse reply. "Do as you're told."

The man turned reluctantly away. A few yards from us he paused and seemed about to enter the dancing-room. Bloor moved across to him swiftly.

"Straight to the secretary's room," he ordered. "If you want to keep out of trouble, my man, you won't trifle with the law."

After that there was very little more delay. The door of the office through which I had passed was opened, and a middle-aged man wearing gold spectacles, and looking a little heated, came hurriedly out.

"What's the trouble, Inspector?" he asked.

"None, I hope," Bloor answered. "I wish to make a few investigations here. We should like to go straight to your office."

The secretary turned toward me.

"Delighted to assist you in any way, Inspector," he said, "but this gentleman has been struck off the rolls of the club."

"He was never a member," was my companion's curt reply. "At present he is accompanying me. If you are wise, you will make no further difficulties."

The secretary stood his ground.

"You know that he was fined forty shillings and costs this morning, sir? It's in all the papers. Major Owston of Down Street."

"Quite enough of that. Show us the way to your office."

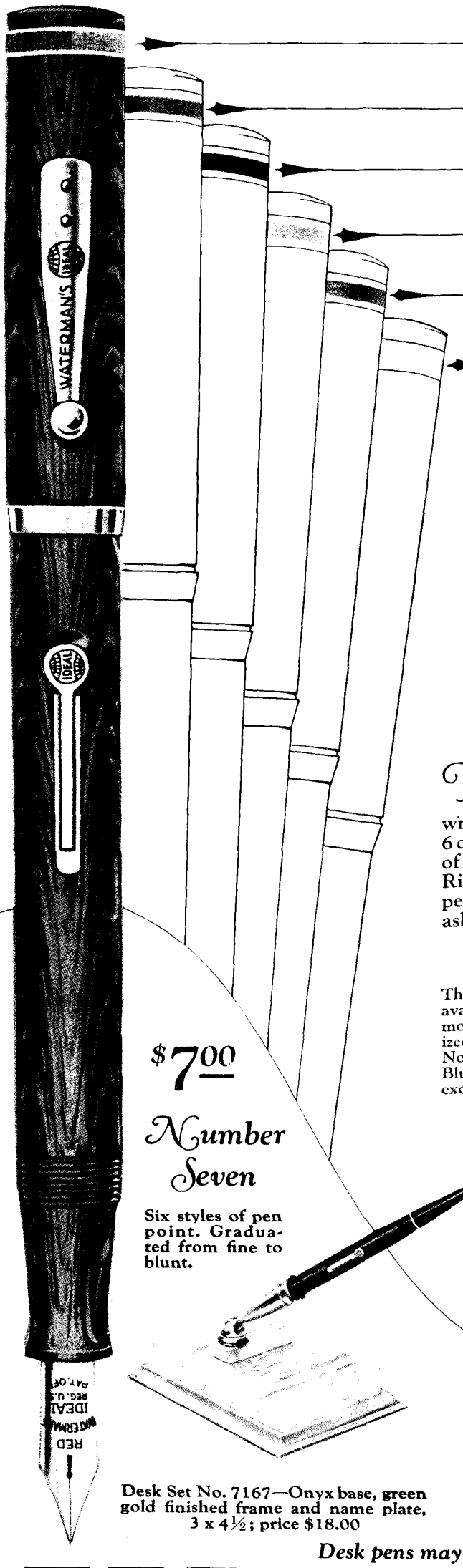
The secretary led us there, mumbling to himself. I crossed the threshold exactly as I had done on the previous night, and stood inside, looking around. The room was precisely as I remembered it, except for the absence of Mr. X from his place by the desk.

"I don't really see, Inspector, the object of this visit," the secretary said nervously. "We did all that was possible as regards to Major Owston, both for our own sake and his. The moment that we realized he was incapable we sent him off in a taxicab to his rooms."

Bloor did not even take the trouble to listen. He walked slowly around the office, tapping the walls here and there, even lifting the carpet in places. Finally he seated himself at the secretary's table.

"Really, sir!" the latter remonstrated. "I must protest." (*Continued on page 56*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Red STANDARD—Suits most writers. A splendid correspondence point. Medium flexibility. For home and general use.

Green RIGID—Tempered to armor-plate hardness. Will not shade even under heavy pressure. Unequaled for manifolding. The salesman's friend.

Purple STIFF—FINE—Writes without pressure. Makes a thin, clear line and small figures with unerring accuracy. Popular with accountants.

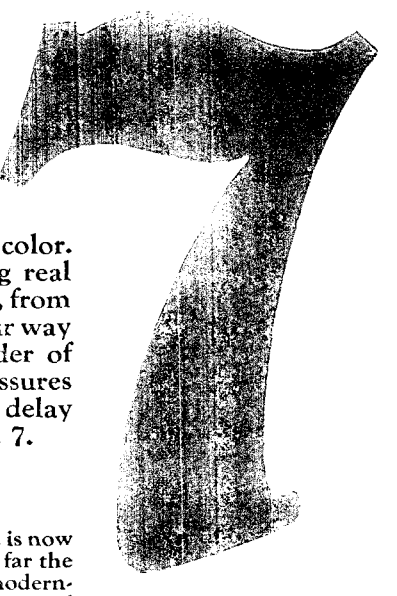
Pink FLEXIBLE—FINE—As resilient as a watch-spring. Fine, tapered point; ground fine to shade at any angle. Loved by stenographers.

Blue BLUNT—An improved stub point. This point makes a broad line. May be held in any position. Liked by rapid writers.

Yellow ROUNDED—A different pen point. The tip is ball shape. Makes a heavy, characteristic line without pressure. Suits left-handed writers.

The Color Band Inlay on the Cap Identifies the Character of Every Pen Point

Waterman's Number



The popular way today is to pick your pen point by color. Thousands by this simple method are now enjoying real writing comfort for the first time. Quickly and accurately, from 6 different styles, you select the pen point best suited to your way of writing. The perfectly balanced No. 7 stainless holder of Ripple Rubber, fitted with a personally selected point, assures permanent fountain pen satisfaction. Without further delay ask the nearest merchant to show you all six styles of No. 7.

Number Seven Desk Sets

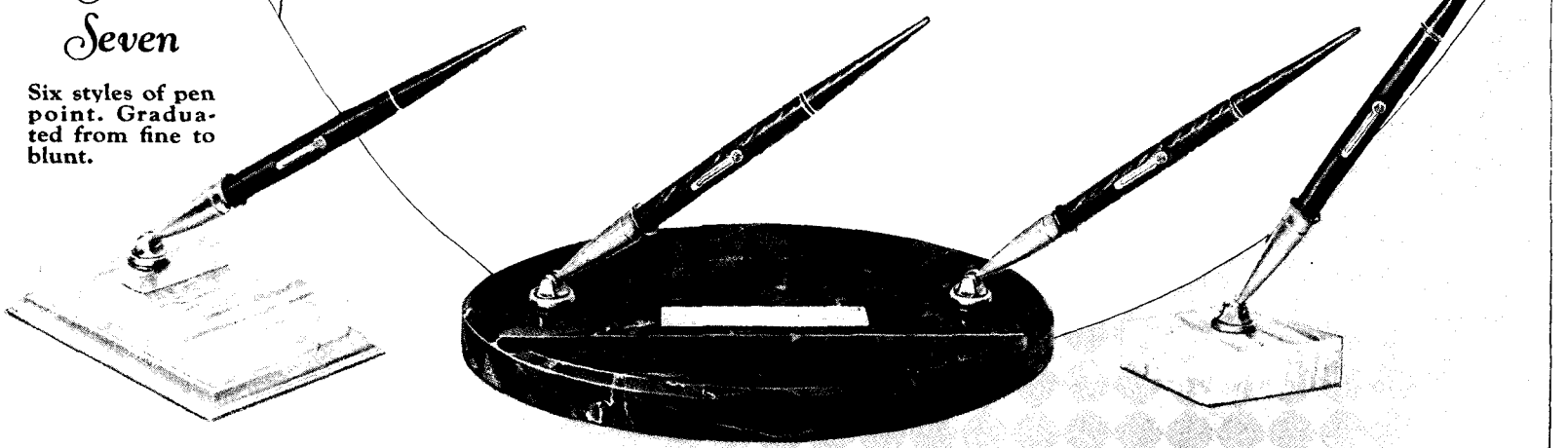
The same accurate method for securing perfect pen point performance is now available in Waterman's new movable Gyro-Sheath Desk Sets. By far the most practical desk ornaments ever offered. Of onyx and marble in modernized classical outlines, they are creations of rare beauty. And the Special No. 7 pens, with color band inlay on artistic tapering holders of Ripple-Blugreen, Ripple-Olive and Ripple-Rose, complete a variety of ensembles of exceptional charm. Ideal for office or home use, or, as a gift of distinction.

L. E. Waterman Company, 191 Broadway, New York
Chicago Boston San Francisco Montreal

$7.00

Number Seven

Six styles of pen point. Graduated from fine to blunt.



Desk Set No. 7167—Onyx base, green gold finished frame and name plate, 3 x 4½; price $18.00

Desk Set No. 6467—Black and gold marble oval base, 7 x 10; two pens; price $30.00

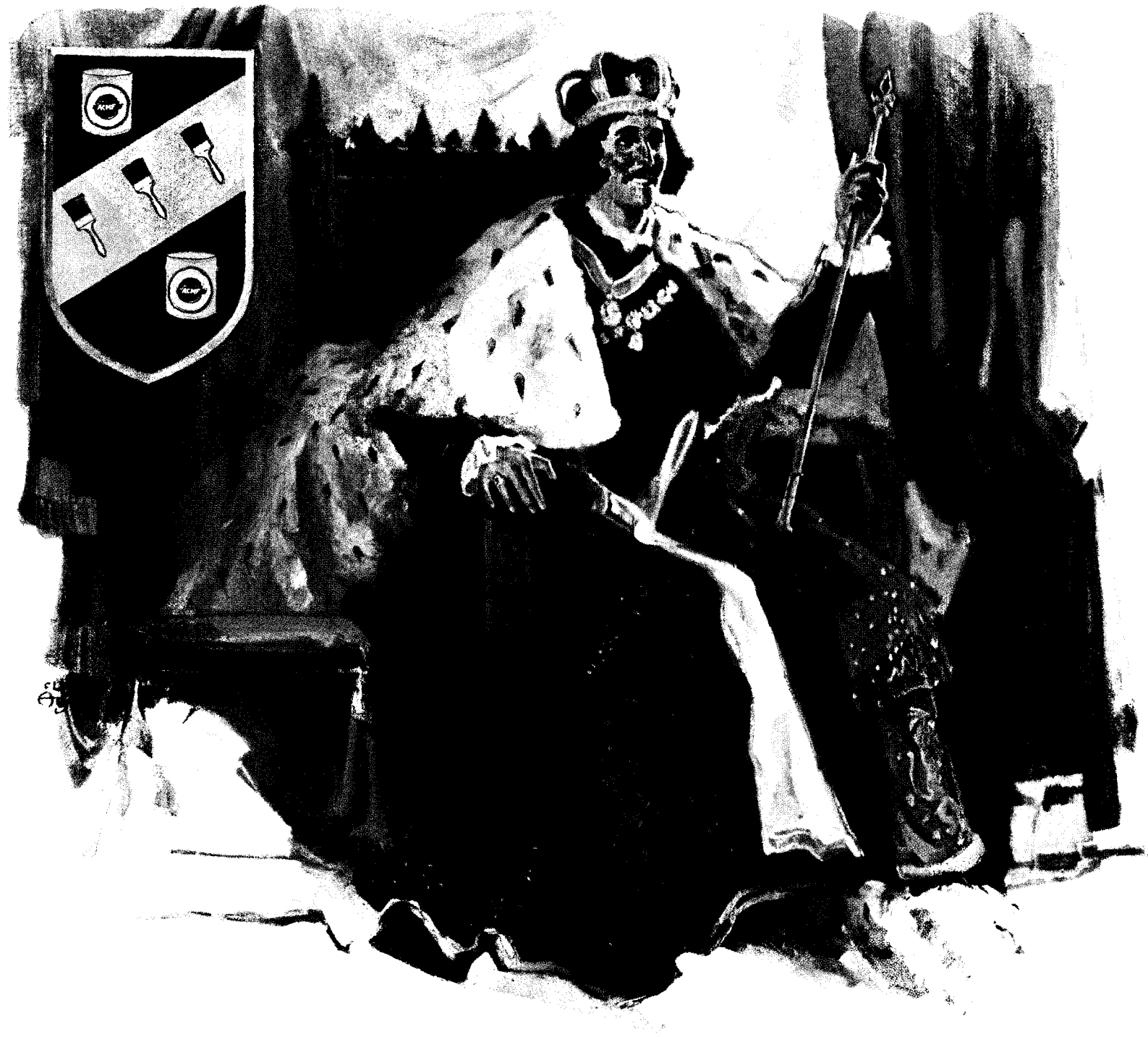
Desk Set No. 6067—Onyx base, 2¾ x 2¾; price $10.00

Desk pens may be had in all color holders and all styles of nibs

Waterman's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

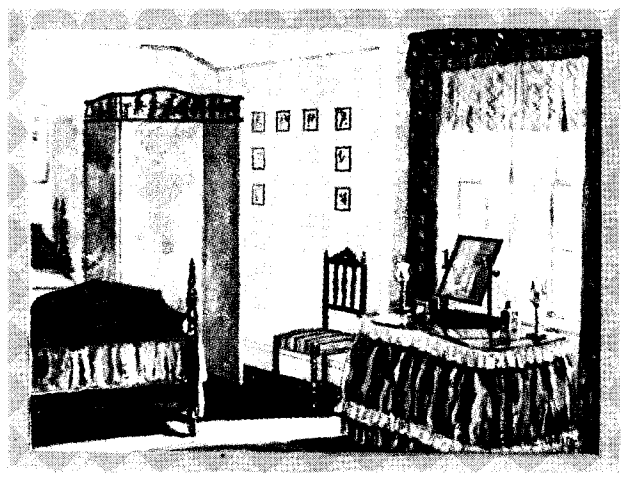
His Royal Majesty KING COLOR

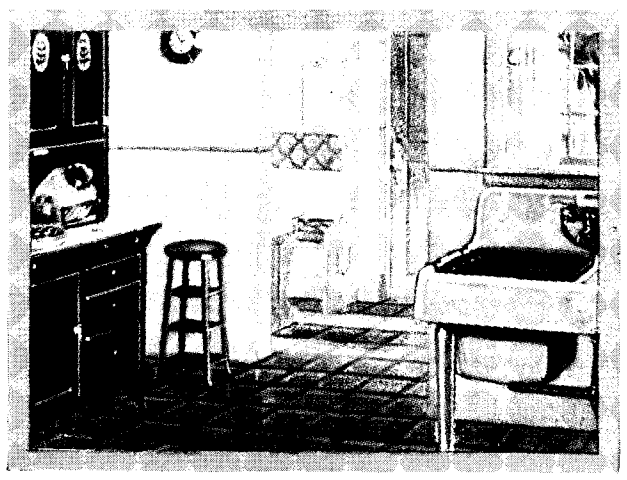


This is veritably the Age of Color. King Color now rules... Brilliant harmonies of home decoration, inside and out, are the vogue... Daring, yet artistic color schemes, unthought-of before, are being introduced everywhere ...So increasingly important is a sound knowledge of color combinations that Acme Quality now offers home owners an authoritative book on the subject.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Proclaims a New Era of Home Beauty





IN THIS COLOR AGE

People are "Color Alert"

Not to understand "color" is to be behind the times. People everywhere are "color alert." Mistakes in color are invariably commented upon and criticized.

All of which means that in the exterior and interior decoration of the home, one must "know his colors." One cannot afford to choose them inadvisedly.

Color cannot be good if its ingredients are cheap. Only quality paint can be "authentic." Colors that are not right, turn harmony into discord.

Let Acme, "The House of Color," be your guide in the expert selection of *authentic colors* that mean so much where the beauty of your home is concerned.

What majestic colors "Acme Quality" are! An Acme Blue is a rich blue—royal with alluring lustre. An Acme Red is a gorgeous red, resplendent with regal hue. Acme White is a sparkling white. And so throughout the entire color scale with its myriad gradations.

So, when buying paint, enamel, stain, lacquer, varnish, remember the importance of Acme Quality, the name that insures against error and disappointment. The Acme dealer is "The House of Color" in your town.

A WONDERFUL BOOK

"King Color Rules the Home"

...NOW READY

This book is the last word on authentic colors for use inside and outside the home. As the joint work of Dr. C. D. Holley, Associates, and Miss Nancy McClelland, national authority on interior decoration, it brings accurate information on correct color, its selection and use.

It pictures in beautiful, authentic colors the exteriors of *Twelve Modern Homes,* each a different style, each an authoritative design by a leading architect, and shows and describes the complete, correct color scheme for each, by a foremost interior decorator.

It also pictures in actual colors the principal living rooms of these homes, and tells just what shades and tints to use for walls, ceilings, woodwork and furniture. The book contains 56 pages.

"King Color Rules the Home" will be sent you, prepaid, for thirty-five cents in stamps—to partly cover printing cost and postage.

Send for the book today. Remember that it is the result of a life work in COLOR by men and women of national reputation. Simply use the coupon. The book will be sent promptly.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.
Branches in principal cities—dealers everywhere

COLORS FOR INDUSTRIES

Out of his long experience in developing correct colors, processes and special finishes for industrial use, Dr. Holley is qualified to give expert counsel on color to manufacturers of products and equipment in which color plays an important part. Address: Industrial Color Division, Acme White Lead and Color Works, Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

THE HOUSE OF COLOR

ACME QUALITY

PAINT · VARNISH · ENAMEL · LACQUER

PROXLIN LACQUER FOR AUTOMOBILES
INDUSTRIAL FINISHES FOR ALL SURFACES

Acme White Lead and Color Works, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A. (Dept. D11)
Send me, all charges prepaid, the book, "King Color Rules the Home," by Dr. Holley, Associates, and Miss Nancy McClelland.
I enclose 35c in full payment. (Stamps accepted.)

Name.....

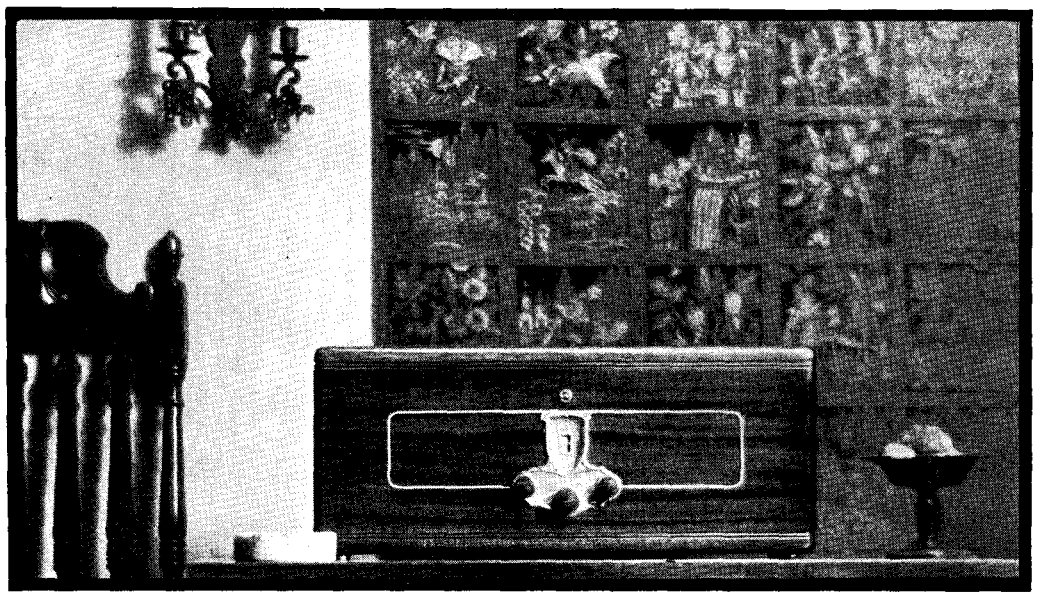
Street and Number.....

Town or City.....

State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOSCH RADIO



TO hear the new Model 28 Bosch Radio Receiver is to have a new appreciation of how good radio can be. Bosch Radio is your standard of measurement for all radio values. The Model 28 is a self-contained, wall socket receiver with seven amplifying A. C. tubes and one power rectifying tube. Greater volume without the slightest distortion and clearer, more faithful reproduction have been achieved. The simplicity of the inlaid solid mahogany cabinet, the lighted dial, the grouped controls will instantly appeal to you. No radio selection can be complete without seeing the Model 28 at the Bosch Dealers near you as only then can you judge the value provided in this receiver at its price, less tubes of $132.50.

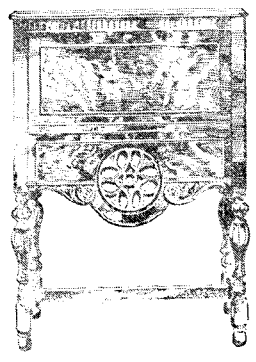
Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada — Bosch Radio is licensed under patents and application of R. C. A., R. F. L. and Lektophone

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORP.

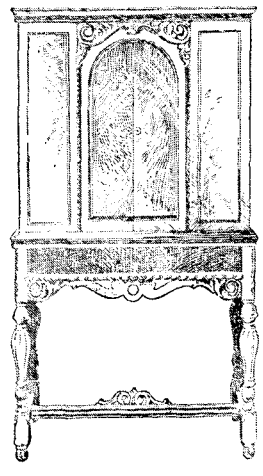
SPRINGFIELD MASSACHUSETTS

BRANCHES: NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

THE BEST IN RADIO BOSCH RADIO



Authorized Bosch Radio Dealers are now showing specially designed console illustrated, with its fine selected and patterned woods, rich carvings and beautiful finish and are offering this console 28A with Standard Bosch Radio Speaker and the Model 28 Bosch Radio Receiver for $197.50 less tubes. Model 28C, a similar model, with Dynamic Speaker is $237.50 less tubes.



Authorized Bosch Radio Dealers are now showing the console Model 29B, specially designed for them with super-dynamic speaker and special high-power speaker supply. Console has sliding doors, beautiful craftsmanship and selected woods. Bosch Radio Dealers are offering this console 29B with super-dynamic speaker and special high-power speaker supply with Bosch Radio Model 28 Receiver for $295.00 less tubes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Third Slip

Continued from page 12

was to have him go. He vouchsafed no further information saving when Mallon, coolness quite returned, asked:

"How did you know I'm the referee tonight?"

"What have you locked yourself up for since yesterday?"

He went, leaving Mallon to curse himself for his simplicity. He might have guessed that gamblers' spies would correctly interpret his self-imprisonment.

His wrist-watch told him there wasn't much time to act. But how act? If he notified the commission that he'd been offered a bribe and threatened with death, they'd believe him, sure. The police would be summoned—but Mallon wouldn't referee that night. The commission wouldn't take a chance. They'd appoint another man to make sure Mallon wasn't a trickster—or a corpse.

Weighing as many angles of his problem as occurred to him he could see nothing but loss if he raised an alarm.

AT THE park, where massed banks of humanity roared hoarsely at carbon-copy carnage, Mallon slipped in at the press-gates, donned gray ring clothes and reported to the commissioner in charge. That late he had an impulse to spring the story. But white excitement thrilled him. Joe Humphreys roared his name—Mallon's name—to an inquiring newspaperman who had seen somebody hand the announcer the list of officials.

Mallon was in the ring, arms stretched along the ropes, gaze wandering over a white sward of eager faces. Again his name was called, from somewhere behind. He turned slowly, feeling that all eyes were focused on him. Searching the ringside rows he fixed on a face. Cold gray eyes stared back. He recognized his visitor.

Mallon made no sign. Stonily he stared back. Then he turned, clapped his hands to bring Roche in a green robe from one corner and Stern in a purple garment from the other. Cameras snapped amid a terrific uproar. The men ran back to their corners. Mallon, a thin smile playing about his mouth, tucked his white referee's voting slip and the round-by-round chart in his gray shirt pocket, and the gong rang.

For the first two rounds of fighting Mallon glided about mechanically, following the boxers. He walked automatically between them when they clinched, but was so preoccupied with his own thoughts that he found himself wondering in the middle of the third round how he had scored the other two. As he sailed along the ropes while the men feinted each other in a corner he heard a gruff voice from the press-stand growl distinctly: "Mallon's inexperienced. Look at him."

That straightened Mallon and he plunged into the fight.

The fifth round had to go to Stern. Roche seemed to tire, and the dark-skinned lad rushed him all over the ring. He came back a bit in the sixth and sent Stern on his heels with a shot to the chin. The rounds passed, seven, eight, nine—ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen. No blood on either man; both fighting fiercely and skillfully.

They went into the fourteenth round on even terms. In less than the last minute of that round something happened. The redhead was crouching to avoid a vicious body attack when his right glove popped from nowhere and Stern dropped. His black eyes were leaden. Stern's seconds screamed foul. He groped on all fours. Mallon seemed to hesitate. Then, scorn on his face, his arm swung in a deliberate count.

A Niagara of screams tortured his ears. He heard Roche panting for the kill. Stern was up and running at nine. A fusillade of catcalls shook Mallon. Then came the bell as Roche nailed Stern on the ropes.

Mallon took out his chart. His pencil moved briskly although shouts of derision showered on him. The boys touched gloves and were at it for the final round. The ball park was an inferno of din. Redhead and blackhead swung about the ring. Their foreheads met for two minutes of vicious, close-in slugging while hats and lungs were torn all about them. The timekeeper smashed his gong-hammer to stop the bout.

In a seething silence the announcer collected slips from the judges, then walked to Mallon. He glanced through the slips and paused, puzzled at one of them. Then his two arms shot out, and the crowd groaned and cursed. A draw! Police draped the ring. They needed to; battering wedges of madmen were the nucleus of a riot.

No guard accompanied Charley Mallon to his hotel room. His ears burned with epithets hurled at him as he had left the park; but, having changed to dark street clothes, he had soon lost himself in waves of home-goers.

At exactly midnight his room phone rang. A harsh voice asked Mallon if he could come uptown.

"See me here," said Mallon.

An hour later knuckles rapped at his door. The lithe intruder of the day before entered. His hands were in his coat pockets, bulging pockets, one with money, one with something else. He pulled out the money and dropped it on Mallon's bed.

"That's yours," he said flatly. "You did a good job. Saved us a pile of jack."

"How?" said Mallon.

"Ain't you heard? Them two judges are hollerin' their heads off."

"How come?"

The intruder's eyes narrowed.

"The draw," he said, curtly, and turned as if to go.

"Wait a second," said Mallon. The visitor wheeled at the creak of a door. He wasn't fast enough. Two other visitors stepped from the bathroom—one, a particularly burly visitor, bearing a gun.

"Don't be uneasy," said Mallon.

"Double-crossed, eh?" the intruder bellowed. Then he shut up. He had to—he was too busy making an exit under forced draft.

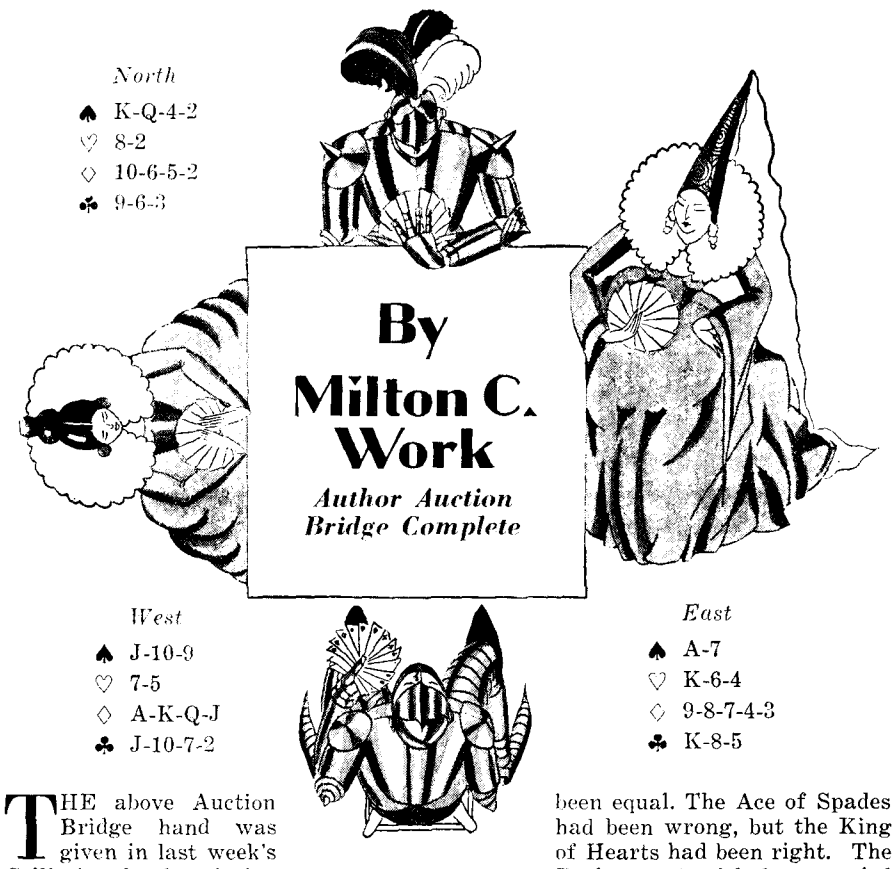
LESS than two hours later an angry crowd of newspapermen stormed Mallon's hotel room. They found him sitting on the bed with the generally relieved air of one awakening from nightmare.

"What's all this jam about?" a wild-eyed spokesman fired at him, as the others chorused questions. "One judge gives it to Stern, one to Roche. You make matters worse by calling it a draw *and the commission says Roche won.* Then the cops go out and pinch half a dozen gunmen. What's it all about?"

"Just a minute, boys," said Mallon with quiet dignity. "The commission can supply details; but I'll tell you this: I voted for Roche—in the ring. Wait. When I gave Humphreys my slip there was a warning on one side that gunmen were present and to call it a draw and that he'd find my verdict on the other side.

"That was for Roche, as the commission has told you."

How would You play it?



North
♠ K-Q-4-2
♡ 8-2
◇ 10-6-5-2
♣ 9-6-3

West
♠ J-10-9
♡ 7-5
◇ A-K-Q-J
♣ J-10-7-2

East
♠ A-7
♡ K-6-4
◇ 9-8-7-4-3
♣ K-8-5

South
♠ 8-6-5-3
♡ A-Q-J-10-9-3
◇ None
♣ A-Q-4

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

The Auction

South opened the bidding with three Hearts and West, North and East passed.

This is another of the hands with which there might be some difference in expert opinion as to whether a bid of one or a preëmpting bid is more advisable. But if South should start with one Heart he might have to raise his bid to four.

The Play

West's opening lead was the King of Diamonds, which South ruffed with the Nine, not the Trey, of Hearts. He appreciated that he might need that small Heart later on.

South could see that he would make five or six Heart tricks, depending upon whether he could catch the adverse King; one or two Club tricks, depending upon the location of the adverse Ace of Spades. To go game, he must find two of the three high adverse cards (Ace of Spades, King of Hearts, King of Clubs) in the location in which he desired such cards to be.

To avail himself of the possible fortunate location of these adverse cards Declarer must lead Spades from the Closed Hand and Clubs and Hearts from the Dummy. The lead being in the Closed Hand at trick 2, he selected a Spade and was careful to lead the Five and retain the Trey. West played the Nine of Spades, and Dummy the Queen. East's Ace won the Queen of Spades. To make his game Declarer now must find both of the adverse Kings in the East hand. Trick 3 consisted of a Diamond from East which South ruffed, using the Ten of Hearts and retaining the Trey as before.

Trick 4, South led the Six of Spades; North won with the King. North now led the Eight of Hearts, and South obtained the benefit of his clever high ruffing by having the Trey left to play under it. When the finesse won, North continued with another Heart which South won with the Jack; and, to trick 7, led the Ace of Hearts, dropping the adverse King.

Up to here the breaks of the hand had been equal. The Ace of Spades had been wrong, but the King of Hearts had been right. The Declarer, at trick 8, proceeded to establish his Spades; still keeping the Trey he led the Eight, which was captured by West's Jack. A third Diamond lead by West took South's last trump, and he now reaped the benefit of his foresight in retaining the Trey of Spades by being able to put Dummy in with the Four. On the last two rounds of Spades, East discarded two Diamonds (she naturally considering it more important to keep Clubs than Diamonds) so, when leading to trick 11, North, who was left with two Clubs and one Diamond, could count that only one adverse Diamond (the Ace) remained unplayed and that almost certainly was in the West Hand.

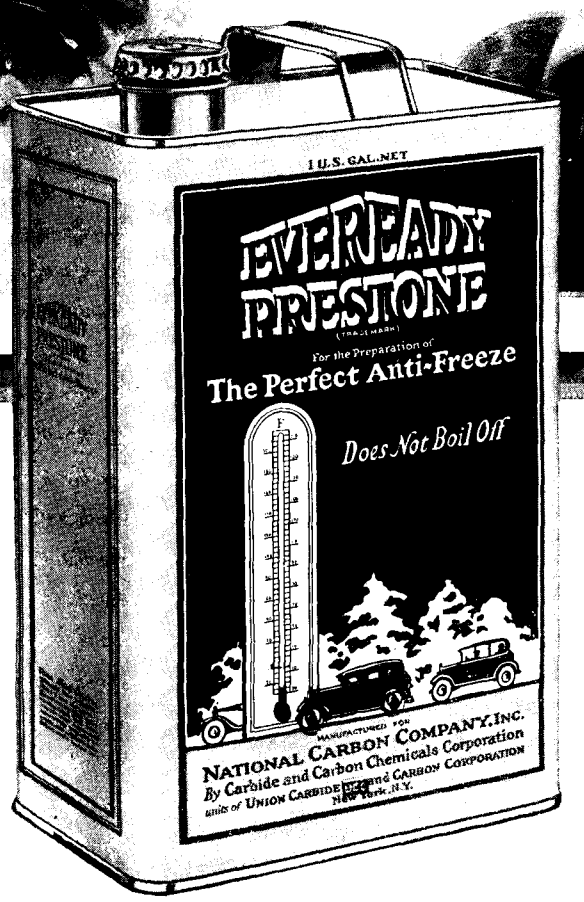
The Declarer had planned his Spade play so as to put North in the lead at this point to try the finesse of South's Ace-Queen of Clubs; but with the Spades and Hearts all played, and with only one Diamond left, a much better opportunity offered itself. By putting West in the lead with a Diamond, he secured a lead up to his Ace-Queen of Clubs. He could not make more than two Club tricks, no matter where the adverse King happened to be located; but if he led a Club himself, he would make only one Club trick if West had the King. He therefore cinched the game by leading the Diamond from Dummy and forcing West, at trick 12, to lead up to South's Major Club tenace. It so happened that the King of Clubs was in the East hand and that the finesse would have worked, but that does not detract from the credit due Declarer for his play.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. A-Q-9-5	S. J
H. Q-6	H. A-K-2
D. 8-7	D. K-9-4-2
C. A-Q-10-8-4	C. 9-7-6-5-2
South	*West*
S. K-10-8-4	S. 7-6-3-2
H. J-9-7	H. 10-8-5-4-3
D. A-Q-J-5 3	D. 10-6
C. J	C. K-3

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Make your car with one supply



Eveready Prestone does not contain any alcohol or glycerine

Each Eveready Prestone can is sealed with a special safety cap that protects the purchaser against the possibility of substitution or adulteration. Look for this cap.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

winter-proof *now* of Eveready Prestone

Unfailing protection without renewal . . . safe, harmless, never overheats

YOU can drive all winter with perfect safety and freedom from worry if you protect your car now with one supply of Eveready Prestone, the perfect anti-freeze. You can use your car every day, all winter, through cold or warm weather without worry or concern about freezing or overheating. Eveready Prestone never deteriorates while in use and never causes a car to overheat.

Here at last is an anti-freeze without a fault—a product marketed and guaranteed by National Carbon Company, Inc., makers of Eveready Flashlights and Eveready Radio Batteries—an anti-freeze that has been developed by extensive scientific research to meet every specification set up by the U. S. Bureau of Standards for "an ideal anti-freeze."

Unfailing protection all winter

Eveready Prestone will not boil away, evaporate or deteriorate in any way while in service. It is odorless. It will not mar the paint or corrode the materials of the circulating system. It will not leave deposits. It is as free-flowing as water and will not become sluggish at low temperatures. Eveready Prestone is the *perfect* anti-freeze—welcomed by motorists everywhere as the most thoroughly satisfactory answer to the problem of winter protection.

Eveready Prestone has the unqualified endorsement of leading motor-car manufacturers, motor fleet operators and thousands of individual users. They have found it to provide unfailing, trouble-free protection under every condition of winter driving.

Eveready Prestone is used to protect the huge, costly engines of dirigibles against the hazards of freezing, a danger that necessitates the surest safeguard. You can protect your own car with the same assurance of permanent safety.

points of superiority

1. **Gives complete protection**
2. **Does not boil away**
3. **Positively will not damage cooling system**
4. **Will not heat up a motor**
5. **Will not affect paint or varnish**
6. **Non-inflammable**
7. **Odorless**
8. **Does not become viscous at low temperatures; will not decompose at high temperatures**
9. **Never deteriorates—economical to use**

Most economical to use

Eveready Prestone is not an ordinary mixture or solution. It is an entirely new conception of an anti-freeze—*sold in pure, undiluted form.* Eveready Prestone is the most economical anti-freeze you can buy. It costs more initially, but less is required to give complete protection. It represents the best possible investment in protection because only one supply is needed to make your car safe as long as cold weather lasts. You buy Eveready Prestone only once and you are assured of permanent safety against freezing and freedom from any possibility of a corroded cooling system.

You can't afford to risk having to buy a new motor or even a new radiator when this perfect anti-freeze is available. Trust the safety of your car to the most thoroughly satisfactory anti-freeze ever discovered. Protect your car today with Eveready Prestone.

Manufactured for

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

New York Chicago San Francisco
Atlanta Kansas City

By CARBIDE AND CARBON CHEMICALS CORPORATION

Units of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

EVEREADY PRESTONE

(TRADEMARK)

For the Preparation of

The Perfect Anti-Freeze

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beating the Hurricane

Continued from page 9

Mitchell was able to work out the speed at which the storm was moving, about 450 miles every 24 hours.

His years of studying the habits and courses of such hurricanes helped him now. He had the terrible wild thing in hand, because he knew what it would do. He began sending out advisory notices and storm warnings twice a day.

It was one of the most brilliant pieces of forecasting ever done in weather bureau history. First he began to warn the Antilles Islands. He warned British and French islands. He was able not only to tell where and when the storm would strike but his warnings relieved the minds of hundreds of thousands in other island points who had no need to worry.

He practically told where the storm would not strike. For instance, all those south of Martinique were relieved of all fear even when the storm was nearest to them.

But within 60 hours from the first notice of the storm a strange thing happened. Ships in its path stopped talking; all were silent. That meant the ships had gotten out of the way. Thus facts and figures for forecasting were missing from the actual storm area.

Right at this point came in the most brilliant of Mitchell's work. He had to deal with sheer mathematical calculations, for about 48 hours. But he knew the course of such storms; this storm would have to be very different from any of its 299 brothers which Mitchell had studied if it didn't follow a certain course.

The Navy Department began sending out Mitchell's warnings to all ships at sea; the great Arlington station boomed them to all the world.

There came a time when the islands themselves became silent; that very silence meant that the storm had struck them. Mitchell used these various silences in estimating the course and speed of the storm.

A Tiny Dot in the Sea

By Thursday morning he realized that the Atlantic had one of the most violent hurricanes of history on its bosom. The storm was becoming as vicious as any in recorded scientific records. It would in a general way move as other hurricanes had done; there could be no doubt about that.

Turk's Island is a tiny dot in the sea. But—

"The center of the storm will pass near Turk's Island tomorrow night," prophesied Mitchell 24 hours before it struck there.

"By Sunday noon," prophesied Mitchell, about 48 hours in advance, "there will be hurricane winds about 60 miles southeast of the coast of Florida."

Mitchell was working 24 hours a day by the fifth day of the storm; so was the entire weather bureau force. The navy was asking questions; so was the Red Cross; so were all the shipping companies; so was the American Automobile Association, which wanted to know whether the storm would strike the South (as it did); so were business concerns of all kinds. Mitchell had to give safe and sure answers.

Storm warnings went up along the coast at his orders. Ships went into ports until harbors were choked with shipping.

There was one more puzzle for Mitchell to solve while the storm was off the coast of Florida that second Sunday morning. It was this: would the storm turn north into the Atlantic and not touch Florida's shores? Hurricanes, as we have seen, frequently do this. If all the West Indian hurricanes that start in the Atlantic were to strike Florida during their favorable months of August and September the place would be uninhabitable at that period. It never could have been built up as it is. Upon Mitchell's answer to this question depended the lives of tens of thousands of human beings.

He studied his maps after the eight-o'clock readings that Sunday morning. Way up North, across the Canadian border, was an area of "low barometer" reaching out into the Atlantic.

A "low" is an obstacle for a hurricane. It hems it in like a gigantic sky-high stone wall.

Mitchell saw, in that Sunday-morning reading, that this "low" would keep the storm from turning up the Atlantic outside the coast. He decided that it would hit Florida full force. He had already ordered up more "storm warnings" for Florida many hours previously. But at 10:30 that Sunday morning he changed these to "hurricane warnings."

Telling me later about the storm, Mitchell said of the two American sea captains, "They certainly knew their onions."

All America that came within the zone of this hurricane may well say of Mitchell that his own onions were not unfamiliar to him. This twentieth-century weather forecaster, working with twentieth-century tools and twentieth-century facts, actually pointed out the very spot at which the storm would hit the Florida coast—the little town of Jupiter.

It was a wild, tragic Lord's day, that Sunday of September 16th.

The storm had hit land. It would curve up northward along the richest part of the country. Ships were in port; even battleships of the navy. The Coast Guard was on the alert but no calls came from the sea for help. Citizens of the Florida coast, remembering the Miami storm of 1926, had taken shelter in public buildings, with their homes boarded up. Only in the interior of Florida, in the Lake Okeechobee district, where no one imagined that a lake, in a hurricane, could be more deadly than the hurricane-torn ocean itself, were people off their guard. They had been warned against wind. But no one could warn them that the dikes of the lake might burst.

Of Wide Extent and Severity

Here are Mitchell's three warnings sent out on that September Sunday:

"Hoist hurricane warnings 10:30 A. M. Miami to Daytona, Fla. Northeast storm warnings displayed north of Daytona to Savannah and northwest storm warnings south of Miami to Key West and north of Key West to Punta Gorda. No report this morning from Nassau. Indications are that hurricane center will reach the Florida coast near Jupiter early tonight. Emergency. Advise all interests. This hurricane is of wide extent and great severity. Every precaution should be taken against destructive winds and high tides on Florida east coast, especially West Palm Beach to Daytona."

At 1:05 P. M. this notice went out:

"Hoist northeast storm warnings north of Punta Gorda to Apalachicola hurricane center noon about 26° N. 79° W. moving northwestward. Its center will move inland between Miami and Jupiter probably late this afternoon. Increasing northeast winds along west Florida coast reach gale force Tampa to Apalachicola tonight."

At 5:15 P. M. another warning was issued:

"Change (from storm) to hurricane warning 6 P. M. Punta Rassa to Cedar Keys, Fla., and display northeast storm warnings west of Apalachicola to Mississippi coast. Hurricane center 4 P. M. near coast between Miami and Jupiter still moving northwestward unless course changes. Hurricane center will reach west coast not far from Tampa Monday morning. Emergency. Advise all interests to take precautions. This hurricane is of great intensity and wide extent."

After the storm was over—it lasted ten full days—the weather bureau said conservatively: "Few West Indian hurricanes have been so severe as this one for so long a time."

Safe to say it is the most violent that has ever struck America within modern times, including even the Galveston storm, which Mitchell, years later, traced clear up into the heart of Russia.

For four days after this storm lived through its second Sunday and wrecked the homes of Florida, Mitchell watched it night and day. He warned of its movements up the coast, clear to Maine, and, by his word, ships went into harbors, snug and safe, up to the northern border of the United States and in Canada. He had played tag with the hurricane—and won.

It was on a Wednesday evening, while the now weakening 10-day hurricane was heading toward the city of Washington itself, that I sat in the forecasting-room and saw the now thoroughly tired Mitchell reading his evening forecasts from the maps on the high desk.

There was no more warning to give, except that ships in harbors might safely leave for southern points but must not head north; high winds, but not of alarming hurricane force, might strike New York or Boston. Within 12 hours all ships safely put to sea.

Watching for Ten Nights and Days

"No one needs to stay here at the bureau during the night," Mitchell said to the staff. There was a sigh of relief from a dozen tired men.

Gusts of strong winds carrying rain were beating now and then against the windows of the weather bureau office, remnants of the storm, which, through the eye of the radio and of the science of meteorology, this tired man had been watching for 10 nights and days. On the porch outside the building small graceful potted palms from the Agricultural Department's hothouses were bending and twisting in the small gale, grim reminders of great palms which had been bending, cracking and breaking under the wind on Caribbean islands through many days past. I saw Mitchell look at the gracefully waving little palms as we passed out.

"Tag end of the storm," said Mitchell simply as we went out into the wet glare of Washington's street lights. The man who had written a book about hurricanes was going home for his first full night's sleep in over 250 hours.

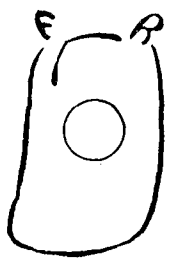
Nameographs

We pay $5 each for acceptable Nameographs. Send yours to Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

For $1.35 you can get from your bookseller or Reilly & Lee, Chicago, a fascinating book of hitherto unpublished Nameographs and suggestions for Nameograph parties.

"Gong," by L. G. Sharp, 188 D Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

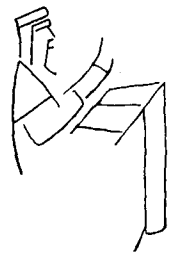
"Goose," by Harry L. Kempauer, 34 Trapelo Rd., Belmont, Mass.



"Flour," by Walter B. Smith, 23 Church Street, New Haven, Conn.

"Bone," by D. W. Frye, Jr., 16 South Franklin St., Washington, Pa.

"Camel," by William Kopesky, 5341 Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.



"Preacher," by C. Dal-Smith, 110 N. Clifton Ave., Sharon Hill, Pa.

"Eagle," by M. B. Brown, Lake Como, N. J.

"Rabbit," by Helen R. Carpenter, 419 Sixth Street, Laramie, Wyo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

look out for

Sore throat—check it with LISTERINE —so powerful against germs

Have you tried the new LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterwards. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

To escape a cold

use Listerine this way:

You can materially lessen the risk of catching colds by rinsing the hands with Listerine before each meal, the way physicians do. The reason for this is obvious:

Listerine attacks the germs of cold on the hands, thus rendering them harmless when they enter the mouth on food which hands have carried.

Isn't this quick precaution worth taking?

Kills germs in 15 seconds

In 15 seconds Listerine, full strength, kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus germs. Repeated tests in laboratories of national repute prove it. This is indeed a tribute to Listerine.

These germs are used by the U. S. Government in testing the power of antiseptics. Now you can understand Listerine's popularity and success for more than 47 years.

AFTER one of those late season football games when the weather is bad, up come the medical reports with their unhappy sequel:

Raw rasping throats . . . head colds . . . chest colds . . . grippe . . . flu.

Yet many of the less serious cases might have been prevented by the prompt use of Listerine full strength.

Because full strength Listerine is powerful against germs. (Don't miss the panel to left.) And most cold weather complaints are caused by germs.

Therefore, at the first sign of throat trouble, and after long exposure to bad weather, to germ laden crowds, gargle with Listerine full strength. Keep at it. Listerine immediately attacks the disease producing bacteria in mouth and throat. Time and time again it has prevented a cold or sore throat from becoming serious. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The safe antiseptic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Call no man slave whose stomach in snappy weather responds joyfully to the call of sausage, pancakes and maple syrup.

Women who, according to the latest styles, are wearing buttonless coats are in the same class with husbands who are still carrying on with buttonless suspenders.

Too many crazy drivers make a nut Sunday.

Revised version: The way of the transgressor is soft.

People who crave too much liquid refreshment frequently find themselves in the soup.

You can now create a mechanical man and control his actions by invisible currents. But some wives have long been doing this.

About the only people who are sure of making both ends meet are toe dancers and circus acrobats.

About the only bird who isn't carrying too big a load is the stork.

A miserable sinner: one who gets found out.

Practically Painless

Continued from page 13

week for the team and on that we had to carry the old lady along with us wherever we played."

Maybe it was the strain of carrying Momma on $35 a week for the team; maybe it was just a desire for a change. Anyway, the team of Rockwell and Rich broke up and the doc tied up with one Warren Jackson. But they called themselves Joe Cole and Al Wood. Why? So's they could be billed as Cole and Wood, which sounded awfully snappy when they worked it out but didn't register so well.

"We'd go into a small-town post office and ask for mail for Cole and Wood," says Rockwell, "and what'd happen? They'd pull a wheeze about 'that's a hot name.' Then we'd go to the theater and ask for our dressing-room, and they'd say (they always did) 'Cole and Wood, eh? I guess you boys belong in the cellar.' So after a while I realized there wasn't any dignity in the name" (this must have been the kidding Rockwell speaking), "so I went back to my own —but Jackson stuck to 'Wood.' No wonder they'd look suspicious when one of us would go up to the general delivery window and ask for letters for George Rockwell or Joe Cole or Al Wood or Warren Jackson or Cole and Wood."

Magic is a great training school in audience psychology and showmanship, as Rockwell found out:

"You can step down into the audience, hand a man a pack of cards, ask him to pick one, look at the card he has selected, ask the man next him to replace it in the pack and then ask a third man to shuffle the cards. Then when you get back on the stage you can announce to the audience that you have broken out a new deck, allowed a man picked at random to draw a card and so-and-so and so-and-so. Then you triumphantly produce the card.

"Three men in the audience know you saw it when it was picked but three thousand don't. Do you suppose one of those three men is going to jump up and denounce you? Not a chance!"

Keeping Store

When this team broke up, Rockwell made a tour of Australian playhouses. He brushed up his material, discarded the pearl-buttoned coat he had worn when with Wood and went a bit high-hat for the benefit of the Australians. But they didn't like it so much. Finally, just about the end of his engagement, in despair he reverted to his earlier costuming and knock-about gags.

"Why didn't you do that before?" gasped the bookers—and held him over for ten extra weeks.

Returning to the States, Rockwell adopted his impertinent title and after another round of vaudeville was pounced upon by George White, who featured him in one of his annual "Scandals." Then the Shuberts grabbed him and made him at once star and master of ceremonies of The Greenwich Village Follies. By this time, of course, as a result of his vaudeville headlining, he carried his own ready-made following of no mean dimensions.

It was during a summer lay-off that the energetic Rockwell took his flyer into merchandising. He bought for $150, lock, stock and barrel (and the least of these was the stock, which consisted mainly of half a dozen paper kites and a few rubber balls), a small candy and newspaper shop at The Six Corners in East Providence. He was already edging into the Big Money on the stage but he had to do something during the idle months.

First he painted the ramshackle little store. In gay letters on its front he emblazoned this modest sentiment:

THIS STORE IS SMALL
SO WAS NAPOLEON

Then he tossed out all the counters, displayed the goods on shelves and posted himself beside a small table in the center. On the table was a cash register which tinkled merrily from eight in the morning till eleven o'clock at night as Rockwell with his patter persuaded youthful customers to part with a penny here and a nickel there.

"I was knocking down between seventy-five and a hundred dollars a week," Rockwell told me, "and I was patting myself on the back as a skillful merchant. Until one day I realized that I wasn't a good store-keeper; just a bum actor doing a monologue from eight to eleven daily for $100 a week. Then I sold out."

For the Sake of a Smile

They tell me he's tireless; that when he goes back to his apartment after the show he'll sit up till five or six in the morning sketching little gadgets, working out gags, thinking up business. It was in these peculiar hours that he worked out his "Scotch Telegraph" blanks which, bearing good-luck messages, you may stumble upon tucked into the mirror of more than one star's dressing table.

These telegraph blanks are Western Union yellow and at first glance appear to bear actually telegraphed messages. But they're mailed—in yellow glass-window envelopes and bear, instead of the familiar heading, the legend:

SCOTCH UNION TELEGRAM

All the appearance of a telegram at the cost of a letter. And also the information that "if none of the symbols in the space opposite appear after the check, this is a telegram. Otherwise it is either a package or a formula for making cough syrup."

A lot of trouble to go to just for the sake of a smile? Maybe, but don't forget that it's just such devices as this that keep Rockwell's name before the people whom he wants to remember him. It's not a gag; it's business and showmanship.

"Ability and brains," says Rockwell, "are the cheapest things in the world. It's initiative that's so sadly lacking. How many times have you heard men past fifty declaring that if they'd only had the nerve to develop such-and-such an idea that they once had they'd be wealthy."

Rockwell once worked out a splendid scheme for canning the acres of blueberries that were going to waste up around his summer place in Maine. He consulted encyclopedias, government reference books and experts and was all set to launch a giant industry until he found that the cans which retail for about 35 cents each are bought from the canners at five or six cents—and where was there any profit there?

"The only thing I learned from that," he'll tell you, "was that no one living seems competent to tell you the difference between a huckleberry and a blueberry."

And once with the aid of some chemists he succeeded in removing the bitter taste from Epsom salts and flavoring and coloring them attractively with cherry extract. Then it turned out that in achieving this highly desirable end he had removed all the medicinal qualities—so that was a bust.

All this, mind you, while working toward stardom and $2,000 a week. As we sat in his dressing-room and chatted between cues he would break off to dictate a letter or answer a telephone call in connection with his latest venture, the cooperative colony in Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

This, he admits frankly, is based on the late Elbert Hubbard's successful East Aurora venture. It is his plan to bring up to Boothbay Harbor a score or more of artists, writers, printers who are tired of grubbing around the cities, and there, with the aid of natives, produce booklets, greeting cards and novelties.

"Thus," he points out, "we will achieve not only a happy and, I hope, worthy object but also give the natives something to do during the out-of-season months which they now devote entirely to planning new ways of trimming the summer visitors."

Rockwell is a bit below the average in height. He has large brown eyes which reflect earnestness when he's discussing one of his projects and twinkle contagiously when he's chafing.

His new monthly magazine is somewhat repellently, though not inappropriately, termed "The Mustard Plaster." The proofs of the first number indicate that it will offer some serious matter and much spoofing, including burlesque of the made-by-the-mile-sold-by-the-yard syndicated inspirational editorials. Perhaps it will offer such helpful information as is contained in the doctor's absurd medical monologue which he so gravely delivers from the stage. Such information as:

"Now take Osteopathy. That comes from the Latin word *os*, meaning bone and pathy—Pathé News: News of the Bones. The science had its beginning back in 412 B. P. O. E.—Before Pants or Anything."

It will probably contain also a number of health hints such as this one which is plastered over one of his wardrobe trunks:

"Half the food you eat keeps you alive; the other half keeps the doctors alive."

He's Tried All Diets

For one who has achieved stardom and wealth spoofing the science which once he seriously considered following Rockwell was surprisingly susceptible to various teachings of medical and near-medical men.

"There was one time," he told me, "when I had read and studied so much about what you should eat and wear and what exercise you should take that I just about ruined myself. I'd lay off meat for six months, then I'd shift from my loyalty and go on a straight meat diet. I ran through the whole series of cults and preachments. The result was that outside I was, theoretically, in perfect health, but inside I wasn't in such good shape. Finally I chucked all the high-sounding theories by the board, and now I eat when I like and sleep as much as I want to and work as hard as I like and I never felt better."

Which is rather an ungracious attitude on the part of one whose theatrical chef d'œuvre consists of a gravely delivered but rollicking monologue which burlesques all the teaching of the medical profession.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE *EASY-WRITING* TYPEWRITER

ROYAL
TRADE MARK

CONSIDER the *Easy-Writing* Royal Typewriter as a labor-saving office device. Measure its value in terms of service—of more work, of better work performed in less time.

Easy-Writing is a quality that can be identified without sales argument because the actual result is convincing. The Royal Typewriter does run easier. The carriage travels on forged steel rails of utmost density and smoothness. Friction is reduced and work produced with greater speed and less fatigue.

The special roller trip escapement times the movement of the carriage with the exact precision of a fine timepiece. Type impact is always positive, the paper is held locked in perfect alignment by the unitary three-point suspension carriage. Work is neater—corrections are minimized.

The operator does produce more work—she does escape weariness. She does turn out letters that are more easily readable, perfectly aligned and evenly spaced. And you sign them with greater satisfaction.

In your own office, with your own operators, put this modern business machine to any test.

The *Easy-Writing* Royal Typewriter is priced at $102.50 delivered to your office, anywhere in the United States.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
316 Broadway, New York City *Branches and Agencies the World Over*

COMPARE THE WORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Boss Emeritus

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

"BIG ED" SMITH of Minneapolis is practically the last of his kind, the last of the old-school politicians. He was, I suppose, once Republican boss of Minnesota but that was ages ago. Now he is a sort of boss emeritus. He grows old and is fat. He moves about not as easily as he once did, though he is still vigorous enough when he chooses to bestir himself. Still, he likes an ample chair and conversation with intelligent people; that is, people intelligent politically.

At Republican national conventions he is to be seen sitting in one of those fantastic armchairs, imitated from the Spanish or Italian, which are to be found in hotel lobbies. They are meant to discourage the good old art of sitting, for no one who is shorter than six feet two can touch his feet to the ground when he places himself upon the seat of one of them. And, by the by, I wonder whether sitting is not in a way to be abolished, what with these big hard-bottomed chairs which only a knight in armor, especially well armored in that portion of his anatomy exposed to the rigors of the purely decorative chair, could plant himself upon with any degree of comfort.

Walk Right In

These great chairs are usually placed around pillars of the lobbies of hotels. And in one of them thus placed is to be found Big Ed Smith at important Republican gatherings. There he holds his levee. For everybody comes to talk to him.

He reminds one of Boise Penrose. There is the same great height, the same huge body that has loved life not wisely but too well. There is the same great chuckling laugh, the same humorous perception of life and politics, the same great voice that struggles out of the great body. But Big Ed Smith is more democratic than Boise Penrose. The Pennsylvanian kept himself a mystery, disappeared into hotel rooms, could be got at only by the few, while Big Ed frequents the lobbies. At home in Minneapolis he sits in his unpretentious law office. You walk right in. Nobody asks you your name or business. You walk into his private office, the door of which is always open. He sits at his old-fashioned roll-top desk but as you come in he swings around in his swivel chair to face a table that stands behind him. There you sit opposite him to absorb all that is within your capacity to take in of the philosophy, wit, wisdom and information of politics. His mind strikes fire easily but there has to be a modicum of flint in the mind it collides with.

He looks at you with one eye half closed and gives you as much of the truth as he has found you equal to or as he adjudges you to be equal to, with that quick decision which is born of long experience. He has a cold eye for reality and seldom fools himself about men or facts. He laughs at the little men upon the screen of national public life, not unkindly; from an absence of illusions, not from cynicism. Long experience has taught him not to expect much of men and he takes things as they are good-humoredly, grateful that they are not worse than they are, satisfied to know, to understand and to chuckle.

Sees All; Knows All

He has one illusion left and that is the Republican party. He still believes in it. He has a kind of paternal feeling for it. Sometimes he grows a little angry. "They should use clubs," he says. And you feel that in his younger days there was brutal force in him, when he was a man of action and not a political philosopher, a sage, a boss emeritus. He does not stir about to learn the facts. Facts come to him. Everything that is worth knowing in the Northwest passes over that rather shabby table toward which he swings in his swivel chair as men come in to the little crowded office.

Younger politicians come to him for advice, to tell their tales of woe, to subject what they regard as the facts to the hard test of his sense of reality. Nine times out of ten he already knows what they have to tell him and a lot more, having sensed it in that extraordinary way of his. Newspaper men come to him from all over the country, in campaign time, to learn what is going on politically in the Northwest.

Beyond the Love of Power

They would rather have his opinion than that of anyone else in the whole half dozen states in his region. Some of them he takes entirely into his confidence. Some of them he tells less. But he never deceives any of them. "I have never found it necessary to lie to them," he says. "I'd rather let them do my lying for me," and he chuckles.

He is probably beyond the love of power. Politics is a game, a spectacle, an intellectual interest. He has a love for it like the love of a student of military science for the history of old battles, except that his battles go on before his eyes, in the present. He watches and anticipates the moves, sees the mistakes, applauds the fine tactics, which are rare. He is detached, except for his passion for the Republican party. He wants with all his heart to see it win. And he is the one nationally-minded politician that there is left. Placed in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago he would be a great national figure. But Minneapolis is a little obscure.

Paid in Error

Continued from page 24

on you, my son," said Matt, "but you can't do anything. You can't prove that I had that money—you might have dropped it in a paper basket or given it to somebody else. And even if you could prove it, I wouldn't be liable for your mistakes. What's more, a bank that boasts that it never makes mistakes can't afford to admit one in a court of law."

The bank clerk jumped up.

"I'm going out to get the police."

"All right," Matt answered. "I'll call your bluff, my son."

"It is a bluff," said the bank clerk, with a sob. "I don't know whether you can be jailed or not, but I know what will happen to me. I ought to have told the manager, but I haven't told anybody yet. I hoped I'd find you, and you'd be honest enough to give the money back, so that nobody would know."

"Listen to me, my son," said Matt. "I'm a boozer, a no-gooder, a down-and-outer. Three years ago I had a good job and money in the bank and more than one suit. Then I came to Paris. I spent my money, lost my job, sold my clothes. At first I tried to save up the fare home, but it's 4,000 francs, and that's hard to save out of an income that averages 1,500 a month in the summer and 400 in the winter. I gave up and consoled myself with drink and race horses. A fortnight ago an old friend of mine wrote me from New York. 'I've invented a new glove fastener,' he said, 'and I've got as many orders as I want. I'm not looking for capital, but if you can raise eight hundred or a thousand dollars I'll let you in with me and we'll make a fortune together.' Twenty-nine thousand francs is $1,140."

"Listen to me," said the bank clerk. "I've got a wife and two children and another one coming along. I earn 2,000 francs a month at the bank. Six weeks ago my father died, and I spent all my savings clearing up his debts. If I don't pay back 28,710 francs before the bank shuts this afternoon I'll get the sack, and no bank will ever employ me again. It may be months before I get a job anywhere."

"I'm forty-eight years old," said Matt. "It's two years since I had a new suit or 100 francs left on the last day of the month or entertained a girl. It's hard on you, my son, but you don't know what it is to be a boozer forty-eight years old and have memories of being decent once."

"I'll shoot myself!" the clerk whispered fiercely. "But before I do it I'll see you in the hands of the police."

"YOU won't do either," Matt answered. "You're young enough to get over this, and you're not the suicide type. I'm too old to save myself. It's only luck that will save me, and I'm not going to throw my luck away now I've got it. As for the police, you won't find an *agent* between here and the boulevard, and before you could get up there I'd be in a taxi and on my way out of Paris. Tomorrow I shall have left France."

The clerk became maudlin. He clenched his hands and almost wept. Two or three people noticed him and began staring curiously.

"You don't know what it means to me," the clerk said brokenly. "I was so happy till this morning. I'm due for a raise next month, and we were going to save up to buy furniture and get a little place of our own at the end of the year. Now I know what'll happen to me. I've been broke in Paris before, and I know how easy it is to drift and go to the devil. In a year or two I may be like you—a down-and-outer, boozing in the cafés."

He shivered and gulped. Matt stared at him thoughtfully for a minute, and then sighed.

"You win, my son," he said. "Give me my 290 francs."

A minute later Matt was sitting alone. His tie was crooked again, his shoulders were hunched up. He ordered another brandy, and leaned over the table, scribbling aimlessly on a scrap of paper. So this was what honesty did to you—left you to rot!

Presently Willy Brown came in. Willy Brown was the smallest and blackest American Negro in Paris. He sold newspapers round the cafés, and took bets to bookmakers.

"You want to back anything today, Mr. Harvey?" he whispered.

MATT looked up blearily and nodded. After two attempts he managed to pick up the scrap of paper he had been scribbling on, turned it over, and wrote "Rose Girl—290 to win" on the back. Then he fumbled in his pocket, found the notes the clerk had given him, and put notes and paper in Willy Brown's black hand.

He stayed in Mike's Bar all the afternoon. Between half past two and five he was almost alone. On his table a pile of saucers grew, and the crust of a ham sandwich got dry and hard in the sun.

At five minutes past three he heard the tap machine rattling. He got up unsteadily and went over to see the result of the 3:30 race at Longchamps. Rose Girl wasn't even in the money.

He stumbled back to his seat, and told Julien to bring him another brandy.

At five o'clock Willy Brown shook him by the shoulder and woke him up. Willy's eyes were so wide open that they looked like white marbles, and he could scarcely speak for excitement.

"By golly, sir, by golly!" he panted. "You sure found 'em today—you sure did! The ole bookmaker he most nearly threw a fit, but he said he didn't mind paying out 'cos he won so much on Rose Girl."

"Wha's all this?" Matt asked thickly. "Wha' you talking about?"

"Don't you know she won, sir?" Willy cried. "Don't you know she ran 'em all down the field, an' came in at 500 to 5? By golly, sir, an' you can sit there sleepin'!"

"Wha' you talkin about?" Matt repeated angrily, and he feebly thumped his fist on the table. "Who's won what?"

"Why, Honesty's won, sir. She raced home at 500 to 5. That's what I keep tellin' you."

Matt stared at him solemnly, and hiccuped.

"Wha's that got to do with me?" he asked.

"You backed her, sir!" cried Willy Brown, dancing from one leg to the other. "Here's the bit o' paper you give me—you writ it all over. An' here's the 29,290 francs. You won't go forgetting the poor black nigger, sir, what took the bet for you?"

Matt did not answer. He clutched the bundle of bank notes in his hot damp hand, and stared at the scrap of paper. "Rose Girl—290 to win," he read. Then he turned the paper over. The other side—the side that Willy Brown had seen—was covered with scribbling, Ten, twenty, thirty times he had written:

"Honesty—290 francs."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Landsman Speaksup

THIS was caught at luncheon in a club.

It is a straight lift from a gentleman who was *not* being interviewed. He was not conscious of being overheard and he has every right to have his privacy respected.

Therefore, any attempt to try to prove how important he was or use him as a testimonial would be bad faith. At the same time, in the words of an old colloquialism, "he said something".

You have to picture him to yourself as well set-up, well mannered, well dressed, and looking that successful type with which you are perfectly familiar. His age was somewhere about forty-five or fifty. When overheard he was telling the story of his week-end to an appreciative friend.

"My kids," he said, "have been playing all summer with one of those little Model 13 Sea Sleds and nothing would do but that I must see what a marvel it was and then go out in it.

"Tom got into it and did some sleight of hand tricks with that nickel-plated do-funny at the end. Suddenly she popped and he scooted away like a scared rabbit, turned, and came whooping back at a speed which made my eyes bug out.

"Then he showed me how he could pretty near spin her on a thin dime, or skid like a clam shell skipped on flat water.

"When he came in to the float I had to listen to an impassioned lecture on the manifold excellencies of the Sea Sled. You'd think to hear him tell it that there was nothing else in the world fit for a youngster to play with. 'Of course,' he said with a negligent air, 'there are faster boats, everybody knows that, but there's nothing afloat that can do what this one can.'

"Well, the little thing was only 13 feet long and I'm a fairly solid man. To tell the truth, I wasn't so desperately keen on going out in it, but I just couldn't have him or his brothers jarred by the thought that father was unduly timid. So out we went.

"After the first minute I was *there*. There was such a sensation of speed and security that I found myself presently wishing that the lake had been built a little longer.

"We came in to find my pet neighbor with another Sea Sled—a Model 16 this time. This was longer and shinier, and had more do-dads hitched onto it. When I tried to tell him what a good time Tom had given me, he brushed it aside with disdain. 'That's nothing,' he said, 'come out with me.'

This is the craft he had in mind for commuting—Model 28, good for any weather.

This is little Model 16 which converted him to Sea Sleds

"We left the float like a flash of light and when he had got all the nickel-plated things working just right he told me proudly that we were now doing 31 miles an hour. I don't know, of course, whether we were, or whether that was just the result of pride of possession, but if he had said 50, it would have been O. K. by me. Whatever we were doing gave me the sensation of safe, fast flying which I had never met up with before.

"Now take you, you've bought Packard cars for years and I have always sworn by Cadillacs, and I presume that each of us thinks that he enjoys the last word in fast, comfortable motoring. But I'll tell you frankly that if I lived up the Hudson, or along the Sound, or down across Raritan Bay, I'd get me one of the big expensive Sea Sleds as better suited to a man of my years, and I'd commute to my office every decent day in summer. And I think just for the kick I'd get out of it, that I'd make sure she had a house on her and even include some of the indecent days.

"I never struck anything in my life that gave me such a gay sensation or came so near making me forget my years and my responsibilities."

The Sea Sled with its inverted "V" bottom and hollow bow, belongs in a class by itself for endurance, performance and safe speed, with resulting dryness and comfort which are unsurpassed even when driving fast into a rough sea.

As a commuting craft Model 28 is the beau ideal. She will give the man of means practically the precision of a train, the exhilaration of motoring and the special kick which boatmen get from the sea. Any small group can club on a Model 28 for commuting and make going to business in summer a pleasure instead of a penalty, and they can do this at an expense which is negligible compared with the pleasure to be derived.

Dealers are discovering that there is a satisfaction as well as a profit in handling the outboard Sea Sleds, because of the pride of performance shown by each new owner.

SEA SLED
TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

THE SEA SLED CORPORATION

Sole Licensee under Hickman U. S. Patents

226-228 Fourth Ave. at 19th St., New York

All prices F. O. B. Yards at W. Mystic and Groton, Conn.

Exclusive features

Dependable as a fine car
Will not roll
Will not stick her nose under
Planes on her own spray
Does not drag aft
Navigates shallow water
Safe and dry at speed in rough water

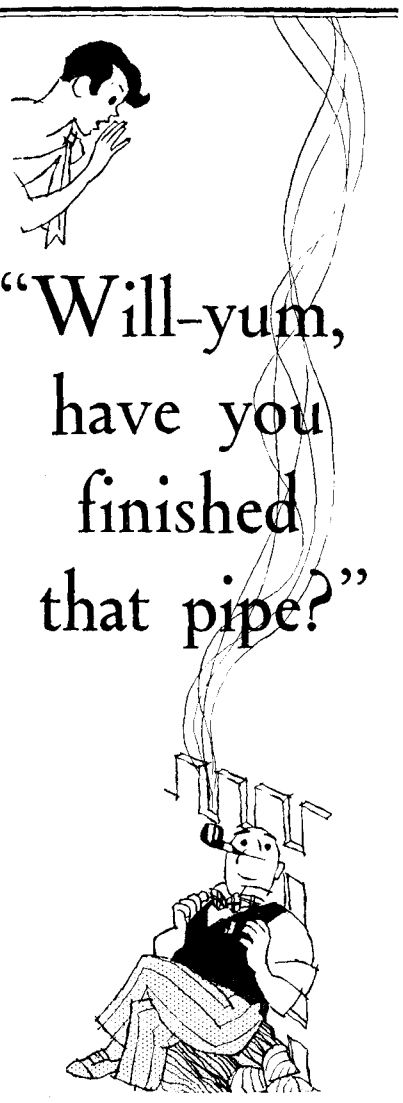
Exclusive uses

Commuting marine motor
Class racer for youngsters
Fast marine runabout for women
Day Cruiser for family
Tender for racing yachts
Harbor tender for sea-going yachts

SEA SLED

SPEED . . . WITH COMFORT AND . . . SAFETY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Will-yum, have you finished that pipe?"

YOU don't have to take the old briar outdoors if you fill it with Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco. Wives like the fragrance of Sir Walter—husbands say it's the *mildest*, mellowest smoke that ever came out of the south. And the gold foil wrapping inside the tin keeps it fresh to the very last pipeful. Sir Walter can bring your pipe out of the woodshed into the parlor.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)
If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

Dept. C, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Winston-Salem, N. C.

B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

Apron Strings

Continued from page 11

ultimate success. Sincerely she hoped that his chance would come soon.

But it seemed, unfortunately for that hope, that chances came rarely and unfairly. That chances were obtained mostly through pull, and Jim Cullen had no pull.

Angela, who did not know that the great Mitchell had at least ten other unimportant directors whose duties were mainly of the fetch-and-carry variety, was so sympathetically regretful of this unjust state of affairs that as they rounded the distant, isolated end of the long porch for the fourteenth time Jim Cullen abruptly asked her to marry him.

"It may seem sudden, but it really isn't," he murmured. "And if it were, why, the big things of life always do come suddenly."

Angela thought confusedly of earthquakes, of cyclones, of floods, all of which were sudden but unpleasant to think about.

There was so great a thrill in the picture of this splendid creature suddenly and inevitably captive to her own charms that she felt totally inadequate to the situation in being unable to measure up to the needs of romance by an immediate reciprocation.

"But I *couldn't!* But we've just met!" she gasped.

Jim Cullen smiled sadly.

"Always conventional," he accused. "But I have startled you. I must make haste more slowly. We will go to the preview. Then we will ride down to look at the ocean by moonlight. I have a little shack down by the waterside from which the water is lovely at night."

Unwillingly Angela remembered Lawrence Breck's blunt instruction. Heard herself refusing on the lame pretext of important letters to write.

Jim Cullen flushed with anger. Studied her face suspiciously.

"He did say *something*, the rotten cur!" Down the long stone porch came a figure in gleaming black with a cerise fan and snowy head.

The white-haired woman paused beside them.

"Are you two going to the preview?" she inquired. "If so, I wonder if you'd mind if I ride along. Mitchell was to have taken me, but he is called away."

"Oh! do go with us!" urged Angela hospitably.

"I've only a roadster," Cullen informed her sulkily.

"But surely it will carry three?" inquired Angela eagerly.

"It will carry three," said Sonia Markoff, smiling.

ANGELA went upstairs to powder her face, to touch her small pink ears with fragrance, to run a comb through the shining ringlets.

"Why do *you* have to butt in?" demanded Jim Cullen hostilely of Sonia Markoff.

"Perhaps because even a small pink-eyed rabbit with the pack in full cry should have at least one chance," said Sonia Markoff.

"So she's a rabbit, eh? And *I'm*—"

"Not a rabbit, a baby!" interrupted Sonia Markoff, lighting a long, exotic-looking cigarette. "A trustful, credulous, kind-hearted baby. And babies hurt so easily."

"First Breck and then you!" stated Jim Cullen in something close to amazement. "Say, what *is* this? Some new religious movement making the rounds in Hollywood?"

Sonia Markoff laughed at him.

"It isn't that, Jim, I think it's merely that most people like to see a helpless thing given a break, and she *is* so green! I can't imagine where she grew up, but I honestly think she still believes in Santa Claus and doesn't know the moon is really made of green cheese."

Angela gave a dinner herself for her new friends presently, gently induced thereto by a pressure of which she was not aware.

It was a dinner for twenty, given at the Montmartre Café because nobody except tourists and outsiders gave dinners at the hotel.

Jim Cullen handled the arrangements for the dinner, and Angela was surprised afterwards to know what it had cost. Even more surprised and somewhat hurt to know also that a not inconsiderable number of her guests believed it to be Jim Cullen's dinner.

ASIDE from this she had a very good time at first. The dinner was a brilliant affair on the surface of it, with at least two noted beauties, a prominent director and a well-known gag man among the guests. Lawrence Breck and Sonia Markoff were also there by her insistence, although Jim Cullen had given way rather sulkily about it.

She danced three times with Lawrence Breck that night.

"Having a good time?" he inquired during their third dance.

Angela lifted a radiant face.

"Oh, *lovely!*"

Surprisingly Lawrence Breck sighed above her head.

"Well, have it as long as you can," he encouraged.

It sounded sad the way he said it, and she glanced up quickly, moved to say something, only she was interrupted by Jim Cullen shouldering abruptly between them.

"If you want a girl to dance with, get one of your own," said Jim Cullen arrogantly to Lawrence Breck. "This one belongs to me."

"But that isn't *so!*" protested Angela, her face flaming.

She saw then that Jim Cullen was very drunk. Lawrence Breck realized it in the same moment.

"You're lit, old man," he said not unkindly. "Best beat it to the dressing-room and sober up. I saw Doc Kelly out there—he'll help."

Jim Cullen took this sage advice.

Half an hour later he returned, once again his familiar, smiling self and boyishly apologetic.

"I can't think what happened to me, unless it's that I seldom drink," he protested.

Angela saw Sonia Markoff's lips pressed tight in derision. She forgave him generously enough, but found something of the bloom of her enjoyment in the evening wiped away.

She *wasn't* Jim Cullen's girl. He had no right to proclaim her such even if he *had* been drunk. And he *wasn't* the host of this party, even if he did masquerade as such.

For the rest of the evening she wore an air of chilling dignity, and Jim Cullen knew he had lost ground.

That was the beginning of the fading away of the glamour of enchantment, and Sonia Markoff helped it along.

"Jim Cullen's a rotter, honey," she informed her incisively when she came over on the morning after the dinner to have breakfast on Angela's tiny balcony, which was just large enough to hold a breakfast table for two. "If you *must* step in, you aren't going to do it without your eyes open. After that, it is your own affair."

She hesitated, crumbling a roll, and seeking words.

"There was a married woman out here from Detroit with her two children a while back. Jim Cullen took every cent she had and broke her heart into the bargain. She's paying him hush money yet—when she can get it to pay with."

"But *why?*" demanded Angela, wide-eyed.

"To keep her happy home," explained Sonia Markoff flippantly.

Angela shuddered.

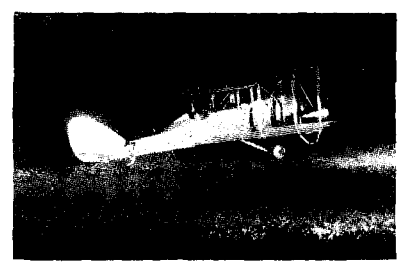
"Oh!" she said faintly, and thought involuntarily of Jim Cullen's little shack down by the ocean's edge.

EXCEPT for Lawrence Breck, she might have gone. Perhaps no one had warned the married woman from Detroit. Angela had, suddenly, an immense pity for the woman from Detroit who had loved handsome Jim Cullen.

Jim Cullen knew he had lost. Shunned Angela with the utter indifference he had for lost opportunity. Somebody new would come along to fall for his hand-

Mail from the Moon

Do you know what you get for your five-cent air-mail stamp? Read the graphic story of a working day and a night spent in the most romantic of modern professions



By W. B. COURTNEY

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some face, somebody always did, and he could wait.

On the morning after Angela refused both an invitation to dinner and an invitation to a preview he cut her dead in the dining-room, an act of needless and callous cruelty which sent the color from Angela's cheeks and a darkness of pain to her gray eyes.

Lawrence Breck joined her at her table.

"Don't worry," he counseled kindly. "After all, he has paid you the highest compliment in his power; he has publicly acknowledged himself loser."

As Angela stared, he became annoyed.

"For pity's sake, *grow up!*" he snapped peevishly. "They'll *all* try to 'make' you. It's one of the rules of the game out here, and Cullen was only leader of the procession."

THEY played the game of life by different rules out here, and she hadn't known the rules. They played the game more swiftly. Began in the third reel, as Lawrence Breck had said. Knew no limitation by that chivalry which has as its basis the protection of something weaker . . . no, she was wrong there. There were exceptions. Lawrence Breck himself, for instance. . . .

Within three more weeks Angela had loaned five hundred dollars to a handsome young actor because it seemed too unfair to let him die of starvation before he became the great success he was destined to be. That he did become the great success but never returned the five hundred dollars has perhaps little to do with this story.

She found a girl sobbing with heartbreak on the wide stone porch at midnight because she had that day been refused a part on the score that she was too old, although she had only recently passed her twentieth birthday.

She came from a moonlight ride with a director in a fierce determination never to ride alone again with anyone less than decrepit—and then to drive the car herself.

Life in Hollywood was really very sad, she found out slowly.

There was terror beneath the bright gayety, there were pitfalls beneath the flowery surface. She knew that after a while, just as she knew unwillingly the difference between the slimness demanded by the camera and the thinness of semi-starvation.

Little by little the tinsel brightness faded.

Lawrence Breck met her in the hall one morning and saw that the corners of her delightfully pink mouth turned down instead of up.

"So you've found out the moon really *is* made of green cheese?" he said.

Angela's mouth quivered betrayingly.

She had that morning given breakfast in her room to a girl who had burst into tears at the fragrance of hot coffee, and her nerves had tightened in an exact knowledge that she could not bear many more disclosures of the ugliness to be found in Hollywood.

She was almost at the point of leaving, might, perhaps, have really gone, carried on the crest of her revolt against pain and unhappiness, if she had had anything more than George's mother and the pug waiting.

"Does the race still continue?" demanded Lawrence Breck suavely.

Again Angela's mouth trembled in a revealing droop, and the droop reached clear through to Lawrence Breck's heart.

"Listen *here*," he said peremptorily. "I'm not good enough for you. I couldn't make you happy. I couldn't make any woman happy. I'm so cynical, so bitter, so unbelieving that I'd make *you* like *me* in the end. But if it weren't for that, *I'd* have been in the race. . . ."

His eyes told her that had he allowed himself to do so he would have loved her, but his lips did not tell her what he himself well knew: that it was impossible for him to remain constant to any one woman. He walked away, leaving Angela staring after him and thinking that he was, in spite of all he had said, more of a man than the rest.

That was the day Captain Ralph Thorne came back to the hotel.

Captain Thorne was military instructor at a near-by school.

He was twenty-four, very blond of hair, very trim of figure, and his blue eyes were honest eyes for Hollywood, where people who live by chance and their wits, and whose aspiration toward fame is apt to be more a matter of desire than ability, soon lose honesty of eye.

Angela saw him coming up the front steps for his noonday meal and knew at once that he was the real thing in the way of soldiers and not a movie actor in make-up.

It was there in the straightness of his back, the smartness of his step, in the absence of sideburns.

She stared and the captain stared back because he knew at once that Angela was the real thing in the way of women in spite of the brown ringlets curled all over her head movie fashion.

What they felt immediately was also the real thing, the love at first sight of which Jim Cullen had talked so glibly and in which he did not believe.

Angela and Captain Thorne reversed the process: they believed and did not talk.

The same manager who had introduced her to Jim Cullen introduced her to Captain Thorne.

They lunched together. Parted regretfully for a few hours. Met again for a long drive in the car Angela had bought, and had dinner somewhere—Angela never knew and never cared where. After which they sat for hours parked in the silver radiance of the ocean front, and Angela was, and felt, entirely safe because the captain lived the game of life by the same set of rules Angela herself lived by.

That was why, probably, he was able to put one arm, a rather shy, diffident arm, about her and to kiss her in exactly the right way before they drove back to the hotel standing behind the palm trees.

WHEN like calls to like, and heart to heart, it is as easy as that, although this is something that Jim Cullen would never have understood.

Angela fell in love, and the fact that Captain Thorne was really only a pleasant, nice, amiable, not too brilliant young army officer of scant means in no way served to make that love less marvelous.

Angela, who had always been George Drake's petted baby wife, grew up. She mothered young Captain Thorne. She darned his socks and took exquisite pleasure in that humdrum task. She taught him to drive her car, and after that never drove herself again when they were together, for the sheer joy of watching his brown hands increasing in competence upon the steering wheel.

She waited in the hot sun of noontime to take him back to the hotel. She waited through the long afternoon for him to come to her after his working day was finished. She fitted her life to his as a cabinet worker fits fine pieces of polished wood together.

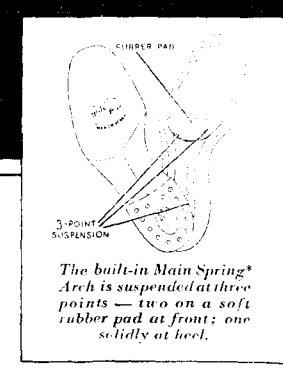
And, of course, people talked.

In a place where even the absence of cause for gossip constitutes in itself a cause there would inevitably be talk. And they were so perpetually together that it was impossible to see one without glancing about for the other.

Every morning young Captain Thorne,

(*Continued on page 48*)

WALK-OVER SHOES



The built-in Main Spring Arch is suspended at three points — two on a soft rubber pad at front; one solidly at heel.*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The young man is wearing the Harvard—a Walk-Over shoe with Main Spring Arch. $10.00*

Smart as they are these shoes give perfect arch support

ONLY in Walk-Over shoes can you get the Main Spring* Arch, which massages the foot muscles, keeping them fit and supporting both of the foot-arches. It is built on the three-point suspension system, with a soft rubber pad in front to support the extremely important metatarsal arch.

The Main Spring* Arch is so light in weight that you can scarcely detect it in the shoe, yet it is both curative and preventive. Many of the smartest Walk-Over models have the Main Spring* Arch. It will pay you to see them.

Many astonishing facts about feet and foot-ills are in our new booklet, "Watch Your Step." Write for a free copy.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old Woodsman *Tells How to Hold* Fish *or* Friend

You'll Enjoy This Fisherman's Thrill When You Read His Story

Bait rods? Say, son, you don't need two! Get a good one—one'll do . . . a five-and-a-half-foot Montague! 'Fraid you'll break it? Well, you won't. Them rods are made right, so they don't! Once old Smokey Pete an' me was cruisin' through from Township Three — two hundred miles to where you cross the old C.P.

Well, we was nearly done, an' grub was low. An' we'd been eatin' light, until our cussedness begun to show.

Oh, for a Pan of Pike!

I hated Smokey Pete. He hated me—but then one day I flopped down on the sod beneath a tamrack tree, and thought about my castin' rod. I knowed a fryin' pan of northern pike would lift a sight of troubles from our hike to where the towns began. Now Smokey Pete an' I'd been friends in country where the railroad ends. It wasn't hardly right that hunger on the trail should make us want to fight.

So I got out my rod and reel. I had a hunch I'd get a strike out yonder by the lily pads, and maybe it would mean a lunch—and sure enough, I cast a hundred feet and hooked a fish. He flung the water in a spray, that made a little rainbow in the bay. Talk about a scrap! Long rushes, jumps, until I thought the rod would snap. "Hold him! Hold him, Joe!" cries Smokey Pete. And finally the pike lay thrashin' at our feet. We fried him brown all rolled in meal and flour, an' we sat eating there for 'most an hour.

What a Rod!

Kind of funny how a feed of pike will give a hand to them that travels overland. Smokey, he come up to me and we shook hands, an' he began to nod: "Say, Joe, it's lucky that you had that casting rod. Five times I figured it would surely break." Sez I, "It surely stood a lot of give and take."

No, son, if you want to hold a fish or friend don't depend on any old thing that comes your way—choose the right rod and one'll do, provided you pick out a Montague.*

* Montague — a name that has been known to thousands of great fishermen for years. In addition, countless thousands of other fishermen have used Montague Rods without knowing that they originally came from Rod Headquarters in Montague City, Mass.

Because of the superiority, strength and marvelous craftsmanship of Montague Rods, the Montague Rod & Reel Company now makes more than half of the entire world's supply of split bamboo fishing rods. Because of the growing demand on the part of fishermen, for definite identification of these rods, Montague Rods now bear the Montague trade mark. They are featured by the best sport goods dealers everywhere—better rods cannot be had at any price.

Apron Strings

Continued from page 47

very shining of boots and sleek of hair, knocked at Angela's door and they went down to breakfast.

At noon she was with him when they went into the dining-room where a smiling, gray-haired waitress pulled back their chairs and waited upon them maternally.

At dinner they usually came into the dining-room a little late when they came at all, with Angela radiant in one of the many new dresses she had bought and Captain Thorne with his boots even more lustrous and his hair more sleek if anything.

It was *almost*, said one of the old ladies of the hotel sourly, as though they were married, and of course they weren't.

"But perhaps they will be!" protested a pleasant woman from Iowa in an attempt to be generous to young love. "I never *saw* two people more in love."

THE sour old lady, Mrs. Driscoll by name, sniffed. She had, it developed, reason to sniff. She knew young Captain Thorne's mother. She knew, furthermore, that Captain Thorne's mother had plans for him. She even knew what those plans were, and was wholly in approval.

Captain Thorne came of an excellent family, she explained. It would be a great mistake for him to marry someone like little Mrs. Drake, who was a widow of no social pretensions and at least five years older than Captain Thorne.

"But she doesn't *look* five years older," said the woman from Iowa unhappily. "And if they are in love?"

"His mother would never permit the match, and Ralph would never take such a step without her permission," stated Mrs. Driscoll with finality. "And if this keeps on, as an old friend of the family I shall feel compelled to write to Mrs. Thorne."

"This" proceeded to keep on with, if anything, an intensification of ardor.

Angela was so happy that it was almost painful to see that radiant happiness in a place where everything hung upon a chance.

To see her little feet twinkling so fast alongside of Captain Thorne's glossy brown boots was as subtly pathetic as to see her shining ringlets shake with joyous merriment at one of Captain Thorne's not too gay sallies.

Nobody could help wanting her to have him since she wanted him so badly, just as nobody could help knowing after a time that he was putting off the vital question because of an uneasy knowledge that his mother would object. He was just that transparent sort of a person, Captain Ralph Thorne with his boyish face and appealing manner.

After a time Angela herself began to wonder.

She didn't know about Mrs. Thorne and the apron strings, but she did know that Captain Ralph loved her and that when a man loves a woman he wants to marry her. So after a while her eyes were more gray than blue, and she laughed a little more than need be to hide her worry, being so feverishly gay that Lawrence Breck swore softly to himself and walked long hours in the moonlight on the roof of the hotel where he had his rooms in solitary grandeur.

Angela, he thought, was so little and so harmless to be made unhappy, and his astute perceptions saw from the very drag of things that she was threatened with unhappiness.

"Why can't people let them *alone?*" he raged helplessly. "They are made for each other, isn't that enough?"

It was true that they were made for each other.

Angela knew it. Captain Thorne knew it, with a touch of fear. . . .

Starlit nights, mountain passes filled with purple shadow, the scent of flowering trees, the dry salty tang of Western air. . . . Angela knew she would never forget, knew Ralph would never forget. Insisted childishly upon the impossibility of change in their love.

"It'll *always* be like this, won't it, Ralph? Only more!"

"Only *more*," agreed young Ralph, with his pleasant blue eyes full of trouble and the cold lift of fear in his heart because he knew all about his mother's plans and the other girl, and because he knew that he had never been able to hold out against his mother.

Because he was uneasy and because he really loved Angela, he was minded at times to run away with her and settle it. That could be seen too in his pleasant, candid blue eyes.

And perhaps he really would have, had old Mrs. Driscoll not carried out her threat and written his mother, so that all he knew was that one night he had a telegram from San Francisco announcing that his mother would arrive the following morning.

HE LAY long awake that night, and when he rapped on Angela's door in the morning his blue eyes were haggard.

"Darling, my mother's coming this morning," he announced.

"Isn't that nice?" said Angela.

Then, at something in his manner, she knew that it was not nice at all. Having had some experience with George's mother, she knew that it was likely to be very far from nice, and began to tremble where she stood.

But she would not let Captain Ralph see how afraid she was. Instead, she told him gallantly to take her car and go for his mother, after which she had breakfast in her room and went downtown on the street car to lunch. At dinner she had to come into the dining-room, and although she came in as late as she could Captain Thorne and his mother were at another table and her own table had a solitary place laid at it.

It had to be that way perhaps, but

Your face is familiar—

The poets whose pictures appear on pages 14 and 15 are:

1. Carl Sandburg
2. T. A. Daly
3. Berton Braley
4. Lew Sarrett
5. Grantland Rice
6. Don Marquis
7. Edgar A. Guest
8. Franklin P. Adams (F. P. A.)
9. Dorothy Parker
10. Christopher Morley
11. James J. Montague

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

everybody in the dining-room saw that she was alone, and everybody in the dining-room saw that the captain half rose to go to her and that his mother, without apparently seeing the cause of his discomfort, dropped a placid, restraining hand upon his wrist so that he sat down again uncertainly.

And there they were at different tables, these who had eaten so many meals together and with Angela feeling that aloneness so much that she kept her face down over her plate because she had known at once, as women always know such things, by that gesture of Mrs. Thorne's that Mrs. Thorne had come to take her son away from Angela.

Later, when she met Mrs. Thorne in the introduction which Captain Thorne determinedly forced upon his mother, she knew that she had been right about that.

Mrs. Thorne did not consider her suitable to be Ralph's wife.

WHEN Mrs. Thorne's appraising eye swept over her, Angela was immediately conscious that she was three years older than young Ralph and that the fact that George Drake had earned in the sweat of his brow the money Angela spent so lightly was not on the credit side of the ledger as far as Mrs. Thorne was concerned. She simply wasn't a suitable match for Ralph, and she even guessed that Mrs. Thorne had a more suitable match all planned. More than that, she knew that Ralph had always been wax in his mother's hands.

Ralph loved her, but he wouldn't be able to oppose his mother, and his mother would certainly oppose Angela.

It was strange how her knowledge of Ralph's weakness made her love him more instead of less.

Ralph was such a pleasant, well-meaning boy. He liked to please people, hated to hurt them, and he had pleased his mother until doing what she wanted had become a firmly ingrained habit.

Angela knew how it was because *she* was like that too.

She had been like that with George and George's mother. So she had neither word nor look or reproach for Captain Ralph even though he left her alone a great deal after that, and it was all the harder to be alone after she had been so safe, so comfortable, and so happy with Ralph looking after her.

She wasn't very happy now, and it was almost a matter of more than unhappiness because Angela knew now why people stayed on and on in Hollywood when even hope itself had gone.

It was because the very air of Hollywood breathed expectancy of something happening, and after you got used to waiting for something to happen, you couldn't go back to where nothing ever did happen.

That was why people were willing to starve, to beg, to cheat, to steal, to sink into a definite slough of dishonor rather than go back.

Angela knew how they felt because she didn't want to go back. Just as she knew that she wouldn't be able to stay on alone, nor yet to fill Ralph's place because there weren't many others like Ralph, who played the game of life according to the same rules that she did.

Shivering a little, Angela would remember Jim Cullen.

There were so many more Jim Cullens than Ralphs. . . . George hadn't known about that when, dying, he had been so sure he had taken care of her, or perhaps he *had*. . . .

"I've left you independent of *men*, Babe. Men treat women pretty raw, but *you* won't have to depend upon men!"

George had been wrong about that. If you were a woman you couldn't be independent as long as love played so powerful a part in the world. Angela rather pitied George for his obtuseness.

Because she had left others much alone when she had had Captain Thorne as companion, others left her alone now, except for Lawrence Breck and Sonia Markoff, who took turns sitting at her table out of sheer pity for her defenselessness.

Mrs. Thorne stayed on and on, and word passed slowly through the hotel that she was trying to get her son transferred, or to get a leave of absence for him which would enable her to take him away.

Eventually word passed through the hotel that Captain Thorne was leaving town with his mother on a two months' leave of absence, and on his roof Lawrence Breck raged.

"Spineless young puppy!" he declared violently. "I've a notion to cut in and show him someone *does* appreciate her."

Angela herself heard the news of the forthcoming departure and would not believe it. At least she was determined not to believe it until Captain Thorne came and told her himself.

He couldn't, thought Angela, twisting rings painfully upon fingers which had grown slimmer and with a sickness of terror in her heart, he simply *couldn't* go away without even telling her goodby. Not after all they had meant to each other. Not after the days and days of enchantment and the long evenings down by the ocean's silver splendor. Oh, he *couldn't!*

And in the end he really couldn't, although he had been definitely instructed to omit a farewell to Angela.

"Farewells are always so ridiculously painful," said Mrs. Thorne matter-of-factly. "And she's been fond of you, little Mrs. Drake. Be kind, and save your little friend the pain of a parting."

But even though he knew it would be painful, Captain Ralph, unlike Lancelot, could not extend the lady who loved him the discourtesy of a departure without leavetaking.

Very early one morning he tapped on Angela's door, and Angela, who had been waiting, hollow-eyed and patient, for just that rap, opened the door.

The captain was also hollow-eyed, although he knew all about how superior a bride Harriet Lee of the Virginia Lees would make him, and in spite of the polish upon his boots and the sleekness of his hair he looked almost disheveled.

"*Angela* . . ." he said, choking.

Angela said nothing at all.

A FIXEDNESS grew in Captain Ralph's mild blue eyes. He looked at Angela very steadily and very discerningly. Saw that she had known nights of weeping for his sake. Saw that she had grown thin. Saw that she loved him utterly, and that she suffered because of that love. He may even have seen that love like that comes only once, if ever, in a man's life and is to be prized accordingly.

His heels clicked smartly together. He straightened up, with his shoulders back as though to salute.

"I came to tell you that I have two months' leave," he said steadily. "I thought, if we started right away, we might be married at Riverside. . . ."

And of course they did start right away, with only one small suitcase for Angela and the captain's luggage sneaked out of the porter's room where it happened to be conveniently packed and waiting.

And Lawrence Breck, observing that precipitate departure from his roof, laughed long and loud in glad relief.

"We might have known it would end that way," said Lawrence Breck. "For, after all, love has leading strings far stronger than apron strings could *ever* be!"

What ten seconds and this *Magic Bottle* can accomplish

FROM sleep-shackled weariness to an alert, buoyant vigor in just a fraction more time than it takes a greyhound to do the "hundred"—and with much less effort. Just put a few drops of Fougere Royale Lotion to work on your "morning-after" face. Watch the wrinkles whisk away. Feel the flabby muscles stand up and assert themselves.

Into your pores it goes, this liquid vigor—cleansing, soothing, cooling. Why it's an expensive, half-hour barber's massage packed into ten seconds and a fraction of the cost.

Styptic, too—stops bleeding and heals those tiny nasty nicks that give you that "just out of the trenches" appearance. It's the world's greatest "pick-me-up" and your quota is two bottles. One for home, the other for the office—to keep you fit and chipper through the day.

Use it with its brother magician—Fougere Royale Shaving Cream, that non-caustic, non-irritating essence of abundant, creamy lather. For that age-old struggle between beard and razor here is lasting peace—mildly perfumed with that wholesome, outdoor fragrance—Fougere Royale (Royal Fern).

Say "good-bye" to smarting and after-shaving burn by saying "hello" to generous free samples of this pair of prize performers. Just mail the coupon below. It's on the house.

Fougère Royale
Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal
After-Shaving Lotion

After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Shaving Stick, 75c
Talcum 50c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
Facial Soap, 50c

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. C-105
539 West 45th Street, New York City

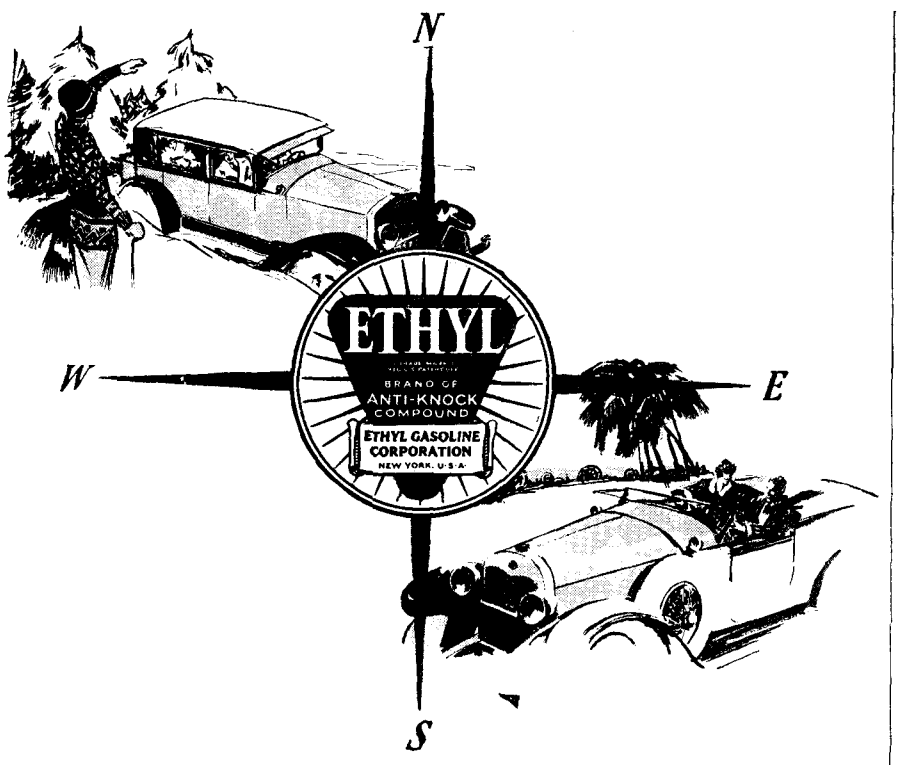
You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Everywhere—

ETHYL

Knocks out that "knock"

WHEREVER you live, whatever the climate, you will find one or more oil companies putting Ethyl fluid in gasoline suited to your driving conditions.

What is responsible for this widespread distribution?

Appreciation by thirty-six of the leading oil companies of the merit of Ethyl, which was developed by the General Motors Research Laboratories in its years of search for something that would eliminate the "knock" inherent in gasoline.

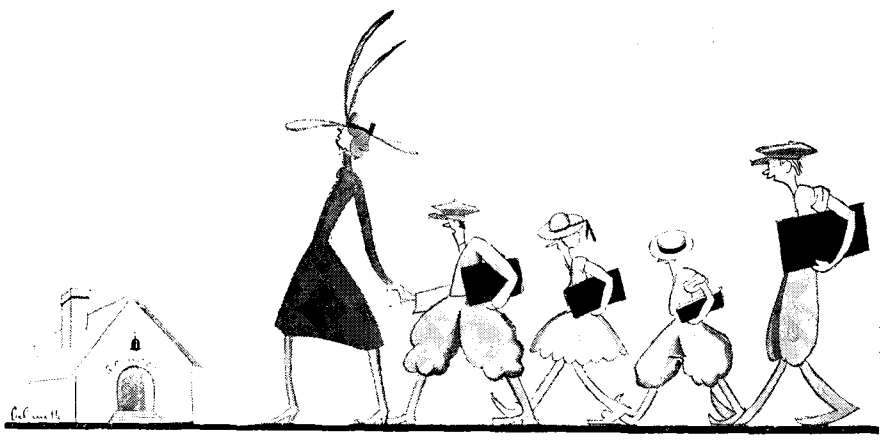
These major companies have found Ethyl fluid so effective that they are mixing it with their already good gasoline to provide a still better fuel—*Ethyl Gasoline.* They are meeting the demands of the motoring public in making this fuel available in every community—through their own stations, hundreds of resellers and thousands of dealers.

Ethyl Gasoline improves the performance of any car. It turns the higher compression created by carbon into extra power. It gives a special thrill in the high compression motors now being manufactured.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

25 Broadway, New York City · 56 Church Street, Toronto, Canada

36, Queen Anne's Gate, London, England



In the next Hundred Years

By Edwin E. Slosson

WHAT is the use of our building bigger and better schools if the proportion of children who cannot learn in them is growing greater?

Education can remove ignorance, can relieve awkwardness, but cannot altogether overcome the want of brains. Feeble-mindedness is a definite mental deficiency, inherited from parents and passed on to offspring; incurable, and ineradicable except by the dying out of the stock.

The present situation in the United States is, in a nutshell, this:

Feeble-minded women have as a rule more children than women of normal mind. Their feeble-minded babies are as likely to live and to grow up as normal children. A large proportion of the offspring marry, so the feeble-minded stock is on the increase. There was no apparent falling off in birth rate of the feeble-minded from 1800 to 1900, such as has occurred in the population at large and especially in the educated classes.

These are the main results of the investigation made by Charles V. Green of Ann Arbor for the Eugenics Record Office at Cold Spring Harbor. The study was based on the records compiled by 27 field workers in all parts of the United States, including 1,357 offspring of 211 feeble-minded white women. This means nearly six and a half for each mother and one of them had 23 children. For comparison Mr. Green used the alumni of Michigan State College, and he finds that the feeble-minded mothers have a birth rate more than two and a half times as high, and the feeble-minded fathers, where these are known, more than twice as high.

If you figure out the difference in the income of an investment at compound interest of three per cent and at seven per cent, in the course of a century you will find what will be the effect on the character of the American population in a hundred years if the feeble-minded are allowed to be at large and propagate at will.

Root Warmers for Vegetables

Electric plants in our Northern states that are trying to contrive ways to sell power in off hours so as to even up their peak load might adopt the practice proved profitable in Scandinavian countries.

Five years ago an electrical engineer near Oslo noticed a strip of grass of unusual luxuriance running across a lawn by the power station. This he found was over the line where the conduit was buried, so he installed an underground heating system in his own garden, using lead-covered wire of high resistance.

The idea spread rapidly and now there are 200 nurseries in Norway equipped with such soil heaters. In Sweden the method is being used on a large scale and two plants in Great Britain have been started and are reported paying.

The cables are laid in earthenware ducts to prevent damage in digging. Since soil once raised to the standard temperature of 75 degrees Fahrenheit retains its heat for a long time, the current is turned on and off by automatic switches when it is least in demand and rates are cheapest. By this means strawberries and potatoes are made ready for market two months before crops that do not have the advantage of these electrical root warmers.

Balloon Farming

Why not use electricity for plowing? Good idea. But how are you going to keep the electric tractor connected with the current as it travels back and forth across the field? We cannot provide a third rail underground, nor a trolley wire overhead, for each furrow.

Various schemes have been employed to meet the difficulty, such as cables dragged over the ground or hung from masts or paid out from movable reels or shifted from switches along the sides of the field, but all these devices are more or less troublesome and expensive.

In Italy, where there is no coal and no oil but considerable water power, a novel scheme is being tried out. The current is supplied through an insulated aluminum cable suspended over the field by a balloon. The balloon is 17 feet in diameter and lifts 110 pounds. The tractor travels 2½ miles an hour and plows a furrow from a foot to a foot and a half deep at a speed of 2½ miles an hour. While the tractor is near the source of the current, the balloon floats high. As the tractor goes farther afield it is drawn lower but always keeps the cable clear of the ground.

If this works it might be combined with the automatic plow invented in America that goes in a spiral all over the field without guidance. Such a contrivance could work night and day without regard to union rules, and I do not know that there is any law to prevent its working Sunday too. This would give a chance for the weary plowman to wend his way cityward as he wants to, and give the newspaper editor an excuse to write another editorial on the depopulation of the rural districts as he wants to.

Agriculture in the United States now uses about as much primary power as all our manufacturing and central station plants put together, and pays out some three billion dollars a year for it. If it could get more power and cheaper, it could dispense with much of the extremely expensive horse and human power that it still has to use. In this way the farm could be even with the factory.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Errand for Ladybird

Continued from page 7

widely to the right, so that no movement of the drama would be lost to him. He had expected to see the little boat rent asunder by the explosion; he had expected to see it sink almost immediately from sight. To his amazement nothing of the sort occurred. He looked to his nose and adjusted it to the horizon; the Bristol Fighter flew unhandily at this low altitude.

When he looked again at the scene below him, he saw the steamer wallowing on the surface with a downward tilt of her bow, while steam blew in a white cloud from her exhausts. There was an immense activity about her decks, however, and Larkin observed at once that the crew was making away in the boats. Then he saw something which moved him to snatch the glasses from the pocket in the cockpit beside him, and peer downward anxiously through the lenses.

"My gosh! It's a fact! A woman, by golly! And a kid, too!"

HE WAS so excited by the confirmation of his guess that the figure which the sailors were assisting into one of the boats was a woman with a child in her arms, that he failed to anticipate the spin into which his machine was falling until the blast of air against his cheek warned him. Instantly he snapped back into the tension of a pilot of Bristol Fighters facing a spin at nine hundred feet. He managed to get out of it before the plane had completed its first revolution, and then, opening his engine to its full, he roared up the sky, aiming for altitude.

Thus he failed to see the submarine come to the surface and disgorge five men, two of whom sprang to their places at a small gun near the bow while two more knelt before the conning tower and did strange things with metal parts they carried. The fifth, a commissioned officer, paused in the trap of the conning tower, startled by the hum of Larkin's plane. He searched the sky for an instant, and, discovering it, saw only a land machine in evident retreat. That meant that the whereabouts of his vessel was known by a swift messenger who was no doubt speeding away to report him. That meant he must act quickly.

When Second Lieutenant Larkin, having attained thirty-five hundred feet, swung about to see how things had developed, he saw the submarine moving slowly toward the wallowing tramp steamer, with her forward gun significantly manned, and a machine gun assembled on her deck.

At first Larkin watched this movement with curiosity.

"What's their game now?" Were they threatening the boats? He recalled dark tales which had been told in Elyria of U-boat commanders who fired on survivors. Anxiously he swung about in another circle, dividing his attention nervously between the scene below him and the nose of his heavy plane.

No, this chap didn't seem interested in the boats. He seemed to be cruising in a wide circle about the steamer, ignoring the boats completely. Then Larkin saw a jet of vapor leap from the muzzle of the gun in the submarine's bow and, as the sound of the shot reached him, he saw the water mount beyond the steamer where the shell fell home. Ah, sinking the boat, that was the scheme. And Larkin remembered what little he had learned of the purposes of submarine warfare: to sink tonnage, that was it.

"Now supposing I dived down and sprayed those Heinies with tracers?" he reflected. That's all it was, a reflection. And Larkin suddenly became consumed with shame that it should be no more. He was yellow, that's what was the matter with him. He ought to dive right down. . . . BANG! . . . BANG!

Ah, two more of 'em. And that last one splintered the after house. Ought to dive right down on those vermin and rake 'em. Well, why didn't he? Second Lieutenant Larkin knew again the sensation he had experienced on his first solo flight; an uncontrollable reluctance to shut off his throttle and glide down. The farther away from the water he stayed, the better, was the warning of the demon which urged this hesitation upon him. Now what the devil are they doing with that boat.

The submarine hardly moved now, while the gun still fired with machine-like regularity. But the small boat which carried the woman and child had become enclosed within the circle the submarine was making. The submarine was some four hundred yards from the steamer. Within two hundred yards of the steamer the small boat lay between the submarine and its victim. And now, instead of pulling away from that dangerous position, the small boat seemed to be approaching the submarine.

Larkin saw that the gun crew had halted its activities. He saw the officer turn a white face up toward him. He then saw him turn to the small boat and lift a megaphone to his lips. At the same time he held up a warning hand. The small boat still approached him, however, and Larkin, with his glasses glued to his eyes, saw the men who stood by the machine gun kneel in their places as the submarine swung away from its path and bear down upon the small boat.

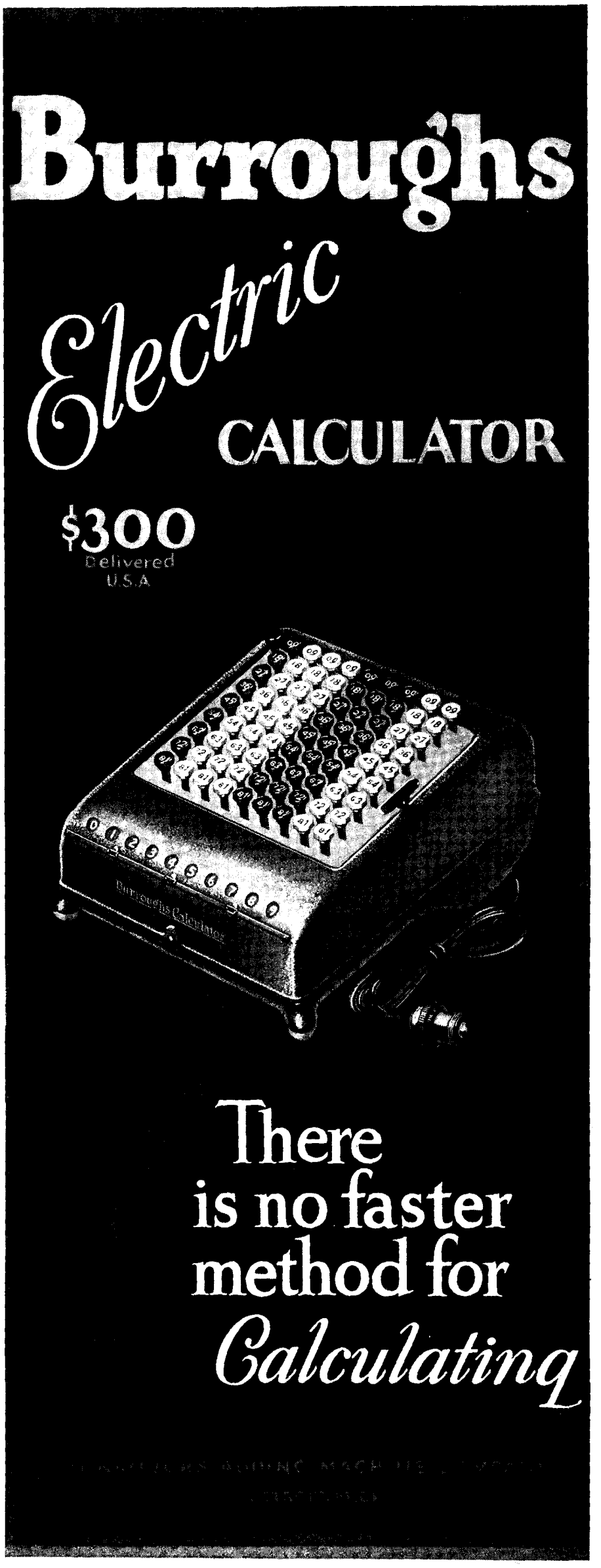
"My gosh! They're not going to fire on that boat?" he cried to himself; and as he uttered the question, as he almost automatically prepared his guns for firing, he saw below the nose of his plane, the steamer. It was moving. A tiny curl of smoke still quivered above her funnel, telling of banked fires and dead engines. Yet she was moving. Very slowly she was moving toward the submarine.

HE DIPPED his nose downward, and circled for his dive. Directly beneath him he saw the U-boat, and scarcely a hundred yards from it the small boat. Setting his nose just short of the submarine, he pulled back his throttle, and as his engine ceased its roaring he heard a subdued shot ring out from below. It came from the small boat, and to his amazement he saw that the woman, standing up in the bow of that boat, was the person who had fired it. Her baby was still clutched in one arm. With the other arm she brandished the pistol with which she was blazing away at the submarine with a wild and ineffectual fire.

But Larkin only had a split second to see this deplorable thing. His eyes were fixed on the submarine. There on its deck was his target. The men at the guns: the officer who stared up at him with a white, featureless face. While the sound of the woman's pistol still spluttered in the air he saw the men crouch over the machine gun, preparing to fire on the small boat.

Immediately, Larkin let go with his Vickers guns. He was more than a thousand feet above them, with little

(*Continued on page 52*)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Is, Indeed, The
Surest Thing You Know

COMPARE the Golden Wheel, flick for flick, with any other lighter. Then reflect that its superior smoothness and certainty are assured by the *lifetime guarantee*. Whether you buy a lighter for yourself or for a gift—whether you pay $7.50 or very much more, you naturally expect to obtain the most for your money. In Golden Wheel you get it. The smartest shops sell Golden Wheel Lighters . . . in the exclusive Platichrome finish . . . leathers . . . modern enamels . . . and in many charming gift sets and combinations.

GOLDEN WHEEL
The Lighter with the Lifetime Guarantee
U. S. Patents 1637855 and 1666809
Henry Lederer & Bro., Inc.
Providence, R. I.

An Errand for Ladybird

Continued from page 51

hope of hitting his target. But he must distract them. He must save that woman and the child. Down he swept, his guns rattling death. And his demonstration did the work.

The officer still stared up at him, but Larkin could not hear the voice which leapt from the invisible lips in that white face. The men at the machine gun heard, though, and they turned it upon its swivel. They fired up at him, but could not get elevation. The great plane roared down like a gigantic bird of prey, the tracer bullets spitting in flame from its nostrils, and the submarine, like a malevolent monster of the seas, spat back reply.

NOW the plane was within five hundred, four hundred, two hundred feet of the submarine's deck. In an almost vertical dive she was nearing it, her wires screaming weirdly in the wind of her downward sweep. Then up went her nose and the bullets rattled across the deck. One man at the machine gun went down. The officer fell back against the conning tower, clutching his breast with a hand which became stained with red. At the gun on the bows two sailors threw themselves to the deck and one was riddled where he lay. The plane passed over the submarine with the shadowing wings of an avenging angel; but as it roared aloft once more the surviving gunner got deflection and sent a hail of shot through the fabric of its wings.

Second Lieutenant Larkin felt the impact of those bullets in his plane, heard his engine splutter, felt for the first time in his life the panic of being hit, experienced the knowledge of death and the horror of dying all in an atom of time,—and then pulled himself together. Tank punctured. Hell!

He dropped his nose and switched to the emergency tank. It fed, and he opened his engine again to roar aloft and then turn at the sound of a heavy gun from beneath him. He was in trouble now. The emergency tank wouldn't get him to land, and he couldn't land in the water. . . . Good glory! What the hell?

For he had looked to discover the source of gunfire, and found the steamer a sight to behold. Her after deck house, it seemed, had collapsed, and a heavy gun was revealed; a gun which spoke with a loud and resonant voice. Where a lifeboat had been in the waist of the ship was another gun, which a crew of sailors, smartly clad, was endeavoring to bear upon the submarine. At the mast-top a white ensign, marked with scarlet cross and jack was flapping in the breeze.

Again and again the big gun from the steamer resounded, and then was joined by the middle gun, which made a slighter noise. Larkin turned to the submarine in time to see a lone man disappear down the conning tower. Then, as the U-boat was in the act of submerging, the steamer's shot struck home. A shell hit the base of the conning tower. Another struck beside the forward deck. Another hulled the submersible just below the water line. Abruptly the bow of the submarine rose straight in the air, and, stern foremost, the craft shot sickeningly into the sea. By the time Larkin had made another turn all that he could see of the U-boat was a vast bubbling of oil which spread upon the surface.

He felt sick and weak then, picturing for a horrible instant the invisible death which had overwhelmed the stricken crew. And almost immediately his horror was overcome by a sputtering of his engine and a realization of his own predicament. In a flash he had found his wind direction from the smoke which curled from the steamer's funnel. As he did so his engine died. He dropped his nose, turned into the wind, and came down for his "landing."

It was chance rather than design which brought him down, skimming the water with his wheels, a few yards from the small boat which carried the woman and child. He knew that the boat was there, and that before his undercarriage dipped into the sea his plane was almost beside it, but his attention was fixed upon his predicament. He didn't notice the woman until, his prop in the water and his tail in the air, he was freeing himself from a settling plane. At that moment, as he unsnapped his safety belt, the boat was brought to his side with a few strokes of the oars, and the woman, standing in the bow of it, was addressing him.

"You've got a minute or two," said the woman. "They don't go down at once."

And Larkin, recognizing the clear tenor of that voice, looked up, startled, into the woman's face.

"My hat!" cried the lady. "It's good old what's-his-name!" And she spoke with the voice of Flight Commander Leslie Mandeville. At the same moment as Larkin realized this extraordinary fact Mandeville seemed to realize something else.

"You're not—" he cried. "You're not carrying it in the back?"

The question seemed instantaneously to provide its own answer, and Flight Commander Mandeville acted upon it.

"Stick where you are, old egg!" he cried cheerily. "That'll balance it. I'll climb in and heave forth the bacon!"

Tucking his skirts up about his waist, he scrambled with great agility over the lower wing and reached head first into the rear cockpit. In an instant he came up, purple of hue, and rallied the oarsmen with a muffled voice.

"Stand by!" he yelled. And almost before the bow of the boat had emerged from beneath the wing he had flung into the arms of the man in the bow, the first of Major Lladyfogyrd's packages.

Then the second package came out. Second Lieutenant Larkin was perched on the cowling of his cockpit with his feet in salt water.

"Snap to it!" he cried. "She'll dive in a minute!"

HE NOTICED then that the tramp steamer was sliding toward them, and the bulk of it amazed him. The number of its crew was surprising, too. Clad in trim blues, they lined the rail and made humorous remarks about Larkin's predicament. Larkin laughed.

"All clear!" pealed forth Mandeville's voice. "Slide off, old bean!"

Larkin crossed the wing and slid into the boat with an agility which surprised himself, and Mandeville, beaming, almost dropped on top of him. They pulled away to the steamer, and Larkin was further surprised to notice the plane still wallowing with its fuselage above water after he had scrambled up the ladder to the deck.

"Float like ducks," exclaimed Mandeville, noticing Larkin's surprise. "Awkward to be shot down, though, in stormy weather."

He spoke from unmistakable experience, and yet he implied that the experience had been as that of going forth in rain without an umbrella. Picturing the eventuality he referred to, Larkin began to revise his estimate of the Flight Commander.

Later on, as they sat over the inevitable whisky and soda in the skipper's cabin, Second Lieutenant Larkin demanded explanations.

"You'd get 'em anyway," Mandeville assured him seriously. "Because it's all frightfully hush-hush. This is a Q-boat. You know, mystery ship, eh?"

"No, I don't," said Larkin.

"Well, you're not supposed to," responded Mandeville. "You see, nobody's supposed to know what we are, who we are or where we are. If they did, it wouldn't be a mystery, would it? I ask you?"

"Don't," said Larkin. "It's too easy."

"You see how it's done. You take a tramp steamer, fit her out with a royal navy crew, stick a few guns under trick deck houses, and wait for the sub to have a crack at you. When the torpedo comes, try and avoid it, then heave to and send out your panic party. The trick then is to lure the wily Hun into range of your guns—hitting range, you know, for they'll submerge after the first shot or two—and let her have it. That's the catch. That's why I'm doing the pantomime dame. Twig?"

"What?"

"Twig? I mean do you follow me?"

"No."

"Well, if you stick a woman in one of the panic boats it helps convince the wily Hun that you're not one of those nasty Q-boats. Then if the lady goes off her chump and tries to pot the good old ober-leutnant, the sub's liable to draw in on her with a bottle of smelling salts. At the same time your Q-boat puts a piffling gas engine to work and drifts near enough to pot the poor wretch, and you have another submersible gone west. Pleasant game, eh?"

LARKIN was reviewing the pleasantness of the game while the Flight Commander spoke.

"But supposing the—er—smelling salts raked you fore and aft?" he inquired.

"Ah," said Mandeville archly. "Now you're asking personal questions." And Larkin was embarrassed by a suspicion that his question verged on indecency. Mandeville seemed to sense his embarrassment.

"I say," he cried suddenly. "You do see why I couldn't do the trick for dear old Laddie, don't you? I mean my leave, you know—all eye wash—really."

"Of course," stuttered Larkin.

Which is all by way of explaining why Major Lladyfogyrd's Christmas box arrived by a Royal Naval Air Service tender instead of by air. Although the Major didn't see its arrival. The adjutant greeted Larkin in his stead. The adjutant was Larkin's compatriot, Sears.

"I'm acting adjutant," he explained. "Knighton went west. The C. O.'ll be mad as hell about you not delivering that Fighter. We've had good flying weather since you left, and he pushed us like hell. It's the devil, Larkin. We've lost five busses and three men in two days. I tell you the old man's a flying, fighting fool."

Larkin stood somewhat aghast.

"Lladyfogyrd?" he cried.

"Sure. But they're going to give him a Wing, so we won't have to stand his pace much longer, thank God!"

And Larkin laughed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Between Halves

Continued from page 18

nothing a coach can do will hurt his team more than basting them when they are putting up a game but losing fight against a superior team. He must recognize the truth that to go down with every ounce of you fighting is a thoroughly honorable thing. I have seen teams of mine lose when the tears in my eyes made it almost impossible for me to see. And I was proud of them, the way they lost, and I hurried to tell them so.

He Took a Chance

In 1922 my Pennsylvania team was completely outplayed by Navy during the first half. The score was 7-0 and, frankly, I believed we were beaten. But, between halves, I took a chance.

"Boys," I said, "I'm mighty proud of you. I mean that. Here we've let Navy have the ball almost the entire half and they've scored only one touchdown. As a matter of fact they've run themselves down. They're all tired out. We've seen what they have and know what they can do—how little—with the ball.

"They haven't seen a thing of our plays. They don't know what's coming to them. Your captain, Poss Miller, here, has run the game exactly as I told him to and, frankly, I'm proud of you.

"Now go back there. Take the ball yourself this time. Go get it. Do your stuff this time. It's much better than Navy's. Let them chase you for a while. They'll cave in, this half."

Penn fought Navy off its feet in the second half and won 13-7.

That I should have tender feelings for Georgia Tech is wholly natural. One year while I was coaching there my birthday fell on a Saturday, and, without intimating their reason, a number of the alumni came to me just before one of the important games and induced me to let them play the team in for that game. By that they meant taking the team off my hands for the week-end.

They assured me that they'd be answerable for the result and as I was glad enough to have a holiday I agreed.

"Good," they said. "Now, one other thing: Will you stay away and let us do the talking?"

"Yes," I said.

I learned later the sort of appeal the alumni made to the team. They made much of my loyalty to Tech, of my efforts to improve athletics generally at Tech, of my devotion to the student body as a whole. And so on and so on. They laid it on a bit thick, I guess.

"And now," they said to the team, "Saturday's Heisman's birthday. Let's give him the game as a present."

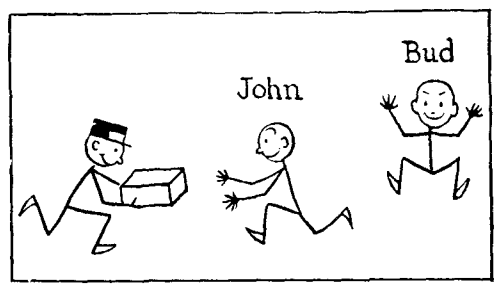
I forget the exact score but it was staggering. Tech had no mercy on her opponent that day. Tulane must have thought that Tech had gone berserk.

(*Continued on page 54*)

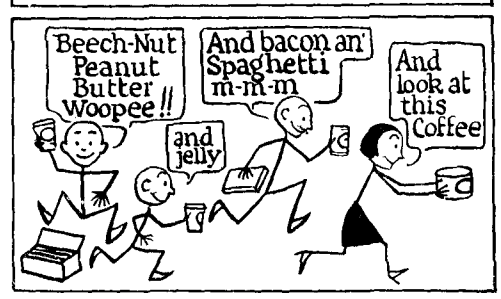
Ex-Doughboy: "Ha-ha, the joke is on me! I've been telling everybody that the old shell was a dud"

This is the way the Greenes acted . . *when the Beech-Nut Christmas Box arrived*

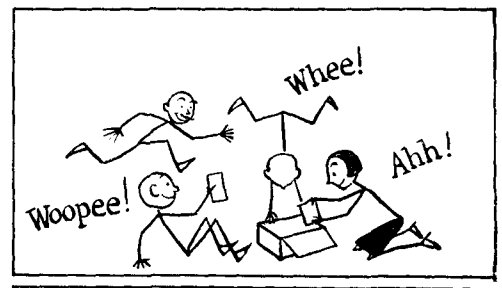
John and Bud Greene are real boys in Fremont, Ohio. They actually drew these pictures themselves.



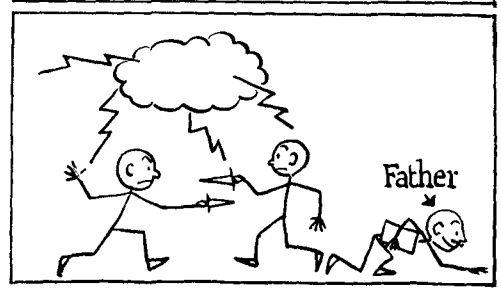
Last year a kind friend sent the Greene family a Beech-Nut Christmas Box. John and Bud took it from the postman.



Pa and Ma were as excited as the boys when they saw the lovely metal box. And when it was opened! O me, O my!



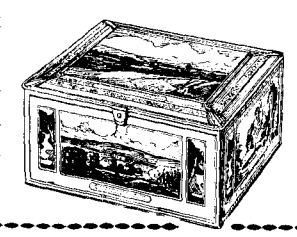
They all dove in. And they dove . . . and they dove . . . getting a grand surprise every time. There didn't seem to be any bottom.



John and Bud certainly tried to act like gentlemen, but Pa was tempted and fell. Shame on *you*, Pa!

You'd think the Greenes were a glee club. "Thank you! Thank you!" they chorused, "This is the greatest Christmas gift our family ever received."

THE Beech-Nut Christmas Box holds a generous assortment of regular-sized Beech-Nut packages. Bacon, Coffee and other substantial Beech-Nut foods are included. There's a genuine Old Style Black Fruit Cake. And delicious Beech-Nut Marmalade, Jelly, Peanut Butter, Biscuits, Confections. An ideal family gift. Forwarded anywhere in the United States for only $5.00, all delivery charges prepaid. Mail the coupon with your remittance.



Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, N. Y.

Enclosed is $5.00 (money-order or check) for delivery of the Christmas Box to:

Name..... Street.....

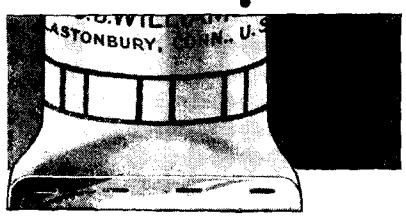
City..... State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams"

You *can't* lose *this* cap!

The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!



To help them toward *Face Fitness*, well groomed men look more and more to Williams.

Utterly pure, uncolored and supremely mild. It makes shaving speedy and simple.

And more than that it has a wonderful effect upon facial pores and tissue. It leaves the skin, no matter how close the shave, soothed, satiny and *Fit!*

There's quite a lot in the drug clerk's canny observation: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Next time say
"Williams Shaving Cream *please!*"

Then, a splash of Aqua Velva on that newly shaven skin. Made just for that. Try it!

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

Between Halves

Continued from page 53

A coach takes uncomfortable chances when he permits an alumnus to harangue the team. The old boy is too prone to boil over. He is too easily carried out of bounds by his own enthusiasm.

Charlie Daly, coaching Army, knew this. There was the afternoon when Army was losing an important game. The first period closed with Army fading. One of the greatest players ever developed at West Point was asked to address the team between halves.

The Army man went at the job as though he were giving a regiment a little hate talk just before turning it loose upon the enemy. All that he asked was slaughter and lots of it. Clearly his anxiety for an Army win had turned to a bitter antagonism to the other team. He urged the cadets to stop at nothing, to use all the rough-house tactics they knew, to slug, maul, kick and claw. He singled out one of the opposing players and advocated the breaking of every bone in that sturdy lad's body.

And then Daly interrupted. Courteously he asked the fire-eater to withdraw for a moment. Then, quietly, he informed his squad that they must forget immediately what the army officer had said, that he would rather they lose the game than adopt any of the tactics urged by the former star.

"I would rather lose a hundred games—and so would you—than win one by such methods," he said. "It's not only unsportsmanlike but it's unnecessary. We can win without being foul players. If we can't win like gentlemen let's lose like gentlemen. Now go out and fight. Fight like men, like sons of men, like American soldiers."

And Army did just that—and won.

Daly's talk to his men that day is, I think, one of the highest types of exhortations. Calm, fair, manly sportsmanlike.

There are times (and every coach must sense the time) when the fewer words he utters to his men the better. And yet he must say something.

My team at Rice Institute, Houston, Tex., was about to take the field against the strongest team they were to face that season. The lads were on edge, mentally and physically.

When I had their attention I said:

"A team that won't be beaten can't be beaten." That was all I said.

And oddly enough they weren't beaten.

Cannot Anticipate Freak Plays

I hope I haven't been making too much of a case for coach talks.

All he can hope to do is inspire his team. He can't hope to tell them what to do when the freak play comes, when the breaks go dead against them, when the ball seems to take matters unto itself and act as though possessed of devils.

And I've seen such moments in games. What could team or coach do, for example, when Albert Hill, quarterback of one of my Tech teams, tried for a field goal one afternoon with only four minutes to play. The score was 7 to 7 and Hill's kick looked perfect. But as it traveled it curved. It hit one of the goal posts on the inside face.

And, incredible as it sounds, the ball slid or rolled down the upright to the crossbar. There for a moment it teetered. Then the devilish thing began to roll along the crossbar. I give you my word that it traveled thus a yard at least.

It stopped, teetered again and fell inside. The game ended 7-7.

Even stranger was W. L. DeWitt's field goal for Princeton on November 11, 1911. The date stays with me. DeWitt tried a drop-kick from Dartmouth's 45-yard line. He got it away but low. It skimmed the heads of the Dartmouth forwards, came to earth and rolled.

Just before it reached the Dartmouth goal line it hit a small irregularity in the field and bounced high and onward. Neatly it cleared the crossbar midway between the posts and the referee ruled it a goal. Princeton had won 3-0.

The very same thing happened again on that same afternoon. Brown put a field goal over in just that way. But Brown lacked Princeton's luck. The referee there ruled it "No Goal." And the rules committee later upheld him, adopting a new rule to cover the matter.

An Unusual Demand

My Georgia Tech team was playing Howard College in Birmingham in 1911. There came the time when Howard had the ball close to their own goal and desired to punt. But theirs was a short field and there was no room to fall back behind the goal line for the kicker.

"Will you lend us ten yards?" asked Howard's captain. "We'll gladly repay you."

Well, it was an unusual demand but we agreed. They punted and we caught it. And then everybody seemed to forget the debt. Presently we had worked the ball to Howard's 11-yard line.

"How about those ten yards Howard owes us," I said to the referee. "I'd like them now."

Howard objected but the referee ruled that Tech had a right to repayment on demand. We got our ten yards and in one buck put the ball across from the one-yard line.

Once in a Vanderbilt-Sewanee game the same thing was done and for the same reason. Lanier fell back to kick for Sewanee. The ball came to his hands like a shot but when he saw Vanderbilt's left end driving at him to block what he believed was to be a punt, Lanier sidestepped, tucked the ball under his arm and fled around the deserted left end for fifty yards.

Instantly Vanderbilt objected. She had lent those ten yards to Sewanee for punting and not for any such skylarking as Lanier had exhibited. The referee agreed and the ball was fetched back.

In other days it was not uncommon to hear rough language in the line. And there have been horrible examples of vivid profanity and even badly tainted epithets. Years ago there was no rule under which a foul tongue could be ruled out of the game. The one recourse was to fight it out after the game. There is little of that now.

I have in mind an example of the taunting that was all too common 25 years ago. There was a quarterback who is still remembered as a wild man. He was one of the best the game has developed—an eager fighter and a team driver. He had no mercy on his own fellow players or on the opposition.

On the opposition on this particular day was an All-America tackle who, if he had an outstanding weakness, had a vulnerable temper. And the quarterback knew it.

"Well, well, well," sneered the quarterback, looking at the big tackle. "The last time we hit Mr. Smith, here, we gained only six yards. We ought to do better than that with a soft thing like him to pick on. Let's give the fat boy another go—48 . . . 19 . . . 27 . . . 6. . . .

"Well, now look at that. . . . Eight yards through the All-America Mr. Smith that time—the big, yellow nigger.

Jingles in the Rough

Here they come! Here they come! More triumphant Jingleers in Collier's International Tournament. The entries of the victorious ones follow:

If I *could build the course I need,*
I'd solve the golfer's riddle.
I'd put the fairway down both sides,
The rough straight down the middle.

H. L. Miller,
Seattle, Wash.

Here lies a golfer in Fame's Hall
Who claims he never lost a ball.
Show neither wonder nor surprise
If here he lies—and lies—and lies.

Dr. Robert King,
Walnut Park, Calif.

Around the course and then you come
Right back where you started from.
Stung by insects, burned by sun—
And golf's a game they label "Fun."

Lawrence N. Ritt,
New York City, N. Y.

The span of life is sev'nty years,
And so I live in hope that I,
With fifty whole years left to go,
May cure my slice before I die.

Suzanne W. Haller,
Chicago, Ill.

I've never made a hole-in-one because I lack the needed skill.
But I know just what must be done to earn that gratifying thrill:
You grip your driver, close your eyes and swing (of course your ball's teed up)
Then search and search till all hope dies—and someone finds it in the cup!

Leon Monfried,
Madison, Wis.

I once shot in the eighties but—
Can't break a hundred any more.
I'm slowly going off my nut,
Rhyming "fore" and "score" and "swore."

James L. Eckdahl,
St. Louis, Mo.

There you are, golfing lads and lassies. Can you do as well as this? Tut, tut, of course you can. Put down that niblick; take up a pencil. If your jingle is printed you'll have something to show with pride around the clubhouse. Yes, indeed you will; an elegant gold luck-piece with your initials engraved on it. Send your jingle to Jingles in the Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let's visit funny-looking All-America Mr. Smith again—36 . . . 79 . . . 42 . . . 3 . . . Why, Mr. All-America Smith! What do you mean! Ten nice yards right past your fat belly. . . .'

The big tackle was almost insane with rage. Bedeviled until he had lost all his cunning, he ceased to be of any use to his team, which lost because of the tremendous gains made through his position.

There's another type of goat-getting, somewhat less offensive but quite as effective. What happened in a Chicago-Princeton game illustrates it.

Two of the Chicago forwards had connived to ruin the morale of the star of Princeton's line. To save him embarrassment let's call him Jones. One of the Chicago men said to the other—loud enough for Jones to hear:

"I wonder why they're not playing Jones today?"

They Got His "Goat"

The other looked directly at the great Jones and replied:

"Sh-h-h-h-h. Isn't that Jones?"

Now Jones was a hot-headed lad, given to seeing red when goaded. Therefore his coach had herded him into a corner just before the game and had extracted Jones' solemn promise that he would reply to no gibes and refrain from all inter-line conversations. So now he was silent, although a bit crimson in the region of his ears.

The first Chicago lineman looked at Jones.

"That boy the great Jones?" he scoffed. "Dear me, no. Why, that's just a sub. Why, you can see for yourself that this boy couldn't play push-pins."

Then he addressed himself to Jones directly.

"Say, young fellow," he said, "you'd better wake up and do something or that big boy Jones of yours will be pulling off his sweater and coming in here and send you back to the side lines."

Chicago threw her whole strength against Jones who, a bit rattled by this time, gave ground. Chicago had gained several yards.

"Tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh," fussed the Chicago player. "You'll never get anywhere playing like that, kid. Why, I'm only a sub myself and I just pushed you aside. You'd better send for Jones. Maybe our first-string man will be sent in to relieve me and then you'll probably get hurt. Take my advice and go ask them to send the great Jones in right away."

Poor Jones was choking. And he felt no better when the other Chicagoan took up the kidding.

"Oh, look what I see," he cried. "I see Jones taking off his sweater."

"Goody, goody," cried the first, "now we'll have a little work to do."

Chicago walked off with the game. The bedeviled Jones was so hacked by his two tormentors that he lost his head entirely. He forgot signals. He charged offside. He was penalized for unnecessary roughness. He was pushed over for great gains. He was removed from the game.

And I've seen other great players reduced to a day's mediocrity by well-directed language. Red Smith, Cumberland's center, for example.

My first Georgia Tech team took the field against Cumberland in 1904 when Cumberland was one of the best elevens in the country. My center was a short, stocky lad—Fatty Simms—who was far from brilliant but packed with grit and willingness. Fatty was slow too. Perhaps he could have done the hundred yards in 20 seconds but somehow I doubt it. Naturally I looked to see the excellent Red Smith ruin Fatty.

But on the first line-up Simms, fully aware of the greatness of his opponent, addressed himself to Smith thus:

"Well, Red, I expect today to be shown how this center job should be played. You're all-Southern and I'm just a fat man—less than nobody in football. But just to make it interesting let's see who's the best man. Just plain m-a-n, see, m-a-n."

Whereupon, to the amazement of the crowd, Fatty Simms overwhelmed Red—so thoroughly that much of our victory could be laid to our superior play at center. Fatty simply bulled Red away off his game.

Bob Patterson, now a lawyer in Houston, Tex., literally tickled his way to fame and all-Southern selection by the way he outplayed Sewanee's center. Patterson was at center for Vanderbilt (this was 20 years ago) and he had been told that his Sewanee opponent was as ticklish as a cat. And he was.

Before the game was very old Patterson had his victim backing away and groaning every time Bob pointed his finger at him.

But they couldn't stop the marvelous Jap Penton of Virginia and Alabama by old-fashioned hacking or, giving it its modern name, razzing. Jap was playing fullback for me at Alabama Poly in 1897.

In October we went to Tennessee to play the University of Nashville and Jap's mighty plunging helped us win. With Jap in the doctor's care—a torn muscle in his thigh—we took the train that night to Sewanee, where on the following day we played the University of the South.

I kept Jap out of the starting line-up, but his substitute sprained an ankle and Jap hobbled in at the beginning of the second half. Sewanee recognized him as he limped out upon the field.

"Well, well, well," yelled the Sewanee lads. "Look who's here. Old Rip Van Winkle Penton. The grandfather of football. Grandpa, where's your cane? And how are all the grandchildren, Grandpa?"

"Oh," replied Penton lazily, "Grandpappy is all right. Let's see. Hand me that ball and let Grandpappy show the children how this boys' game should be played."

Grandpappy Showed Them

He took the ball. I don't think I've ever seen a man hit a line harder than he did then. Smash. Jap came to earth 12 yards nearer Sewanee's goal, leaving a cyclone's trail behind him.

"My, my, my," sighed Jap. "If old Grandpappy only had his health. His old feet got all tangled up with little naughty boys that time. Give him the ball again and let's see."

Wham! Jap split the Sewanee line again. This time for 15 or 18 yards.

"These old legs," lamented Jap. "These old eyes. Let the old man try once more. Maybe he can get somewhere this time. Hey, you Sewanee. Any of you boys want to shake hands with Grandpappy this time?"

But Sewanee was all through with razzing Jap. Grimly, silently and en masse, they tried to stop him. Stop the north wind in January! In 42 years of football I have never seen Penton's like for iron nerve.

I have just received a number of letters and, curiously enough, they all seek the same information. Where, I am asked, do coaches get these star athletes? How is it that a little college of 200 students can produce a team which cleans up Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Penn, Michigan, Chicago, Iowa? How does a coach find his Mahans, Brickleys, Thorpes, Tryons, Granges, Hollenbachs and Neverses?

Very well. I'll answer all these questions in my next article. You'll be surprised.

(To be continued next week)

Preparedness

Through Timely Insurance Untimely Death Is Robbed Of Its Full Claim

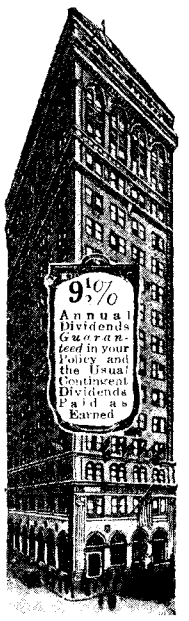
Is Your Life Insurance Quota Filled?

See how easily it can be done and what a moderate sum is required in the Postal Life to add a substantial policy to your present holding: less than $10.00 a month for the younger ages will add $5,000; if you are thirty, $9.55.

Then, too, the economies of the business as conducted by the

Postal Life Insurance Co

reduce the amount of the premium payments: dividends of 9½% are guaranteed in its policies.



Postal Life Building owned by the Company

Everybody who is insurable should have regard for the importance of adding to his insurance estate from time to time during his producing years. Some persons add $1,000 each year as their income increases. $10,000 or $5,000 in one transaction is not within the reach of all at age 30.

Nowhere can the average man invest his money so advantageously as in *standard life insurance* issued by this Company.

Deal with this most modern Company; avail yourself of its economy. A knowledge of its benefits is now spread through every community, gaining for it a nationwide membership.

Its twenty-two years of experience have given more than in-looks; they record the results of careful tests put into practice in every department of the Company. They will have a telling effect in future years.

Write for information; get the glow of a personal satisfaction in acting for yourself and saving money.

The Record Shows		What Sustains and Helps the Record	
There have been paid to policy beneficiaries	$27,358,910:	Standard policy-reserves, resources	$14,000,000
On claims by death	$13,662,202	Standard old-line legal reserve.	
In maturity endowments	1,763,092	Standard policy provisions, approved by the New York State Insurance Department.	
In surrender values and dividends	3,774,204	Operates under strict requirements of New York State and subject to United States Postal authorities everywhere.	
In loans on policies	8,159,412	Insurance in force	$50,000,000

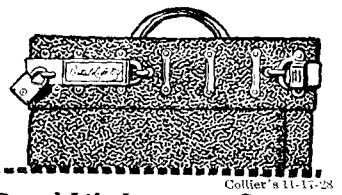
Simply use the Coupon, or write and say, "Mail me information as to Policy mentioned in Collier's." Be sure to give

1. Your Full Name; 2. Your Occupation; 3. Exact Date of Your Birth

All Standard forms of Life and Endowment insurance are issued by this Company and information as to any of them will be gladly furnished.

When your inquiry reaches us no agent will be sent to visit you. We desire to co-operate with you *directly*, and have you think out with us your problems, from documentary matter submitted. Because we employ no agents the resultant commission savings go to you. It is the only non-agency life insurance company in America.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
WM. R. MALONE, *President*
511 Fifth Avenue, Corner 43rd St., New York



Collier's 11-17-28

Postal Life Insurance Company
511 Fifth Ave., New York

Without obligating me, please send full insurance particulars for my age.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
Occupation .....
Exact date of birth .....
Amount .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of Commander Byrd's huskies.
Byrd's Antarctic Expedition carries Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food exclusively.

Guard Him From Distemper!

The most dreaded scourge of Dogdom—Distemper—requires early attention, the best medicine and careful nursing. Thousands of beloved dogs die of Distemper every year. Many die needlessly.

If your dog has Distemper, you must act quickly if you wish to save his life. To act quickly you should know the symptoms, the best treatment for this dread disease and how to administer Sergeant's "Special" Medicine.

SYMPTOMS of Distemper
Cough, fever, dry nose, vomiting, loss of weight, thirst, hot skin, little desire for food, dull coat, tendency to sleep.

SERGEANT'S Dog Food
A Balanced ration containing a large proportion of freshly cooked *Beef*. For dogs and puppies of all breeds.

Would You Know
If your dog had symptoms of Distemper, would you know what to do? This information will be gladly sent you free. Isn't it worth while to find out?

Famous Dog Book Free
We urge you to write for your free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of more than fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on feeding, breeding and raising dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It is free.

Expert Advice Free
If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the Dog Book, *write us at once*. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct.

—MAIL THIS COUPON—
Polk Miller Products Corp.
1379 West Broad Street, Richmond, Va.
Please send me without obligation:
Polk Miller's Free Dog Book ☐
Sample of Sergeant's Dog Food ☐
.....
.....
.....
(Write name and address plainly)

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Sole Canadian Agents: Fred J. Whitlow & Co., Toronto

Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 32

Suddenly the room was plunged into complete darkness. All that I could see was the red light from the end of the cigar which Bloor had been smoking. Then I heard his hand hit the desk, and the sound of a scuffle, and from the altered position of his cigar I knew that he had risen to his feet. The lights blazed again. The secretary was lying on his back upon the carpet. He rose to his feet, trembling with agitation.

"This is the most extraordinary behavior, Inspector!" he exclaimed. "I shall telephone to your headquarters at once."

"You will probably save me the trouble of doing so in a few minutes," Bloor rejoined calmly. "Now if you're a sensible man, you'll get up, answer my questions, and do the best you can to help me in the execution of my duties. What is your name?"

"Cranford."

"That's a lie to begin with," Bloor rapped out. "Your name is Ernest Rees. You were liable for prosecution two years ago in the Messor case, but we let the matter hang over."

"Not another word, sir," the man begged, in a completely altered tone. "What do you want me to do?"

"Answer my questions first of all. How long have you been here?"

"Seven months."

"Was it through Mr. Leopold you got the post?"

"Yes."

"Now listen. Answer this question, and mind you answer it truthfully: Why is there a control here under my chair, turning out all lights in the room, and another to switch them on again?"

"It was there when I came, sir. They use it at times, I think, to get rid of anyone they don't want in the club."

"How is that managed?"

"Dope, sir, I believe. I can't explain any more than that. I am always sent out of the room when that sort of thing is on."

"It was used last night when Major Owston came in?"

"I believe so, sir."

"Do you know why?"

"I do not, sir."

"Do you know by whose orders?"

"By Mr. Leopold's, sir. He is a member of the committee."

SUDDENLY those heavy eyelids of Bloor's seemed to disappear. He swung round in his chair. His blue eyes were full of brilliant, questioning light.

"There was another man here last night who sat at this desk and who dealt with Major Owston. Who was he?"

The man was shaking in every limb. He held up both hands.

"Before God," he cried, "I don't know!"

"You don't know his name?"

"No, sir. When he comes, I am sent away to a little office behind."

"How often does he come?"

"About once every ten days, sir."

"Was it he who took the young lady who was with Major Owston away from here last night?"

"Before God, sir, I don't know," was the passionate reply. "They don't trust me here. I'm not one of them. They keep everything secret from me. Whatever goes on here, sir, I'm not in it—I swear to God I'm not."

"I don't want to be hard on you, Rees," Bloor said, after a moment's silence. "Honestly I'm inclined to believe you when you say that you know very little about what goes on here, but this man who comes every ten days—you could describe him, perhaps."

"I would if I could, sir," the secretary answered fervently. "I can assure you, Mr. Bloor, there's nothing I wouldn't do to serve you."

"Very well, then," Bloor said in a calmer tone, "don't fluster yourself. So long as your sympathies are in the right quarter, we don't want to hustle you. This little visit of ours may turn out to be very much to your advantage. We never forget those who help us, Rees, and this is rather a serious matter we shall come up against. Now tell me quietly, as man to man, why do you find it difficult to describe this person?"

The change in Bloor's victim was amazing. A few minutes ago he had seemed on the point of hysteria. Now he was back again, his old self, calm and earnest. The detective's diplomacy had done its work.

"Mr. Bloor," he said, "I'll tell you the truth, and I only hope you'll believe me. That gentleman comes here, as I have told you, about every ten days, but unless you were within a few yards of him, unless you heard him speak, as I have done, unless you saw him in here in the office with Mr. Leopold or in the little retiring-room behind—next door on the left, sir—I swear that you wouldn't recognize him from one time to another. He comes here in disguise, sir. That's what he does."

"Wait one moment," Bloor enjoined. "You spoke of a little retiring-room. What does he use that for?"

"Supper parties with ladies, sir, generally," was the prompt reply. "It has a private exit on to the street."

I gave a little start. Bloor motioned me to keep silent.

"Did he take supper there last night?" he asked.

"He may have done so, sir. I was sent off on an errand immediately Major Owston arrived."

"Very well. Now we'll go on where we left off. You think he comes here in disguise, yet you always recognize him."

"I've recognized him once or twice, sir," the secretary admitted, "but it's my belief that he's been here dozens of times when I haven't. He's not so careful about me, because he knows that I'm on the brink of trouble all the time. He knows you people still have one up against me."

"YOU may count that written off, Rees," Bloor promised him. "You are behaving like a white man tonight, and you shall reap the benefit of it. Now, last night: can you tell us anything about the disappearance of Miss Essiter?"

"Not a thing. They don't trust me here. They sent me all the way to the Milan, and I didn't get back till it was all over."

"You saw the man we are inquiring about last night?"

"I saw him come in."

"Describe him as he seemed to you then."

Rees reflected for a moment.

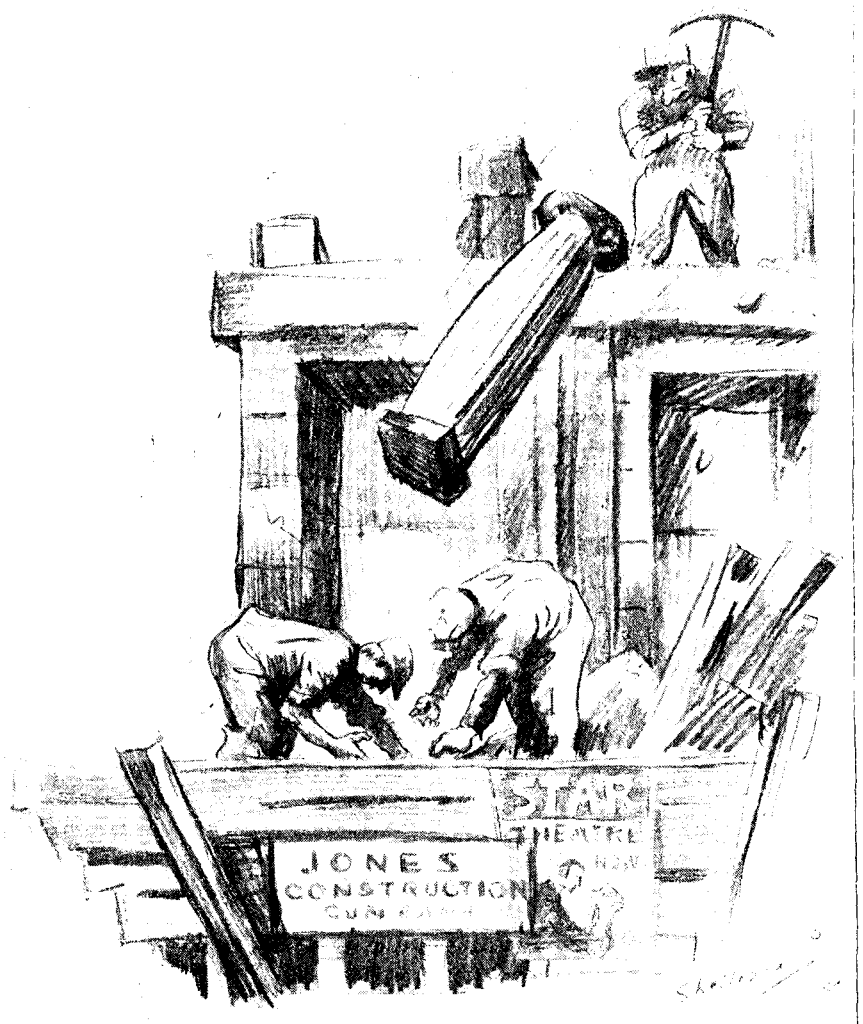
"Well, he was a little above medium height—slim, just the sort of figure the young gentlemen try to give themselves nowadays, a little pale, and with what I should call a sardonic expression."

"Should you know him again if you saw him?"

"If I saw him again in the same make-up, I would, sir."

"What names does he go by here?"

"Rather a ridiculous one, sir—Polly



"Friend of mine wanted me to take up aviation. But I said naw, it's too dangerous business—not me." "Naw, me either"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harten. If word comes in that Polly Harten is going to be in the club any particular night, everything is a little altered. We have extra men on duty. We send away some of the waiters, supper is laid in the retiring-room in case he wants to use it."

"I see," Mr. Bloor murmured. "Does he ever come two nights following?"

"I have known him to do it. Not often, though."

"You haven't had any word of his coming tonight?"

"None at all."

Bloor was silent for several moments.

"Rees," he said, "this mysterious patron of the place is wanted. We want him very badly. We want him so badly that we will pay a reward of five hundred pounds—I think it might even be made more. Can you help?"

Once more the man was back in a state of abject terror.

"Inspector," he begged, "don't ask me any more about him. There was the head waiter here before Guido. He got talking to a private detective employed by some gentleman down in the country. He came swaggering into me, saying how he was going to make five hundred pounds with just the wave of his arm one night. The next day they found him dead not fifty yards away from here. The questions you ask me I have to answer, but I can't do more, sir. Indeed, I can't."

There was the sound of hasty footsteps outside. The door was thrown open. Mr. Leopold, looking very agitated indeed, stood upon the threshold.

I think that never before have I seen an expression of such blank amazement as that with which Mr. Leopold confronted us for the first few seconds after his entrance. My presence in particular seemed to render him, at first, speechless.

"Hullo, Owston!" he stammered at last. "How on earth did you get in here?"

"I brought him in," Bloor acknowledged, rising to his feet. "Do you happen to be a member of the committee, sir?"

"I certainly am," the newcomer assented.

"Mr. Leopold?"

"That is my name."

"YOU will forgive my coming round in a sense quite unofficially, sir," Bloor continued, in a conciliatory tone. "The fact of it is I wanted to ask you a question about the young lady you were kind enough to see into a taxicab last night. Her friends have communicated with Scotland Yard. You know, I daresay, that she has not returned yet to Claridge's Hotel, where she was staying, and the last place she was seen was here."

"But who are you?"

"Detective Inspector Bloor of Scotland Yard, at your service."

Mr. Leopold turned angrily toward me.

"I thought it was distinctly understood between us," he said, "that such inquiries as were made should be made through me as representing the club."

"Major Owston is blameless in the matter," Bloor put in quickly. "I called for him in accordance with instructions received tonight, and I asked him to accompany me here."

"Then I should like to know if it isn't Major Owston who is behind all this disturbance," Mr. Leopold protested, with an air of bluster. "There are a dozen people who will tell you that Miss Essiter left here alone in a taxicab within a few minutes of Major Owston's removal. That ends our connection with the matter. I may say that I resent this visit of the police just as our guests are coming in."

"I am in plain clothes, sir," Bloor pointed out deprecatingly. "Surely you cannot object to the young lady's people placing the matter of her disappearance in our hands."

"The young lady's people?" Mr. Leopold repeated with a frown. "Who may they be? Do I take it that you are acting for Mr. Martin Hews?"

"Don't know the gentleman, sir. As it happens, we are instructed by Claridge's Hotel."

Mr. Leopold divested himself of his coat and hat. He appeared to be slightly reassured.

"I have a guest outside," he confided. "I will take her in to the restaurant and join you again."

"Certainly," the detective acquiesced. "Pray don't hurry, sir. Very sorry to inconvenience you."

LEOPOLD disappeared, and as soon as the door was closed, Bloor turned once more to Rees.

"Give me your keys," he ordered.

The man handed them to him without hesitation.

"Now hurry off. Get into my taxicab, drive to Scotland Yard, and wait there for me. Ask them for my room. I'll send you home afterward all right. You have probably done yourself a bit of good tonight. If anyone stops you outside, say 'Apple.'"

Rees obeyed promptly. Bloor turned to me.

"Don't interfere in this more than you can help. Try to keep on the right side of Leopold if you can. Do as I ask you now, and question me afterward. Go out to the telephone booth and ask for a number—any number—and let me know the result."

I made my way to the hall, and the commissionaire sullenly directed me to the telephone booth. Just as I reached the door Mr. Leopold emerged from it, nearly bumping into me.

"What's the matter with the telephone?" he called out to the commissionaire.

"Didn't know that there was anything wrong, sir," the man replied. "Now I come to think of it, no one's rung up for at least an hour."

He hurried into the booth. Leopold held me by the lapel of my coat.

"Owston," he exclaimed nervously, "what the devil's the meaning of this? I've treated you right, haven't I? Is it you who've brought the police here?"

"I can assure you that it isn't, Mr. Leopold," I was able to tell him with perfect truth. "The inspector inside called on me and insisted upon my coming here."

"What the devil business of the hotel's is it?" Leopold demanded furiously. "It was ten to one against Martin Hews daring to go to Scotland Yard, and you were— Forgive me, Major, I am a little upset. Now, look here. Do you want to do me a good turn?"

"I'd be very glad to," I assured him.

"I have been able to show you that I wanted to be your friend," he went on. "I turned up at the police court this morning on purpose to get you off light. Persuade that fellow to clear out as quickly as possible. There's nothing to be learned here. I'll give you my word as to that. It does a club harm to have him seen hanging about."

"I'll do my best," I promised.

"I shall have to write a note," he continued, a little more quietly. "It won't take me five minutes. Afterward I'll come back to the office. What's wrong with the telephone, Graves?" he asked, as the commissionaire reappeared.

"Completely out of order, sir," the man reported. "I can't get a reply from anywhere."

Mr. Leopold was getting hot again. There was a distinct moisture upon his

(Continued on page 58)

FOR CHRISTMAS, Champknit comes in a special holiday package —three suits in a box— with a gift card all ready for you to fill out!

Give it to Him *for* Christmas . . . .

Order it from your local retailer today

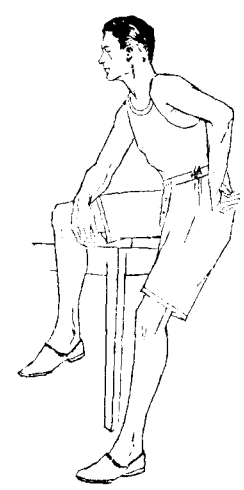
NOTHING could be more appropriate for *his* Christmas than this holiday package of famous Champknit Rayon Underwear. He'll appreciate it because he knows his best-dressed friends are wearing it—because Champknit's tremendous vogue is sweeping the nation.

And when he steps into a suit of Champknit he will discover a revelation of solid comfort. The tailored cut of Champknit—its smoothly soft luxury of fabric—will give him a new sense of everything exactly right! When he dresses at clubhouse or gymnasium he will be proud of its handsome appearance. For Champknit is supremely rich and lustrous—and it laughs at laundering perils.

Any man with any regard for his apparel wants Champknit. Give it to him for Christmas! Champknit is stocked and sold only through retailers. You will find it at department stores and men's furnishing stores everywhere. This Christmas package will be in overwhelming demand. Make sure of yours by placing your order with your local merchant today.

Among the Well-known Athletes Who Wear Champknit—

WILLIE MacFARLANE
Oak Ridge Golf Club
Tuckahoe, N. Y.
JOHNNY CONNELL
Lake Shore Country Club
Chicago, Ill.
EDDIE WILLIAMS
Miami Country Club
Miami, Fla.
TOM KERRIGAN
Siwanoy Country Club
Mount Vernon, N. Y.
WILLIE KLEIN
La Gorce Golf Club
Miami Beach, Fla.
GEORGE McLEAN
Grassy Sprain Golf Club
Yonkers, N. Y.
TOM THORP
Intercollegiate Football Referee
JOE RUDDY
Champion Swimmer

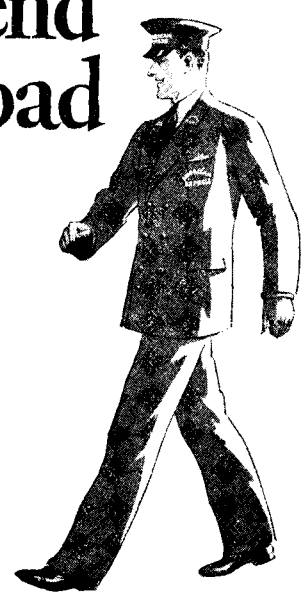


NORWICH KNITTING COMPANY
NORWICH, NEW YORK
Sales Offices: 366 Broadway, New York City

Champknit
for Men, Young Men & Boys

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The winter wanderer's friend abroad



AT the busy seaports in foreign lands; at foreign railway stations and frontier points, the winter traveler will find a friend.

He wears the uniform of the American Express. He is stationed at most of the principal points where tourists gather, to make travel easier and more comfortable. Wherever and whenever assistance is needed—with baggage, passports, tickets, reservations, accommodations, etc., he is there, ready and smiling.

This friend is part of the Helpful Hand of American Express Service to which all travelers are automatically entitled when they purchase American Express Travelers Cheques. Besides introducing the traveler to this personal service, these sky-blue Travelers Cheques safeguard money against theft or loss and are spendable everywhere.

Issued in denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100
Cost 75c for each $100

Sold by 22,000 Banks, American Express and American Railway Express offices. When you are traveling this winter the Helpful Hand will be extended to you to the fullest extent if you carry

Safe anywhere Spendable everywhere

AMERICAN EXPRESS
Travelers Cheques

Steamship tickets, hotel reservations, itineraries, cruises and tours planned and booked to any part of the world by the American Express Travel Department

ALL AMERICAN EXPRESS CHEQUES ARE BLUE

Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 57

forehead and a return of the scared look in his eyes.

"Damned odd," he muttered. "Tonight of all nights too! Send a message to the nearest call office to report the line gone wrong, Graves. And, Major?"

"Yes."

"I want to send a note away. Keep the inspector where he is for a minute or two."

"I will if I can," I assented.

He bustled away, and I returned to the office.

"The telephone has been cut off all right," I announced. "I met Mr. Leopold coming out of the box. He's gone to write a note."

"Step outside quickly," Bloor enjoined. "Call over the newspaper man. Tell him to pass word to the others that on no account is anyone to leave the place who looks as though he were taking a note anywhere. He should be stopped by force if necessary, and the note is to be taken from him."

I HURRIED out and executed my errand. The commissionaire stopped me on my return journey.

"Say, guv'nor, what's going on?" he asked curiously. "Trouble about last night, eh?"

"It's about the young lady who was with me when I came," I confided. "She hasn't returned home, and her people are making a fuss."

"I saw her go away," the man reflected.

"Well, there's a reward of five hundred pounds," I told him, "for anyone who can give any definite information as to where she went."

A sudden cupidity shone in the man's eyes. He moistened his lips and looked at me thoughtfully.

"Five hundred quid!" he repeated.

"Easily earned money," I went on. "The amount will be paid over to anyone who is able to give information concerning the young lady's whereabouts, if they will just step down to Scotland Yard and ask to see Inspector Bloor, or they can come to see me—3A Down Street."

The man looked about him nervously.

"I'd be more at home with you, sir," he confided in a half whisper. "If I'm that way tomorrow morning, perhaps—"

I nodded, and hurried off. I had only just time to make my report when Leopold reappeared. He had obviously fortified himself with a drink, and was smoking a cigar. He seemed to have abandoned for the moment his suspicions of me, but he was very far from being at his ease with my companion.

"Inspector," he announced, "I have been making a few inquirie on your behalf. The commissionaire who called the taxicab for the young lady is ready to answer questions, and I think we could find the taxicab driver. I have sent a boy out to see. The cloakroom attendant too can tell you that she saw the young lady leave her room, cross the hall, and step into the taxicab. This, of course, merely supports my own testimony, but the chauffeur may have something to tell you."

"Quite so," Bloor assented. "I'll take the matter up with pleasure in a few minutes, Mr. Leopold. In the meantime I am sorry to have to tell you that, although my errand here tonight chiefly concerns the matter of this young lady's disappearance, I had another reason for coming and a more strictly official one. May I ask whether you know your secretary's name?"

"Perceval Cranford, he calls himself. Surely he hasn't been getting into trouble."

"His correct name is Ernest Rees," Bloor confided, "and he has been wanted by the police for some two years. I have been obliged to send him away under arrest."

"Bless my soul!" Leopold exclaimed. "Well, well, this is a surprise, Inspector, if you like!"

Now I was watching Leopold pretty closely, and it was perfectly obvious to me that this disclosure as to his secretary's real name was no surprise to him at all. Furthermore, I was convinced that for some reason or other he was immensely relieved. He unlocked a cabinet and produced a box of cigars.

"I wish you'd told me the real object of your visit at once, Inspector," he said. "We'll do all we can to find out what's become of the young lady, of course, but I never looked upon it as a police matter. Try one of these. Pretty good stuff you'll find them, I think. Help yourself, Major."

"Thank you," Bloor replied. "I never smoke when on duty."

"Take a few for later on," Leopold insisted. "Fill your case, Major! Cranford a wrong 'un! Bless my soul!"

"There is just one thing more," Bloor observed, feeling in his pockets. "I shall be bound, as a matter of formality, to search Cranford's desk. He has left me the keys."

I could never have believed that so much change in a man's expression was possible in so short a time. Leopold, during the last few moments, had completely recovered his composed demeanor, and was becoming positively genial. His terror now was a revelation to us both. His complexion, unwholesome at the best of times, had become ghastly. He dabbed at his forehead nervously with his overperfumed handkerchief. Fear shone out of his eyes.

"But that is impossible," he protested. "Cranford has no desk of his own. That one belongs to me. The papers are mine. Those are my keys which he has given you."

Bloor shook his head regretfully.

"This man Rees has been receiving letters which it is necessary the police should see," he announced. "I am afraid that I have no alternative but to search for them."

"Any letters he received were put in the rack," Mr. Leopold insisted. "He answered them in the writing-room or at home. I don't know where. He never made use of my desk. He had no access to it."

IN HIS terror he had gone one too far, and Bloor was upon him like a flash.

"But he was seated before it when we arrived. It was open, and he was busy sorting some papers."

Mr. Leopold gripped at the side of the desk.

"Then he had no right there, I tell you," he declared angrily. "The desk is mine. Its contents are mine. I must ask you to hand me back the keys."

Bloor gently but firmly shook his head. For once, notwithstanding his ruffled hair, his freckled complexion and heavily lidded eyes, he thoroughly looked the part of a Scotland Yard detective engaged on serious business.

"Mr. Leopold," he said, "any private papers of yours of a personal nature will be respected. My duty, however, necessitates my searching that desk."

There was nothing more to be said. Bloor commenced his task, blandly deaf to Leopold's continued protestations.

(*To be continued next week*)

Here's an Amazing New Business THAT PAYS UP TO $1,000 A MONTH

A SURPRISING new profit opportunity is now offered to every ambitious man and woman! A sensational new kind of food business has been invented that can be operated by anyone in either full or spare time. Now, almost incredible as it may sound, $400 to $1000 a month is possible in even the smallest cities.

We supply you with equipment and plans for making and selling a delicious new *greaseless* doughnut that is cooked in a remarkable electrical device. Easy to digest and more toothsome than old-style doughnuts ever were. This delicious new dainty Brown Bobby—costs less to make and sells four times as fast. No wonder so many people without one bit of experience are literally cleaning up fortunes with this new money maker.

You can open a shop; rent cheap floor space in a grocery, delicatessen, lunch counter, drug store, etc. Or start at home—and make good profits your very first week!

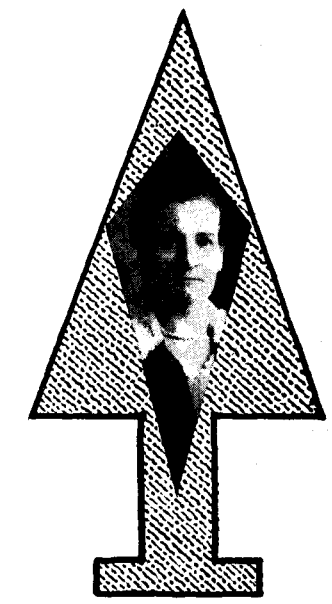
$3,000 in 3 Months
"I made $3000 in 3 months from my greaseless doughnut business!" Thos. Minch, Fla.

Men and Women Start in This Business Daily

You cannot afford to delay. Details will gladly be sent without obligation of any sort. Such an amazing money maker may never be offered you again. Write at once for full plans and details.

FOOD DISPLAY MACHINE CORPORATION
500-510 N. Dearborn St., Dept. 18-28, Chicago

EXTRA CASH *for a* Merry Christmas!



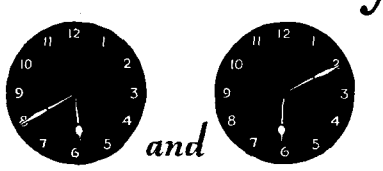
If you want a Merry Christmas with lots of Cash, here's a tip from Mrs. Reed of Virginia, who says, "Crowell Cash certainly grows faster than anything I've found!" How does she make money? By securing new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, and The Mentor. You can do the same! Take advantage of the present season while thousands of people are giving magazine subscriptions for Christmas Gifts. Cash in on this demand. You risk only a two cent stamp or you may paste the coupon on a penny postcard. But whatever you do, send for your free supplies, NOW!—TODAY!

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-21
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name .....
Address .....
Town .....
State .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gets dark early



and

light late these *are* Radiolite nights and mornings

Two watches in one . . . a day watch and a night watch . . . time service during every hour of the twenty-four . . . that's what you get in an Ingersoll Radiolite. It tells time in the dark, besides having the Ingersoll qualities of sturdiness, dependability and good looks. Now that nights are long and mornings dark your Radiolite will be more useful than ever. If not at your dealer's, sent postpaid.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco

Ingersoll

RADIOLITES
Tell Time in the Dark

Yankee Radiolite, $2.25
The "Old Reliable." Sturdy — dependable, with many good looks features. Plain dial model, $1.50.

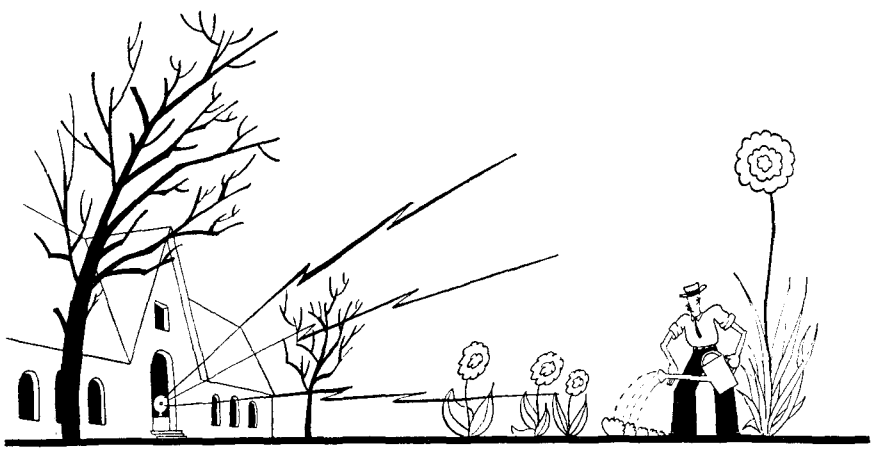
Wrist Radiolite, $4.00

A wrist watch made to keep its dependability and good looks under conditions of hard service. Millions in use. Plain dial model, $3.50.

Alarm Clocks, too

Ingersoll alarm clocks have the Ingersoll qualities of sturdiness, dependability and good looks. The TYPE-R Jr., as illustrated, is a dainty bedroom clock, and now comes in jade green and rose pink moiré finish as well as nickel. The TYPE-T in plain dial at $1.50, comes in four charming colors to harmonize with the popular kitchen color schemes.

TYPE-R Jr. Radio. $4.50
Plain dial . . $3.25
TYPE-T Radiolite. $2.25
Plain dial . . $1.50
NOW IN COLORS



Ringing in the News

By Jack Binns

THE characteristic tuning note which British stations used between programs has been discontinued. It served the dual purpose of identifying the station for those tuning in, and to those already listening in it was a means of notification that the station was still on the air despite the program lull.

Normally when any radical change is made the British authorities have been flooded with protests from the great Anglo-Saxon army of Those Opposed to All Change and the various British societies for the Preservation of Things as They Are. In this case, however, only four letters of protest were received. Far be it from me to create international complications by criticizing the quality of Old Albion's radio programs, but I can't refrain from quoting Wireless World, the eminent English radio publication, as follows:

"One of those who asked for the restoration of the tuning note made his plea on the ground that it enabled him to hear from the end of his garden when the news bulletin was about to begin."

On Prohibition

One of the first acts of the Radio Commission after its appointment was to issue new licenses to broadcasters.

These were for a period of three months. Since then all the broadcasters, big and little, have had to apply to the commission every three months for an extension of their licenses in order to keep in operation. The theory back of this practice is that it establishes and confirms the public ownership of the ether, and prevents the development of private rights therein. In this respect it is good policy.

At the present moment there is a concerted effort on the part of the broadcasters to have this license period extended to six months. No one can blame them for this. In fact many ingenious and plausible arguments are being put forward as reasons for the extension. Under the present arrangements, it is pointed out, no station can make definite contracts with advertisers over a longthy period of time because there is always the uncertainty as to whether the license will be extended or not. I cannot see the logic of this argument for the very reason that commercial users of station time seek that time when they need it most irrespective of whether the license of the station they are negotiating with is one month or five months old. Consequently extending the period of the license will not help such a situation.

No one could reasonably complain about six-month licenses as such. The time period is not too long and does not allow any definite private rights to be established. The only serious objection to granting the extension lies in the precedent it establishes. If granted it would not be long before the broadcasters were asking for a year, and then who can tell what propaganda would lead to. Let us stay at three months. It will keep the broadcasters on their toes and constantly remind them that they are enjoying a privilege that can only be profitable to them so long as they serve the public well.

His Pennyworth

Here is a delightful bedtime story that has been going the rounds of the newspapers: Myrl Tarr, an 18-year-old newsboy of Richmond, Mo., entered a radio store, plunked a heavy bag on the counter and ordered an electric radio set. The astonished dealer opened the bag and looked in. An hour elapsed before he finished counting the 3,850 pennies it contained—and strange enough that was the exact amount he was asking for the down payment on the set.

Poor Myrl. Not a cent left over for an ice-cream soda. Ah well, that is the story. Now the dealer has got to get his other pennies whenever he can, because those in the bag represented the three years' savings of Myrl. Looks like a new type of catchpenny scheme.

A Nation-Wide Pulpit

No cleric has ever been given a greater responsibility than Dr. S. Parkes Cadman—and none rewarded with so signal an honor as that which calls him to the aerial pulpit as the first national radio preacher. Ever since broadcasting first took the country by storm Dr. Cadman has carried the message of broad sympathetic tolerance in ringing tones to an ever-increasing Sunday audience.

His broadcasts from the Bedford Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn have been from their inception the most consistently entertaining of the nonmusical programs. Very few ministers have such a fundamental understanding of world-wide conditions and affairs as he, and his question-and-answer period in this notable broadcast program has always been outstanding in the spontaneity and clear thinking it has demonstrated.

All his past listeners will surely rejoice that Dr. Cadman has been chosen to fill the first aerial pulpit sponsored jointly by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America and the National Broadcasting Company. Dr. Cadman's new congregation must be numbered by the myriads. It is a wonderful opportunity for him, and he has the personality, the voice and the experience to fill it ably. We wish him godspeed on his new venture.

The only time I get Stage fright

LEW FIELDS

"COUNTING since my Weber and Fields days, I figure I have been on the stage at least about six thousand times. So—you could hardly call me a beginner.

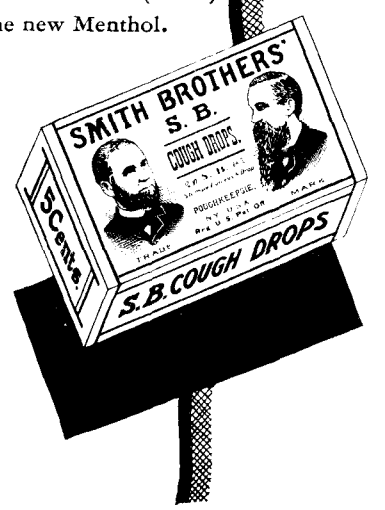
"Yet, on some nights, I still get pretty nervous. Those are the nights when the overture is nearly drowned out by coughing, and I know there is an army of coughers in the audience. How coughing can kill a wise crack dead!

"If only somebody would give out Smith Brothers' to the audience I would walk on with complete confidence. They'll stop the cough!"

* * *

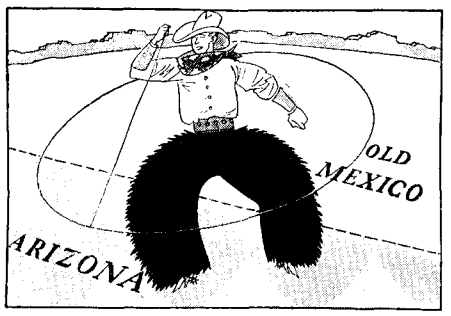
Unpleasant and dangerous coughs and colds — most of winter sicknesses — start right in the throat. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops protect you! They soothe and relieve irritation, clear away hoarseness, and — *they stop coughs!*

Keep a box handy! 5c —two kinds—S. B. (Black) or the new Menthol.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nogales
·· DUDE RANCHES ·



You'll see the real Arizona cowboys in Nogales—and, just across the street, you'll be in Old Mexico!

Nogales ("*No-gâl-iss*") is the cleanest border town in the Old Southwest—high up in the Patagonia mountains (4,000 ft.)—a healthy, sunshiny, vacation place — the crossroads where two friendly nations meet.

Good hotels, shops, schools, churches, etc.—headquarters for wonderful hunting and the famous West Coast of Mexico.

Write for Booklet. Then come Southern Pacific or Transcontinental Highway.

NOGALES WONDERLAND CLUB, Inc.,
Nogales, Arizona.

Please send me free illustrated booklet 845

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

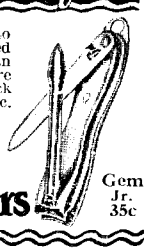
OLD MONEY AND STAMPS WANTED

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big premiums. Offer $100 for 1894 Dime, S. Mint; $50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel [not buffalo] and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS
Dept. 258. FORT WORTH, TEXAS
[Established 28 Years]

"I'd Like Him If--"

Untidy finger nails are often a bar to friendship and social acceptance. Refined men and women keep nails *always* clean and neat, with Gem, the pocket manicure that quickly cleans, trims and files. Ask your cutlery dealer or druggist. Gem 50c. Gem Jr. 35c. (the watch chain model).



The H. C. COOK CO., 2 Beaver St.
Ansonia, Conn.

NAIL
Gem Clippers
Gem Jr. 35c

False Teeth
Klutch holds them tight

Klutch forms a comfort cushion; holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop or chafe. *You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth.*

To prove our claim let us mail you a box of Klutch **without deposit or payment of any kind.** After 30 days' trial, if satisfied that Klutch is worth the price send us 60c. If not satisfied don't pay a cent. You shall be the sole judge.

Hart & Company, Box 2307-D, Elmira, N. Y.

TYPEWRITERS

ALL STANDARD
10 Days FREE Trial
at ½ PRICE
SENT WITHOUT 1¢ DOWN
ONLY 14¢ A DAY

Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc.
All late models, completely refinished brand new. GUARANTEED for ten years. Send no money—big free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10 days' trial offer.
International Typewriter Ex., 186 W. Lake St., Dept. 1114, Chicago, Ill.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1140-HA, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 17

"Virginia, you're talking nonsense," said Clifton, amazed at her. "You say the queerest things."

"They wouldn't be queer to anyone but a—a—blockhead."

"Humph. I daresay. Well, since you insist on such a ridiculous presumption—if Miss Andrews were to fall in love with *me*, I'd return the compliment most darned pronto. I've been most gratefully content just to live. But in that event I'd pray to grow well and strong again, and handsome, if it were possible, and able to ride a horse like I used to, and everything."

"Clifton Forrest, pretty soon you will tumble off my pedestal," she warned him dubiously.

"Virginia, please don't torment me with your childishness," he said sadly. "There's no girl like her or you for Clifton Forrest."

"I'm not so sure about that," she retorted, subtly relaxing. "But—how glad I am you're better!"

JUST then Malpass entered, carefully groomed and immaculate as a riding master. Clifton guessed that he had been watching through the door. He had sloe-black, glittering eyes, a thin, lined face expressive of restrained power.

"Virginia, we are wasting time here," he said.

"You might be. We are not," replied Virginia.

"But if we are to go in to town we can't spend hours in this dump."

Apparently Clifton's presence was included in this comprehensive statement; certainly Malpass' gesture with his ivory-handled riding whip was all-embracing.

"I informed you one of the objects of this ride was to buy souvenirs and provisions," said Virginia curtly, the red spots dancing back in her cheeks.

"You did. I inform you in turn that better souvenirs can be found at Watrous or Las Vegas. As for provisions—I'll order them in town."

"We prefer to buy them here."

"We? You mean *you*. And your object is merely to help this poor beggar of a Forrest."

"Whatever my object it's none of your business," retorted Virginia, and now the red spots faded.

"Anything you want to do is my business," he replied, showing his white teeth.

"That's what you think. My father has got you walking in your sleep. You'll wake up presently."

Whereupon Virginia, with a light pressure of her hand, that still rested on Clifton's knee, vaulted up on the counter, and flipped her skirts comfortably if not modestly. Her action, if not her words, penetrated Malpass' courteous impatience, and black lightning leaped from his eyes. But he had control over tremendous passions.

"Virginia, it will be better for you if I continue to slumber," he said, and even his mockery was menace. "But about the provisions. As you persist, and time is precious, I'll buy this rather dingy stock and have it hauled up to the house. What is not fit we can throw to the chickens."

He surveyed the shelves, that indeed were not inspiring to a would-be purchaser. Then he fastened those glittering eyes upon Clifton.

"How much for this stock?"

Clifton stared coolly at Malpass. Dealing with men was something that held no confusion of mind for him.

"Well, señor—"

"Don't call me that," interrupted Malpass, with a flash of passion that showed where he was vulnerable. "You address me as Mr. Malpass."

"Is that so? I'm likely to call you something else pronto."

Clifton felt a slight pressure of Virginia's arm against his, and it had the effect for which it was probably intended.

"How much?" demanded Malpass, his skin turning ruddy.

"One thousand dollars—to you," returned Clifton, cool and quick.

Malpass produced new bills, that had seen but little handling, and, counting out a number, laid them on the counter. "I'll have this stuff hauled away at once. . . . Virginia, drag your friends out of here before I insult them."

"You couldn't insult my friends," rejoined Virginia, with incredible softness.

Malpass strode out, switching his whip.

"Cliff, isn't he the limit?" queried Virginia, turning.

"He's sure a high-class greaser," responded Clifton in disgust. "Maybe not so high, at that."

"But—I'm tickled pink. We put it over on Mr. Señor Malpass. . . . Say, didn't he flare up at that señor? . . . Clifton, we made *him* pay for the camp grub. That's just fine. Don't you dare say you won't take it."

"Take it? I should smile, I will. Why, it's a godsend. We're getting poorer—" Here he hastily checked himself to go on: "But I'm afraid I cheated him. This supply isn't worth half that much."

Ethel presented herself before them, packing an armful of beaded ornaments and a basketful of belts, buckles, silver buttons.

"How much, Mr. Storekeeper?" she asked, pretending to be a child.

"Nothing to you, Ethel."

"But, see here. I want to pay for these."

"Very well. They will cost you a kiss."

"I'll throw that in, after I *pay* for them," she retorted.

"It's a bargain," replied Clifton, in excitement that was not feigned. He produced a pencil and began to enumerate on a paper bag the prices of the different articles.

"Ethel, did you see Malpass bullying me?" asked Virginia.

"You bet I did. But for once he didn't seem to crush you."

"I COULD have boxed his sleek ears. . . . Ethel, don't you think it horrid and—and cowardly of Clifton to let me be thrown away upon that man?"

"It's a crime. . . . Clifton, you won't stand for that, will you? When you're 'Ginia's only friend?"

"You girls upset my figuring," replied Clifton imperturbably.

"Isn't he the cold-blooded brute?" queried Ethel, in good-humored awe. "But I think I see through him."

"Thirty-six dollars and two bits," summed up Clifton, at last.

"Oh, so cheap! But what's the two bits?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Here you are," counted out the girl blithely.

Clifton did not speak of what she had agreed to throw in.

"Help me up. 'Ginia's so long-legged she could step right up on this awful counter. . . . Aren't we having a jolly time? My kid sister and brother will be tickled with these presents, if I can part with them."

SWIFTER · STURDIER · SAFER
D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Building, New York, N. Y.

The words you want fall into line with a Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" pencil!
5¢ each
60¢ a dozen
© 1928
Three for a quarter in Canada
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Pencil Dept. 52-J, Jersey City, N. J.

Short daily treatments give you a lithe, slim figure. Scientifically correct principle of vibratory massage. Send now for beautifully illustrated booklet.
For D. C. 110 volts $89.50
TOWER MFG. CORP. (Dept. Y)
122 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

MONEY FOR YOU

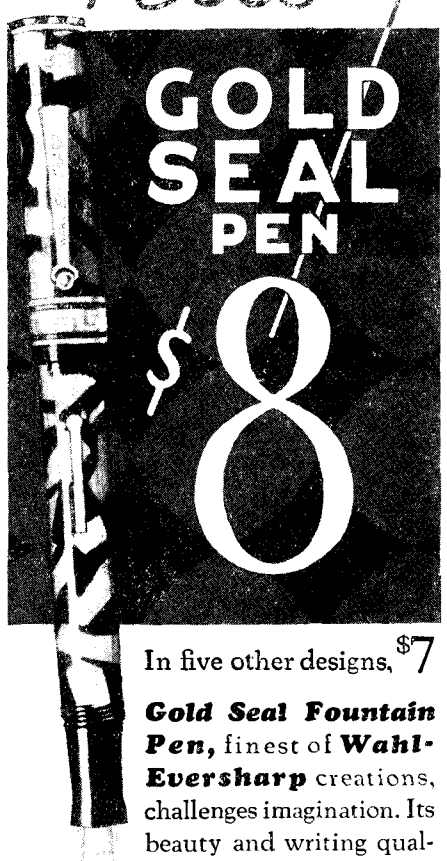
Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

Pathfinder

TRIAL
EVERY WEEK 13 WEEKS
$1 A YEAR 15 CENTS

Your neighbors know the Pathfinder and you will like it--the every-week news digest from the Nation's Center. Bright, interesting, dependable, different--nothing else like it. Washington gossip, politics, science, travel, fun, lots of pictures, instruction, entertainment. Trial 13 weeks--13 big issues--**only 15 Cents**, or **$1** for full year. Send now. Address:
Pathfinder, Dept. 53 Washington, D.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In five other designs, $7

Gold Seal Fountain Pen, finest of ***Wahl-Eversharp*** creations, challenges imagination. Its beauty and writing quality lead you to ask: what more could be desired in a fountain pen?

WAHL EVER-SHARP

Gold Seal Pen

WE START YOU in a protected business of your own. $100 to $200 weekly easily made without capital or canvassing, no agency. New introduction plan. District managers, men or women, for new facial massage instrument; enormous demand and profits; few dollars for equipment starts you. For particulars, write quick to Massaway Company, 687-H Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

"Ethel, we've bought Clifton's stock of provisions. Never had to pay a dollar!" said Virginia.

"How come? I hope you didn't let him give it to us."

"Malpass bought it. I drove him to it."

"Perfectly grand," cried Ethel, in ecstasy.

"Ethel, I dare you to call him Señor Malpass when he comes back."

"You're on. Never took a dare in my life. And that reminds me." She peered round in front of Clifton, mischievous and daring, to see if the others were watching. They were engrossed in the selection and rejection of souvenirs. "Coast's clear." And she raised herself swiftly to kiss Clifton plump on the cheek. "There, my debt is paid. . . . You needn't blush. I don't do that, as a general thing."

Virginia bent a little to peer up into Clifton's face.

"Cliff, if I pick out a lot of these souvenirs will you let me pay you *all* in Ethel's good measure?" she asked, alluringly. "You see, I'm about broke. And it would enable me to get a lot of things I really can't afford in cash."

"I will not," declared Clifton dubiously.

Whereupon Virginia and Ethel left him, with intimate laughter and mysterious backward glances.

The upshot of this visit from Virginia and her friends was that Clifton was cleaned out of all his stores except tobacco and a few odd utensils and harness. In exchange he had a sum approaching $2,000, a really staggering amount, considering that of late he had been grateful even for Mexican pennies. His mother would regard it as manna from heaven, and love Virginia Lundeen as the angel giver. Clifton wished they would hurry away so he could collect his wits.

AT LAST they had everything carried out, and were vacating to give room to the several Mexican laborers who had arrived. Malpass' familiarity with Spanish became evident. Miss Andrews, her lovely face flushed with the excitement and fun, tripped in evidently to say good-by. Virginia's impulse to follow manifestly had been prompted by her friend's action.

"Good-by, Mr. Forrest," said Helen, offering her hand. "It has been a pleasure to meet a comrade of Jack's—a real Westerner. He has promised that we shall see more of you."

"It would please me," replied Clifton heartily.

"We have played havoc with your store. You must load up again for another raid. . . . Good-by."

"Good-by, Helen of Troy. I hope you come back," replied Clifton, as much moved by Virginia's disturbing presence as Helen's graciousness.

Helen went out glowing.

"Cliff," spoke up Virginia, just as if she had not had a chance before, "you'd never see me if that girl was around."

"Of course I would, Virginia. I did."

"I believe you learned to flirt in France."

THE advent of Malpass saved Clifton a rather tantalizing retort, which was just as well not expressed. He saw at a glance that Malpass' suavity and coolness were only skin deep so far as anything relative to Virginia Lundeen was concerned.

"Go on out, Virginia. Your friends are in the coach, ready to leave. I'll follow, after I've made sure this storekeeper hands over all the goods I paid for."

"Just what do you mean by that?" asked Clifton.

"Take it any way you like," snapped Malpass.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I'm not quite up to lifting down that heavy canned fruit," returned Forrest, slowly feeling his way.

"You're thick-headed, Forrest." sneered Malpass. "You heard what I said. But if you take it that way, why, get a move on and help down with the goods."

"I'm not a peon," retorted Clifton hotly.

"You're a clerk, and a poor one at that."

"Señor, we understand each other. You *think* I'm a peon and I *know* you're a greaser."

"Clifton! Mr. Malpass!" cried Virginia, stepping between them.

Malpass swung the riding whip over her shoulder, staggering Clifton with a smart cut across the face, which brought blood. Then thrusting Virginia aside he struck Clifton, and following up an advantage so surprisingly easy he knocked Clifton down.

Virginia, in a swift frenzy that was partly fright, gave Malpass a stinging slap across the mouth.

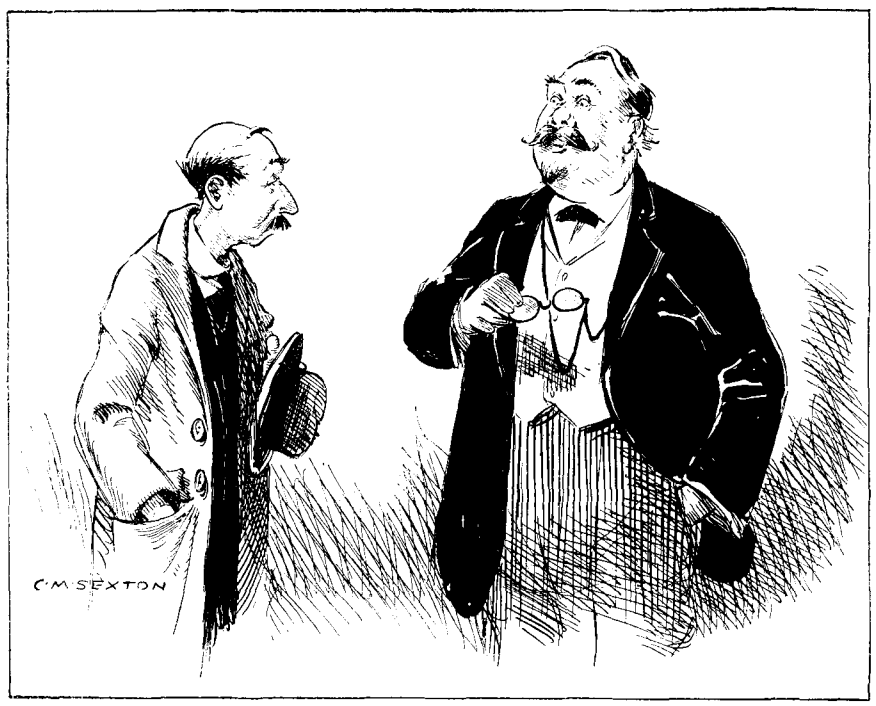
"You yellow dog! To strike a crip-

(*Continued on page 62*)

The little green hammock

THE one in the Pullman berth. I've often wondered what it's for. Now I've found out. It's a great place for a flashlight and that's where my Eveready rides on every trip I make. It's there just to be handy in case anything should happen. I use it, too, to help find things in my bag, and for more light to dress and undress by. When you're in a hurry, it's a time-saver, if there ever was one.

Get the flashlight habit when you travel. Here's all you have to learn about it—keep your flashlight loaded with Eveready Batteries and it will come through on schedule with LIGHT. Insist on Eveready, in fact. That's MY advice.



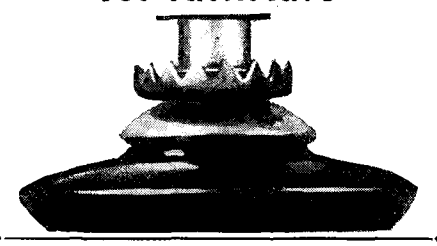
"And you can tell your wife that slight deafness of hers is nothing to worry about. It's just a sign of advancing age."
"Couldn't you tell her that yourself, Doc?"

Cents for NoMars save *Dollars* in floor coverings

$0.75 for a set of four NoMars can save floor coverings worth hundreds of dollars. NoMars slip easily into most caster sockets. Dark brown in color, to blend with all furniture. Smooth surfaced. Unbreakable. Good-looking.

Mail the coupon for booklet with complete descriptions—or ask to see them at hardware, furniture or house furnishing stores.

NO MAR RESTS for furniture



This coupon is for your convenience. Why not mail it—TODAY?

The Bassick Company
Bridgeport, Conn.

Send me copy of the NoMar Booklet—FREE—to help me select the right furniture rests for my furniture.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State..... COL-10

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A FORTUNE in HEALTH

for every child

THE baby to be envied is the one who is born with an inheritance of perfect health, to begin with. And who's lucky enough to have a mother who knows how to build up this fortune.

"Perhaps I'm old-fashioned," she'll say to the doctor who pronounces her child physically 100% at a baby show, "but this health certificate means more to me than all the stock certificates in the world. If my baby grows up strong and well, I'm willing to leave it to him to make a career and fortune for himself.

"Already I'm teaching him the value of regular habits. Regular sleep, regular meals, regular functions. He's never once been off schedule, not even when he was cutting teeth or traveling to the country. I make sure of that by giving him Nujol regularly. He has his own bottle in the nursery.

"Nujol works so easily and naturally that it won't upset a baby under any conditions. It keeps everything functioning properly. It not only prevents any excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming but aids in their removal. It is safe and sure. Just try Nujol for your baby. Give it to him regularly for the next three months. See if it doesn't make things much easier for both of you. See if he doesn't thrive on this new schedule (children themselves much prefer living by regular routine).

"A bottle of Nujol costs you no more than pink ribbons on the baby's bonnet. And it's worth lots more to him. Try it. Certainly it could do no harm—for Nujol contains no drugs or medicine. Your druggist carries it."

If you're like other modern young mothers, you'll want to buy the large hospital size can of Nujol. And keep it right on the nursery table, along with the soap and cotton and other bath paraphernalia.

Here's another thing. Nurses are advising mothers to give their babies an oil rub with Nujol after the daily bath, instead of using powder. Just saturate some cotton with Nujol and rub it gently all over your baby's body. It keeps him from getting chapped and chafed. And leaves his skin as soft and smooth as velvet.

Use it when you change his clothes. When you bring him in from outdoors. Whenever his skin has been exposed to irritation.

Nujol was perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York. It is the best oil for external use because it never becomes rancid or makes clothes greasy. Sold in sealed packages only.

New Discovery "No-Frost" Offers $15 a Day PROFIT!

Here's an absolutely new money-making idea. Brings big profits—easy profits—quick profits. You can make $50 a week in spare time—$100 a week in full time—helping me handle orders in your territory for No-Frost. No-Frost is a new scientific preparation that is absolutely guaranteed to keep steam, frost, fog, rain, sleet, mist, and snow off auto windshields, windows, eyeglasses. Think of it! Keeps glass clean, bright and clear in all kinds of weather.

Anyone, Anywhere, Can Make Big Money

All you do is demonstrate to housewives, automobile owners, stores, garages, etc., and take the orders. We don't sell to dealers. All business from your locality must come through you. *You alone get the profit on every order.* Every demonstration brings you 2 to 4 orders. Just put a little No-Frost on the glass. It doesn't show. It won't streak, smear, mar, or scratch. Yet keeps glass clean and clear as crystal. A necessity for every auto owner, storekeeper, street car conductor, locomotive engineer, housewife, and everyone who wears eyeglasses. Prevents accidents and takes the place of mechanical devices that don't work half the time.

Vaughn Clears $125 in One Week

C. Vaughn, Ohio, cleared $125 in one week and says he has more money and friends than ever before. Men and women everywhere are making amazing profits with No-Frost and my 350 other fast-selling products. H. Heintjes, N. J., cleared $30 in 1 day. Mrs. K. R. Roof, S. C., made $50 the first week in spare time. Mrs. B. L. Hodges, N. Y., averages $18 to $20 a day—day in and day out. H. C. Hanson jumped his pay from $25 a week to $75 a week—*and he works only part time.* You can make these big profits too.

SEND NO MONEY

Just put your name and address on the coupon. Give me a chance to *prove* that you can make $50 to $100 a week. You don't need capital, training, or experience. I furnish everything and tell you just what to do and say in this easy pleasant work. You don't risk a penny. Yet it's an opportunity to pocket hundreds—yes, *thousands* of dollars in clear cash profits. You can make $10 to $20 a day—*right from the start.*

JUST MAIL COUPON

Introduce No-Frost in your territory while it's new; before imitations are put on sale in the stores. Skim the rich cream off the profits. Clinch a big permanent, repeat business. Make more money than you've ever made in your life before. Get the facts and read the proof. Mail coupon today—*NOW!*

Albert Mills, Pres.
American Products Co.
8788 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Without cost or obligation, send me full details about the money-making possibilities of your amazing new product NO-FROST.

Name.....

Address.....

.....
(Print or write plainly)

Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 61

pled soldier! Oh, how I despise you!"

Clifton got up, though it was all he could do. "Malpass," he almost whispered, "beat it before I go for my gun."

The threat had the desired effect. Malpass, recovering from his ungovernable rage, leaped the counter and went out the back way.

"Go, Virginia, before Miss Williams or somebody comes back after you," whispered Clifton.

"He hurt—you," she returned, with quivering lips, and wiped the blood from the welt on his cheek.

"Not much. I'm all right—only excited and mad. Please go before—"

"Do you suppose I care what they see or think? . . . You're lying to me, Cliff. You're white—you're shaking."

"Well, I reckon that's natural," replied Forrest, pulling himself together. He had been laboring under half a fear that Malpass might return with a gun. More than one shooting scrape had been attributed to this fortune-elevated vaquero.

"Cliff, I'll go, but I must see you soon."

She was clinging to him.

"Virginia, you've lost your head. They'll *see* you! . . . There, Miss Andrews is at the door."

"I'm glad she saw, anyhow," replied Virginia, releasing her hold on him and stepping back. "Cliff, you're a wonderful fellow, but the biggest dunce I ever knew."

VIRGINIA was in camp with her friends, high up in a sylvan glade under the dome of old Baldy, and for the first time in weeks dared to approach happiness.

It was along toward the end of June and for that high altitude rather early in the season. The cold nights and frosty mornings, however, made the time ideal for camping.

At the lower end of the lake the outlet glided swiftly between brown banks, to glance over a fall and tumble with a roar into a purple gorge. Here the mountain slopes sheered away, showing the desert five thousand feet below on the other side of the range.

Of all Western views that Virginia treasured, here was her favorite. To attain it one had to climb to a ledge above the gorge. There were shady nooks under a dwarf pine, mats of brown pine needles and silver-flowered amber moss, a scene from which no lover of the solitude and beauty and grandeur of nature could turn without regret.

Selfishly Virginia went there alone, desiring humbly to renew her allegiance. This was, she recalled, her sixth trip to this isolated fastness; and the last one, three years in the past, seemed long ago and far away. No longer was she a school girl, but a woman now, wildly in love, with an abandon that could not have been possible in her romantic teens. Yet the hero of those dreamy, girlish years was still the hero of her womanhood.

She had slipped away from Ethel and Helen, who were the only friends close enough to think of her intimately. Ethel knew her secret, and Helen suspected it. Virginia loved them dearly, but she wanted to be alone, here, of all places. For the rest of her friends she was not particularly concerned. Some were exhausted from the arduous climb, and the others were in ecstasies over this ideal spot. Jake and Con, her own cowboys, were in charge, and they had efficient help.

Malpass had been left behind. Virginia had not spoken to him since his attack upon Clifton. She absolutely would not consider him in any capacity. A furious quarrel between her and her father, with Malpass present, had ended in the establishment of an armistice until such time as Virginia's guests, all except Ethel, would leave. So this camping trip, planned as a climax in the entertainment of Eastern friends she probably would never see again, bade fair to be a great success.

Virginia was tired, not so much physically as mentally. She threw herself down in the old, comfortable, mossy spot, that had not changed, and invited the spell of loneliness, of a murmuring melodious stream, of the purple depths, and lastly the vast, silent and illimitable desert far below.

HOW she had ached to be alone! And here she was far from camp, the white tents only specks above the shining lake, under the spread of the blue heavens. But it was the desert, on which at last she spent her reluctant gaze, that forced her into slow-realizing reverence. For she had grown in mind since she had watched there. She had seen great cities, states of endless farms, the gloomy, restless Atlantic, and the plains and mountains of foreign lands. Nothing like this!

She had come home—home, and she did not see where education and travel had been worth the labor, unless to prepare her the better for appreciation of the West.

It was not, then, that her favorite Western scene had changed, but that she, bringing incalculably more to it after years of absence, seemed changed herself, a throbbing, aching, dreaming, loving, fighting woman who must find herein the strength and endurance of nature, or perish in all that she held sacred to womanhood.

Virginia knew her father had sunk to the level of a common thief, in her eyes as culpable as the rustlers who used to be hanged on the cottonwoods. Silver mines and lands and mansions did not absolve a thief from the baseness accorded the cattle stealer. But money had power and it sanctioned crime. Jed Lundeen had more than ruined the Forrests; he had debased their fair repute. Not only had he stolen their property but also their good name!

Virginia's early training had been one of simple religion. For perhaps ten years back her mother had leaned more and more to her father's path, which, as he prospered by means that would not bear the white light of day, had been away from the church. Virginia's years at school had not been prolific of religious stabilizing, but on the other hand, she had not been greatly influenced by the modern atheism so prevalent in college. What faith she had went into abeyance, through disuse, and now in her extremity she felt the need of it.

So, through the purple depths and the colorful desert, and the infinite nothing of distance, she peered into her own soul. Long she gazed, with wide eyes, and then with eyes tight shut. She saw the same with both. She was now a woman of twenty-two, older really than her exact age in years. She wanted to live her own life, not because of selfishness or egotism but because of what she regarded as right. She wanted love and children, and if these meant happiness, as well as the nobler state for woman, she wanted that too.

She could not become the wife of August Malpass, not because she could

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not sacrifice herself for her father, to save him from the net in which he had entrapped himself, but because such marriage would be a sin. Likewise it would be dishonest if not actually sinful for her to shield her father and Malpass, should tangible evidences of their guilt accrue. Lastly, with all her heart and soul, with a growth from childhood, she loved Clifton Forrest, and only through him could the fulfillment of life come to her.

"He doesn't see it," she mused feeling a satisfaction in breathing her secret to the solitude. "He wouldn't believe it . . . yet how true it is!"

She had the illusion that her brooding, passionate gaze magnified all in its scope. And she saw the desert through her love, her strife with her father, the ordeal of her spirit, all inextricably involved in the single and paramount necessity of finding and adhering to the truth—which was the good, the right, and the faithful.

IT WAS afternoon when Virginia descended the trail, to skirt the lake and make her way back through the pines to camp.

She found Ethel lolling in a hammock, wrapped in a blanket.

"Oh," she gasped, starting up at sight of Virginia, her pretty eyes expanding, "you look strange; you're ripping! . . . You're the loveliest creature on earth. . . . You've got Helen beat there and back!"

"Why this extravagant mess of words?" inquired Virginia, smiling down upon this volatile bit of femininity.

"'Ginia, there's a light on your face—what does the poet say?—'Never seen on land or sea.'"

"I've been over to a shrine. Tomorrow I shall take you there. Then you will not wonder. . . . Ethel, I have recovered something that I lost long ago."

"Now—you want to make me sad," responded Ethel plaintively. "But you can't. I just swear I'll revel in this lovely place. Didn't I use to rave about Colorado? But never again. This beats anything I ever saw, and, mind you, honey, I'm no tenderfoot from Noo Yawk. This is heaven. Paradise! . . . If Jack Andrews, or one of his friends—if *any* man made love to me here, even an Indian or a Mexican—I'd fall like a chunk of lead and be false to the nicest little sweetie in Denver."

"Well, I'm ashamed to hear you confess it. What's happened to you, anyway? . . . Why, you're barefooted. No stockings! . . . Ethel, what would your nice Denver sweetie say to this?"

"He'd be tickled pink," replied Ethel with a giggle. Then she grew suddenly grave. "What happened to me? I'll tell you, old girl, I darn near drowned. I fell in the lake. Wow! Over my head! And I just froze. Cold? That water was like the way you treat Malpass. Con heard me yell and fished me out. In the nick of time, believe me. My clothes are drying over there by the camp fire. . . . Oh, you needn't look so horrified. I've got on my dressing gown. And I think you should show some distress."

"Well," ejaculated Virginia, sitting down, "I really want to laugh. You, Ethel Wayne, whom I boasted of as an old stager on the trail. What's become of my other tenderfoot?"

"The men are fishing, sure Mike—a lot we'll see of them!—but the girls are lolling around, just too happy for words. Virginia, the consensus of opinion, as I've snookily got it, is that you're the last thing in peaches. Sure, I always knew it, but I'm tipping off the Eastern angle. This is a swell outfit you've sprung on me, honey, but I must say they've got something on us Westerners. I like that Jack Andrews, and if I wasn't— There I go. Unstable as water, thou shalt not be true! . . . And I just love Helen Andrews."

"So I have observed."

"Goodness, 'Ginia, you're not jealous?"

"A little, on your account. A lot on Clifton's. . . . I'm a jealous cat, Ethel."

"Say, why this humility all of a sudden? To stop kidding, I'll say you need never be jealous on my account. I adore you. I'm yours forever. . . . But in the case of Cliff I'm not so darn sure. You're carrying that Lundeen handicap. And, believe me, it's something to stagger under."

"MISS WAYNE, I am quite aware of that," replied Virginia, in mock hauteur.

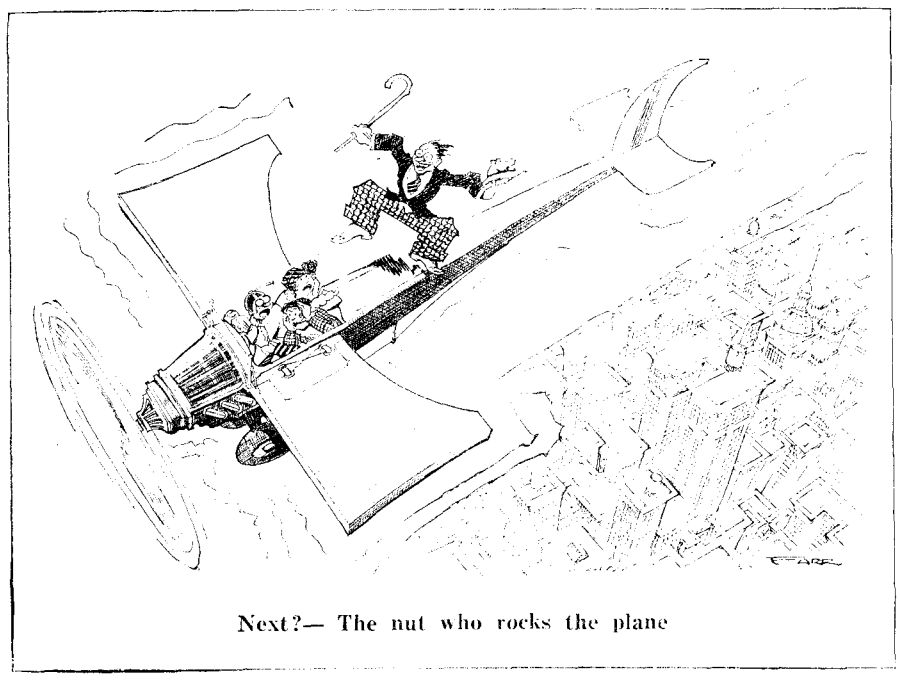
"Helen Andrews *likes* Cliff," returned Ethel seriously, her brows knitted. "We oughtn't wonder at that. He's the most lovable chap, the handsomest, the greatest hero the war sent back to us. You know they've got his number in town now. They've found out what he did. . . . Well, it's quite natural for this rich and lovely lady to fall in love with him—good night!"

"Ethel, you mean I wouldn't have a show on earth?" asked Virginia tragically.

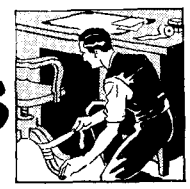
"No, nor in heaven either," sighed Ethel sacrilegiously.

"I hope I'm not so—so little that I couldn't be—glad for Cliff's sake," replied Virginia, a little tremulously. This matter-of-fact, down-to-earth talk of Ethel's was rather disconcerting, com-

(*Continued on page 64*)



Next?— The nut who rocks the plane



For everyday emergencies everywhere

Firstaid TRADE MARK

ADHESIVE PLASTER

Here's help for almost anything that has to be fixed! In cases of cuts, burns, bruises, Firstaid Adhesive Plaster keeps absorbent cotton and bandages sticking on tight. Also mends rubbers, cracked china, torn books, broken toys, leaky pipes, split furniture; seals pictures in frames; insulates radio wires; stoutly wraps a hundred things about the house. Keep a spool of Firstaid Adhesive Plaster handy. Sold only at Rexall Stores.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your*

Rexall Drug Store

QUARTER-CENTURY SILVER Rexall JUBILEE 1903-1928

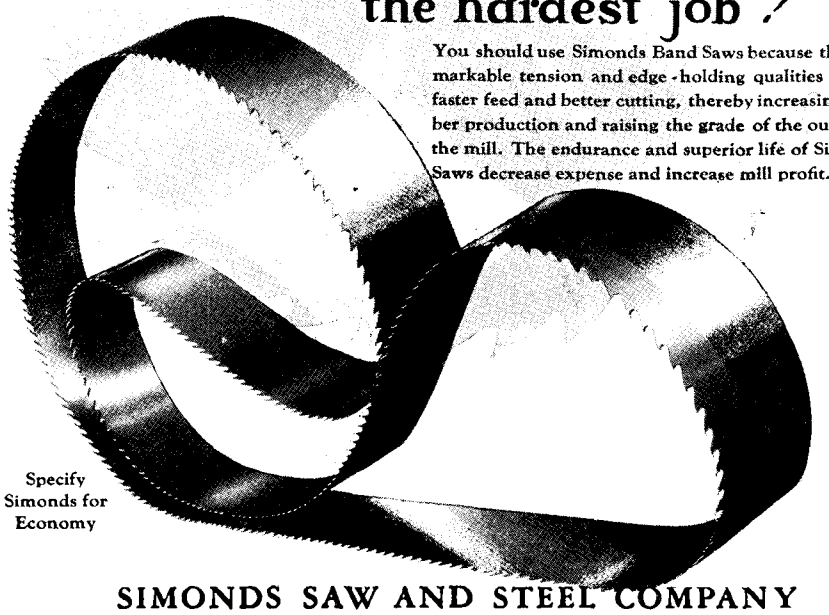
You will recognize it by this sign
Liggett's are also Rexall stores

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIMONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

BAND SAWS
Too tough to quit on the hardest job!

You should use Simonds Band Saws because their remarkable tension and edge-holding qualities permit faster feed and better cutting, thereby increasing lumber production and raising the grade of the output of the mill. The endurance and superior life of Simonds Saws decrease expense and increase mill profit.



Specify Simonds for Economy

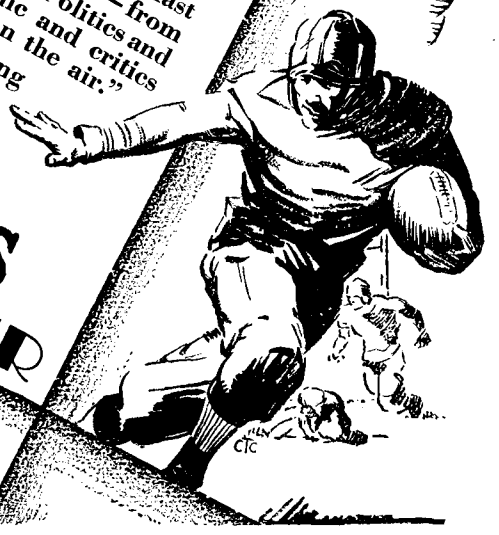
SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
"The Saw Makers" Fitchburg, Mass. Established 1832
BRANCH OFFICES AND SERVICE SHOPS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

SPORT NOTE

If you're a sport fan—remember that Collier's Radio Hour often brings you inside sport news unavailable elsewhere. Perhaps a famous football coach—tennis star—or golf champion appears in person to give you sidelights on the game—or Grantland Rice tells you why the Army lost or Princeton won.

Based on the current issue of Collier's, the Radio Hour guarantees a full, fast sixty minutes of entertainment—from Sport to Romance, assisted by Politics and Music. The listening public and critics tell us it's "the best hour on the air."

Tune in every Sunday evening through any of the stations listed below.



Collier's RADIO HOUR

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING
8:15 Eastern Time
7:15 Central Time

Broadcast through stations

WJZ WBZA WBZ WBAL
WHAM KDKA WLW WJR KYW
KWK WCCO WDAF KOA

Associated with the National Broadcasting Company

Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 63

ing so suddenly after Virginia's vigil at her shrine on the heights.

"Maybe we're borrowing trouble," said Ethel. "Lord knows that's the way of lovers. Don't I know? . . . Helen has seen Cliff three times I know of since we bought out his store."

"Three times? I thought only two."

"Reckon you missed the last, and I sure didn't have the nerve to tell you then. What with your father and that white-toothed Spanish galoot who's crazy about you I thought you had enough to worry along on. . . . Virginia, our fair Helen rode off alone Sunday afternoon. Down the valley! You can bet she went to see Cliff. They had a date. She didn't stay long, though it was sunset when she came back. . . . Now, sister, what you've got to grasp to your poor shuddering heart is this: *Any* man, much less our unfortunate soldier friend, would soon fall in love with Helen Andrews. Furthermore, she's just as likely to fall in love with him. The woods are full of such pretty happenings."

"Ethel darling, I—I could bear it because I want Clifton to have some reward for his sacrifices."

"Sure, you could. And you're a game sport. But that is only if it comes to the worst. Helen is no flirt. And Clifton is slow to like anybody. I'm sure we're safe yet. They're all leaving on July 1st. So it'd be just as well not to break camp here till June 29th. Perfectly skunky trick, but all's fair—you know. . . . And while we're up here we'd better plan how to throw a monkey wrench into that Malpass threshing machine."

"Ethel, you're a conscienceless, unscrupulous, terrible young woman. But oh, what would I do without you?"

Virginia spent seven idle dreaming days at Emerald Lake. Her friends, for the most part, were exceedingly active, appearing never to get enough of the wonderful sport the camp afforded. So for them the time fled by.

For Virginia, however, the days spread out long. Yet she was grateful for it. Affairs at Cottonwoods were so near a crisis that she was loath to return. Ethel's determination to find some loophole for Virginia was hopeful in itself, but so far nothing had come of it.

The twenty-ninth of June arrived all too soon for Virginia's guests. Many and wild were their encomiums. "I'll own this place if I have to buy the whole National Forest," declared Helen Andrews magnificently. Somehow this remark gave Virginia food for reflection.

THE return trip down the winding trail was a delight compared with the toil of the ascent. But few places could not be ridden, though many of the steep steps and the weathered slopes of loose shale brought squeals from the girls. With a happy hour at noon for lunch and rest it took all day to do the eighteen miles down to Cottonwoods.

To Virginia's great satisfaction, and also surprise, both her father and Malpass were absent. Mrs. Lundeen did not know where they were. The two men were at loggerheads over mining interests in the South, she said, as if weary of the subject.

Next day Virginia's guests gave far less time to packing than to the outdoor pursuits which had so endeared Cottonwoods to them. It did not surprise Virginia to see Helen and her brother go riding down the valley road toward San Luis. Womanlike, Virginia had to inform Ethel, and from that young lady she got the startling reply: "Sure, you should have beat Helen to it!"

It was still early in the afternoon when Virginia, opening her door in response to a tap, found herself confronted by Helen in riding habit, manifestly just from the saddle. A flush like an opal glow showed under her golden tan. Virginia caught her breath at the girl's blond loveliness.

"Hello, old dear, may I come in? I've something to tell you," said Helen.

"Of course. . . . Helen, you look serious."

"It is serious, though not for us. Are you alone? Where's Ethel?"

"She's in the library."

"VIRGINIA, I've some bad news. It has really distressed me," went on Helen, as Virginia led her to the window seat. "Jack and I rode down to see your friend Clifton. We found his store burned down. The interior was gutted and only a few crumbling walls left standing. We couldn't learn anything at San Luis, so we hurried back to Clifton's home. We went in and found him on the porch with his mother. She's a charming, gracious old lady. . . . Well, Clifton told us that he had restocked his store, spending nearly $2,000, I think it was, for the supplies. That very night someone set fire to the building from the inside. Everything was destroyed."

"Oh, how unfortunate, and worse if someone did it!" burst out Virginia.

"Clifton is sure it could not have been accidental. There was nothing to catch fire inside. . . . Virginia, hasn't he enemies here?"

"I'm afraid he has," replied Virginia bitterly.

"You'll forgive me, old dear, won't you, for appearing inquisitive? I like this Clifton Forrest. Naturally, when I thought he'd been a buddy of Jack's in France, I was interested in him. But now I must confess that even though he and Jack have had no previous acquaintance I'm still keen about him. Surely I don't need to eulogize Clifton to you, but I want you to know that I think him one of the finest chaps I've ever met. . . . Jack offered to lend him money enough to rebuild and restock the little store, which we've learned the Forrests depend on for a living. But Clifton thanked Jack and said he couldn't accept it, because he could never pay it back. Then I made a suggestion. I asked Clifton if he would run the Payne ranch for me if I bought it. He—"

"The Payne ranch! At Watrous?" interposed Virginia. "That enormous place! Why, Helen, the banks hold it at $180,000."

"I didn't inquire about that," returned the other, "but I was taken with the place, and I had a notion to buy it. Of course it'd be a white elephant, like other places I've burdened myself with. But this is really a worthy idea. And I believe I'll go through with it, unless you block the deal."

"I! Why, Helen, I'd be happy to have you out here. It'd be great. And if you were to help Clifton, I—I think I'd like you better than I do, which is a lot."

"Virginia, we've got to do something for that soldier boy."

"Oh, I've tried. He's proud. He won't accept charity. I was afraid he'd be offended when we bought him out that day. It was so barefaced. . . . Hasn't Clifton told you about the Lundeen-Forrest feud?"

"Not a word. But lately, before we left on our camping trip, I picked up things here and there, and put two and two together. Your father and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forrest are deadly enemies. Your Brazilian cavalier, or whatever he is, struck me as a snake in the grass. I know men. He is after your money, Virginia. He made a play for me, which I squelched quick. Imagine that—when it's plain even to strangers he's trying to marry you. He hasn't a chance in the world, has he?"

VIRGINIA laughed her scorn. "Helen, my father is under the thumb of this Malpass. He was led or forced to cheat the Forrests out of this property. He now is trying to persuade me to marry Malpass. Or he was ten days ago. I imagine when he returns he'll use stronger argument. But I'd die before I'd give in."

"Here's hoping you won't have to go to such extremes! . . . Let's get back to Clifton. You like him, don't you, Virginia? Oh, hang it, why look at me that way? I mean you're fond of him, aren't you?"

"Why do you ask?" queried Virginia constrainedly.

Helen got up and put her arms round Virginia and kissed her—demonstrative actions were very unusual for the Eastern girl. "Old dear, you can't bluff me. And I won't let you be upstage either. I ask that because Ethel—sly little fox!—put it into my head. . . . Confess, now."

Virginia hung her head, as much from unresisting weakness as shame.

"Confess what—you triumphant goddess? I can't help loving *you*, that's sure."

"You're fond of Clifton?"

"Fond? . . . Good God! Use a Western word," burst out Virginia, finally won.

Helen's answering embrace and kiss were very warm and sweet.

"So that's it," she whispered. "I'm glad. You'll help Clifton to get well and on his feet. . . . That was what worried me. You jealous child! . . . Virginia, I will return your confidence. My love—my heart is buried in a grave in France!"

(To be continued next week)

In This Issue

AN ERRAND FOR LADYBIRD. By Laurie York Erskine. A short story. The adventure of a hero who hid his valor behind a woman's skirts . . . . . Page 5

BEATING THE HURRICANE. By William G. Shepherd. The mind behind the storm signals . . . . . Page 8

APRON STRINGS. By Jay Gelzer. A romance of Hollywood and two women . . . . . Page 10

THE THIRD SLIP. By John B. Kennedy. The story of a fight that wasn't in the bag . . . . . Page 12

PRACTICALLY PAINLESS. By Hugh Leamy. About Dr. Rockwell, who extracts laughs . . . . . Page 13

AS THE POET SAID. In Pictures . . . Page 14

THE SHEPHERD OF GUADALOUPE. By Zane Grey. Page 16

BETWEEN HALVES. By John W. Heisman. Fireworks in the clubhouse—by the coach . . . . . Page 18

NOT GOOD ENOUGH. By Elsa Barker. A short short story. Page 20

THE LEGS OF YORE. By Grantland Rice . . Page 22

PAID IN ERROR. By Charles Rideaux . . Page 24

IT'S ALL OVER NOW. By Uncle Henry . . Page 26

IN ONE EAR. Anonymous . . . . . Page 28

MASTER OF SINISTER HOUSE. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. The master of thrills at his best . . Page 30

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? By Milton C. Work Page 37

NAMEOGRAPHS . . . . . Page 40

TOM MASSON SAYS . . . . . Page 42

THE BOSS EMERITUS. By The Gentleman at the Keyhole. Page 44

IN THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS. By Edwin E. Slosson. Page 50

RINGING IN THE NEWS. By Jack Binns . . Page 59

EDITORIALS . . . . . Page 66

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2 Published at Springfield, Ohio

Thomas H. Beck	George J. Kennedy	William P. Larkin	Albert E. Winger
President	*Vice President*	*Vice President*	*Treasurer*

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. However, the publisher can accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

AN ASIDE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB DANCE—

"How simply poisonous of him to come to a dance with such a cold! With that cough he's absolutely impossible."

Nothing so quickly relieves coughs and colds as the exclusive Luden's Menthol Action. Often imitated, of course, but found only in Luden's, for the Luden's formula is a jealously-guarded secret.

LUDEN'S

5¢

In the triple-sealed yellow package everywhere

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

On Wings of the Wind

THE modern world you live in was created by transportation. Because we can move quickly and cheaply we are different from all the generations that have gone before.

Swift travel is just about a hundred years old. George Washington could not move about the country faster than Julius Cæsar or King Solomon. Washington could go as fast as a horse could carry him and so could men who lived three thousand years before.

But the nineteenth century opened the doors which had been closed during all past ages.

Only a little more than a century ago Robert Fulton's Clermont steamed up the Hudson River and began a new chapter in human affairs.

Who looking at the awkward contraption belching forth sparks beside the Palisades could have foretold the network of steamship lines which soon would draw ribbons around the earth?

Just a hundred years ago the railroads began to do the work of men and horses. The railroads made us the United States. Until they came statesmen might talk of union but the Rocky Mountains were as far away from the thirteen colonies as was the North Pole. Both were practically inaccessible.

On its pioneer journey the Graf Zeppelin was hardly faster than the speediest of the Atlantic liners but air transport is in its infancy. The first railroads just managed to beat the time of horses but the potentiality of steam was immeasurable.

So with airplanes and dirigibles today. The spectacular revolutionary work is being done and soon air travel will be made faster, safer and cheaper. We have seen the vision of what is possible. Thousands of inventive minds are now at work striving to make journeys through the air as commonplace as a commuter's daily ride to the factory or office.

What we are doing is to add to the length of our legs—to shorten distances and to save time.

The vistas of air travel extend before us. Hard-headed engineers talk of crossing continents in a day, of spanning oceans within forty-eight hours, and of adding hundreds of miles to the radius of a day's comfortable travel.

In ways we cannot now perceive our lives will be affected. Where we live and work and play, how we earn our livelihoods, what we think of ourselves and of other people, will be governed by these new tools.

Automobiles made possible the suburbs linking town and country. Airships will enormously extend the range of easy travel.

Within a comparatively short time it will be practicable to live a hundred miles and more from the place we work. Think what vast areas will be thus opened to settlement.

The executive or the workman will be able to travel hundreds of miles in a morning, do his stint and return home in time for dinner.

The space over which a man's mind can operate usefully will be vastly enlarged.

Another great step in the conquest of nature is at hand.

Today we could not live without railroads, automobiles and steamships. Take away these instruments of travel and every city would starve within a few weeks.

Tomorrow air transport will be the new essential. We are witnessing great events and we can see our destiny in the making.

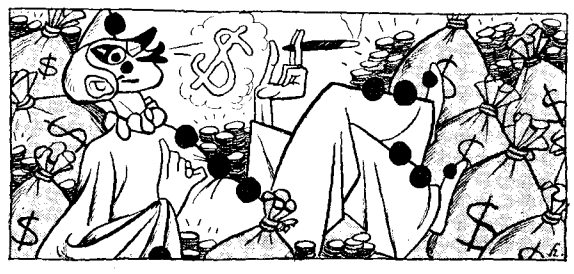
Dry those Tears

IF AT the behest of sentimental song writers and sob writers you have been shedding tears over the plight of the clown, whom they have presented as such a pitiable figure, dry your eyes and look around. This is the day of the comic.

For years a thoroughly pathetic figure, pitied if not despised, he has arrived at the point where now he claims monster billings and wages cut to fit them. An entire evening's entertainment he carries competently upon his amusing shoulders. His public is large and loyal.

Look at the funny fellows of the stage—the Marx Brothers, Joe Cook, Clark & McCullough and the rest. Turn your opera glasses on the celluloid coast and give a thought to the prosperous and feted Chaplin, the richly rewarded antics of Harold Lloyd, of Buster Keaton, of Harry Langdon.

And now Grock, the French clown, has received an honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy (how appropriately!) from the



University of Budapest. In Russia the Soviet Government has placed the clown Duroff, who is 67, on a generous pension and has given him a villa, rent free.

Yes, you can dry those tears; the clown has come into his own at last.

Bidding with Liquor

LIQUOR was emphasized along with scenery, hotel accommodations and transportation facilities by spokesmen for three cities recently, when they sought the next annual convention of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Several hundred delegates, according to the Indianapolis Times, were told publicly from the platform by the bearer of an invitation from St. Paul, Minn., that "as for liquid refreshment, there is plenty. We can always get it. One of the boys is a deputy sheriff."

The representative of Los Angeles was equally frank as to the dampness of his home community. Another speaker for St. Petersburg, Fla., remarked that there was a "bunch of islands" near by.

"Little boats go back and forth," he explained. "I don't know what they carry, but I imagine it's a satisfactory proposition."

Was this manner of bidding addressed to people notoriously lacking in sympathy for American institutions and laws in general? Not at all. The veterans had proved their patriotism.

Nobody is going to contend that all the individuals who listened to what was said are either wet or dry, in the accepted use of the terms.

The utterances cited do indicate, however, that prohibition, as it exists, is observed in about the same fashion in widely separated regions.

Each of the speakers knew that a cross section of the population is bound to contain a very large number of people who do not regard moderate drinking of alcoholic beverages, while illegal, as a guide to the quality of anybody's citizenship.

St. Paul gets the convention.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new L C Smith Secretarial

Finished in Walnut Green. Light Touch. Easy Action. Speed

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc. 1120 E. Washington St., Syracuse, New York

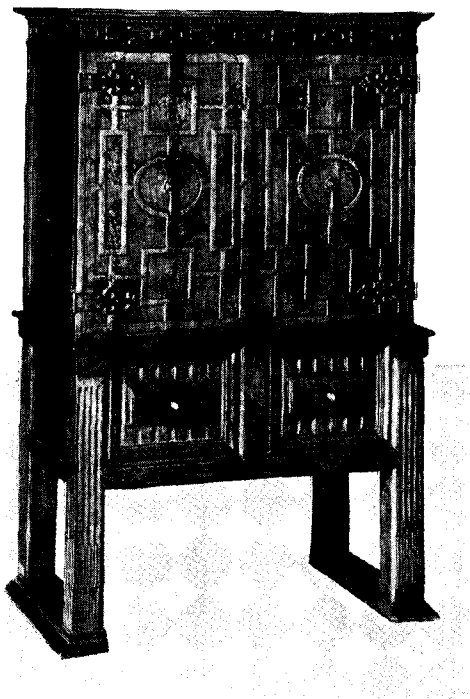
Sales Offices in All Principal Cities

Est. **L C Smith** 1903

The Ball Bearing Office Machine

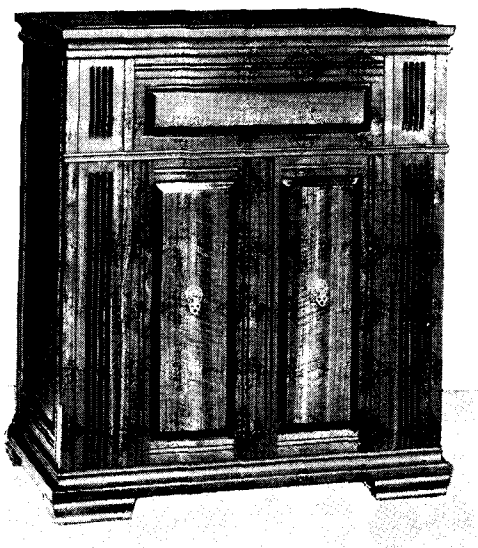
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

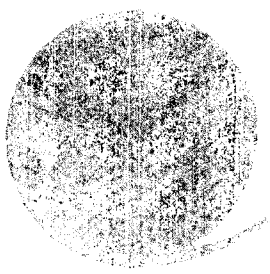
Model Nine-fifty-four. Victor Automatic Electrola with new Radiola Super-Heterodyne. The world's greatest musical instrument, beyond contradiction. List price, complete with tubes, $1350.



Model Ten-sixty-nine. Victor Automatic Electrola. Volume adjustable from whisper to full-orchestra power. A de luxe instrument for those who appreciate fine things. List price, $850.

Model Ten-thirty-five. The Automatic Orthophonic Victrola. The musical instrument that millions have waited for. An investment in happiness for today . . . and the years to come. List price, only $365!





ILLIONS HAVE WAITED *for this announcement*

People said: "Give us a Victrola of Orthophonic *quality* and radio *convenience*, and we will buy"

AND here it is: A *brand-new type* Automatic Victrola, at a price within the reach of the average home. A dream of Victor technical men come true. New as tomorrow's newspaper. New in principle. New in design. New in scope. In the judgment of many, it is the most desirable musical instrument in the world!

Not a clumsy contraption, but a simple mechanism that performs operations that human hands alone might be expected to do. Not only does it change its own records, but it plays *as long as you say* — hours or days or weeks, if you wish. You simply see that it is supplied with records, press a button . . . and the Victor mechanism does the rest.

This master instrument will be furnished in three main types, illustrated herewith. One is the Automatic Orthophonic Victrola, with all the realism for which Orthophonic reproduction is noted. Another is the Automatic Electrola, which permits volume-adjustment from the faintest murmur to the stentorian power of the full symphony orchestra. Another is this Automatic Electrola, but with the latest Radiola Super-Heterodyne in addition.

Each of these types is in a cabinet of consummate charm . . . not only a superb musical instrument, but a piece of furniture that is a delight to live with, day after day. But, words cannot give you the picture. You must see them . . . hear them. Your own most extravagant phrases will not be an exaggeration. Your Victor dealer is ready to show you. Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.

The Automatic Orthophonic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED